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[A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.]

## MRS. LARKALL'S BOARDING SCHOOL.

By the Author of "Man and His Idol."

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Just as I seemed about to learn!

Browning.

It had been a warm winter, but toward the end of February the weather changed. A cold north-east wind set in, and snow fell at intervals by day and night.

The roads were not choked up, nor did the snow lie deep, even in unfrequented places; but on the house-tops, and in the trees and in the ruts of the iron-like roads there were unmistakable indications of the presence of winter.

South Audley Street shared the general aspect of the metropolis. It was part of a white world.

More especially did it wear this aspect as from time to time, in the dead of night, Roland Hershaw would come to the window of his superb drawing-room, and moving aside the heavy curtains look out, not with any settled purpose—not because he cared a straw what weather prevailed—but from sheer restlessness.

In this, the crisis of his fate, he could not sleep—he could not find rest or quiet. The days were spent in feverish action, the nights in preparing for fresh work, and in reflecting upon the perils of the position in which he stood—a position so hazardous that any moment he might find himself possessed of a noble fortune, or standing at the bar of the Old Bailey.

Once or twice, in coming to the window thus late at night, he had fancied that he could detect on the opposite side of the road a shadowy figure crouching in the gloom, apparently intently watching his movements.

The first night he thought nothing of it.

On such nights homeless wretches prowling about the streets were glad enough, as he well knew, to seek any shelter from the pitiless wind that froze their

starved bodies to the bone—to crouch down in any corner that offered the barest mockery of warmth or shelter.

But when on a second night the young man perceived the same form, as it seemed to him, in the same place, his fears were aroused. He had a morbid dread of spies. At any time the mere utterance of the word would cause a shiver to run through his frame. And at that time of all others he could least endure the thought of having his actions watched and reported on.

It so happened that the next night he was late home.

He had spent an evening at Lady Rimbault's—she was a leader of fashion in Mayfair, who had honoured him with more than one invitation—and on nearing his home the idea of this shadowy watcher came upon him very forcibly.

"It may be only a delusion!" he muttered to himself; "and yet I could swear I saw a figure—and it was a woman, I believe—cower in the shadow of the porch of that empty house. And what then?" he asked himself, half ashamed of his own fears. "It might have been, no doubt it was, a beggar. Oh, yes, no doubt!"

Still he was not satisfied.

He could not tell why—could not account for the impression on his own mind. But the impression was there, and so strong that, on reaching Brook Street, he suddenly pulled the check-string and dismissed his coachman.

"I'll walk home," he said.

It was very late—very still. Snow had fallen, and a few light particles yet powdered the air, turning to silver in the gaslight. On the pavement there was a layer thick enough to deaden the sound of his dress-boots. So he approached his house, but on the opposite side of the street, with as little noise as if he had been a ghost haunting the scene of his wicked life.

The snow made the night light, and at fifty yards he could see the spot on which the figure that troubled his mind was accustomed to wander. And while he was in the act of looking, it seemed to him that some-

thing dim, indistinct and shadowy moved there. When he looked again it was not to be seen. When he had quickened his pace, and had come up to the porch of the empty house, and he himself stood in the shadow it threw on the white ground, there was nothing—absolutely nothing but his own shadow, the very movement of which startled him.

Yes, there was something.

He did not notice it at first; but on a closer scrutiny it struck him forcibly. The angle formed by the porch was a deserted spot. It lay a little out of the traffic of the street. The snow had drifted into it, and lay there thicker than on the ground about it—but the snow-drift there had not retained its virgin whiteness.

There were footmarks upon it. Not one, but several. Not as if a casual passer had stepped aside there; but as if some person had stood on that spot, and trampled it with restless feet. A cursory examination revealed one other fact—these were the footprints of a woman: small, slender, and elegant.

"A woman watching my house!" Roland mentally exclaimed. Then he again examined the marks, this time with extreme minuteness. "Perhaps, after all, only a beggar—most likely only some starving out-cast."

Most likely! Yet as he spoke the image of a face and form rose up in his mind—a white face and a wasted form, now, for all he knew or cared, mouldering in the grave, and his lips shaped the name which his fears conjured up.

"If it should be—Joanna!"

The bare thought filled him with apprehension. He stood for an instant glancing hastily about him, as if he half-expected to see the mystic of the Black Forest at his side. But the street was still silent, still deserted, and with an effort he threw off the terror which had fastened upon him, and crossed the road to his own door.

It was opened by the French valet, Edouard, who usually sat up for his master, however late the hour, and waited on him to the last. Roland Hershaw in this, among other points, gave proof of his good breeding. Servants were a necessity to him, quite as

much as to any Eastern potentate. He liked them about him night and day, and it was so beneath him to consider them in any way other than as so many animals kept for his pleasure, that he had never attached one to him before Edouard, and his devotion knew no bounds. It seemed as if he had no object in life but to serve his master, and neither cared to eat nor sleep while any duty to Roland remained unperformed.

"Anybody called?" asked the master, curtly.

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"A lady—she is in the drawing-room."

"What! Who is she? What's her name? What does she want?"

"Pardon, sir; but I don't know. She came here in a cab—was most anxious to see you—waited and wouldn't leave till you came in."

"But this is absurd!" cried Roland. "Strange women coming and taking possession of the place! That won't do, you know. Stay! She came in a cab, you say?"

"Yes."

"How long ago?"

"Two hours."

Roland Hershaw seized his valet by the fleshy part of his left arm, and held him in a grip that made the tears come into the poor wretch's eyes.

"You're deceiving me," he said, with set teeth. "You've admitted her now—within this ten minutes—you're in league with her, whoever she is—you've been bought over—I saw her enter this house."

He flung the man from him as he spoke, and as the valet fell back with a crash against the wall, he snatched the wax-taper in its silver-stand from his fingers.

"Indeed, indeed! you are mistaken——" protested Edouard.

"No!" snarled Roland, and without another word he ascended the broad staircase, and took his way to the drawing-room.

A splendid fire yet burned in the grate of that luxurious apartment.

Drawn up before it, and partly concealing the glow, was a light *prie-dieu*, the tall back of which concealed the head of the person seated in it: but as Roland Hershaw walked into the room, he perceived that the voluminous folds of a silk dress, dark in colour, flowed out on either side the chair.

The noise of his entrance startled the sole occupant of the drawing-room, and the chair instantly wheeled partly round, so that Roland confronted his lady visitor. She was young, that he perceived: she was elegantly, though not richly dressed; but beyond that, it was difficult to say anything respecting her, as her face was hidden under a veil thicker and longer than those usually worn.

"I have to apologise," said the lady half rising.

"No apology, my dear madam," cried Roland, motioning to her to be seated. "You have done me the honour of a call. I regret that I was not in sooner. My fellow tells me you've been waiting."

"Yes: but that is of no consequence."

"It is she—the watcher of these many nights," thought Roland. "It is not the first time your patience has been exercised, I'm afraid," he ventured to add aloud.

But it was clear that she did not understand the allusion.

She did not even refer to it, but said:

"I have dared, Mr. Hershaw, to pay you a visit, relying entirely upon your kindness and your honour. I am compelled to withhold my name from you, to remain veiled until I quit your house: more than this, I must ask you that the fact of the interview I have thus sought may remain a secret between us, at least for the present."

Roland Hershaw was a cool hand; but he found himself fairly outdone by his lady visitor.

Yet as she spoke, he perceived that her voice was tremulous, as if not fully under control, and that the small white hand which held her cloak together twitched and quivered nervously.

Having bowed, and taken a seat, he replied: "I am in your hands. You have, as you admit, the advantage of me in all ways; but—I am content."

"And you will promise me——; but I will not exact the promise from you," returned the stranger. "You are, I am sure, an honourable man. And now let me tell you briefly the first object for which I have ventured to come here. You are in the secret of the abduction of Sir Sydney Robert's daughter."

Roland Hershaw drew back his chair and stared at his visitor open-mouthed.

"Upon my word——," he began.

"It is the truth; it was for you that she was carried off."

"What?"

"You hired the man who took her from her home."

"Really——"

"And you know where she is concealed?" The face of Roland Hershaw was livid with anger as he listened to these bold words.

"Are you here to insult me, madam?" he demanded.

"Oh, no, no!" cried the stranger eagerly. "You had your motives, doubtless; but all this is true. Pray do not deny it or waste words over it; but hear what I have still to say. In this act you have dealt a heavy blow—unconsciously I am sure—at one whom I—I respect and esteem. What your motive may have been I cannot guess; it is known to you, and it concerns you and you only. But perhaps you do not know that before, long before this sad event, poor Amy Robert had a lover."

"The deuce she had!" cried Roland.

"Yes, it was an early, a very early attachment."

"On her side?"

"I think so. I believe so!"

"Take care," cried Roland fiercely, and unable to restrain his emotions, "you are treading now upon dangerous ground."

"Ah, then you too loved Amy?"

"And if I did? And if I did not? What then?"

He rose as he spoke, and stood over the veiled woman, his eyes glowing with a dangerous light.

Instinctively the trembling woman put up her hands.

"If you did, heaven help you, for you must have suffered much!" said the stranger; "if you did not, it will be the easier for you to grant the favour I have come to ask of you."

Slight, tremulous, girlish as she was, this strange woman spoke out boldly, as if moved by some purpose so strong that, like perfect love, it had cast out fear.

Roland, half ashamed, resumed his seat. He was greatly agitated, but strove hard to preserve a semblance of indifference.

"You speak of a favour—what is it?" he said petulantly.

"Simply that you will confide to me the secret of this poor girl's hiding-place—that you will tell me where she is concealed."

Roland burst into a hoarse laugh.

"What!" he cried out, "you've come here at this time of night to ask that? My poor child, you must know very little of the world. You must think people very unsophisticated—very Arcadian! Why, do you suppose that I should run my neck into a noose by giving you that information?"

"I did not suppose—I did not even dare to hope—that you would do it; but I am pledged to myself to come to you and to urge the request. Not for myself—rather at the price of my own happiness—I am taking this step, and urging a suit which I see only provokes your contempt."

"Well, frankly, I don't see why you should take the trouble to come to me with a request which is preposterous in itself, and which you admit you knew I shouldn't grant."

It was with ill-disguised contempt that the young man spoke.

"You are perhaps right," returned the woman; "it must seem to you folly that I should hope to move you by any pleading, any argument, any appeal to your honour or your heart. If I told you that the abduction of their only child is hurrying Sir Sydney and Lady Robert to a premature grave, you would only smile. It is a matter of indifference to you, as I well knew before I came here. If I urged on you the utter prostration of a young heart which has for years nursed the dream of Amy's love and devotion, why, you would still smile, and for this also I was prepared."

"And yet you came to me?"

"And yet I come."

"You hadn't a single ground to hope that I would comply with your request, even if it was in my power, which it is not——"

"No?"

"On my honour—no! But supposing it to have been, you hadn't, as I've said, the slightest hope of inducing me to comply with your wish, and still you have—well, I will say that still you have done me the honour of paying this visit."

"Right," returned the veiled stranger; "so far you are right. And so far my conduct appears childish and absurd; but there is one point I have not yet stated. For another's sake I ask you a favour. I do not expect that you will grant it on benevolent or sentimental grounds. Excuse me if I say that I know you too well."

Roland regarded the speaker with manifest uneasiness.

"But," she went on, "I never thought of asking this favour for nothing. I seek information, but I am prepared to give in return that which is of vital importance to yourself—to your safety—I may say, to your very life."

Again, for the second time in that interview, Roland Hershaw rose from his seat in astonishment.

"You have such information?" he gasped.

"Yes."

"And are prepared to impart it?"

"Certainly. On the condition I have stated."

"Oh," cried Roland, impetuously, "this is absurd—ridiculous! There has been enough of this masquerading. Who and what are you?"

Uttering these words in the hard, coarse tone which was natural to him in moments of excitement, he advanced a step or two, as if with the intention of seizing the veil which still hung before his visitor's face. Instantly, she drew herself up, and gathering her flowing robes about her, confronted him with a forced calmness.

"You will not touch me," she said, haughtily.

"Why not? I'll know who you are, and so I tell you, in spite of your play-acting airs."

"You will? You shall," returned the woman; "I am your visitor."

"Bah!"

"I am in the secret of your last act of villany—the abduction of Amy Robert."

"In which I had no part."

"Further, I am possessed of a secret which threatens your safety, Roland Vladimir, Count Estrid!"

At these words the face of the man changed. The life, the spirit seemed to go out of it; his head sank, his whole frame was convulsed. No longer proud, haughty and contemptuous, he seemed to collapse and to shrink into himself.

"In God's name, what do you mean?" he demanded.

"You know—you know, better, far better than I do, what you are, and what it is in the power of others to make you. But you see I was right when I told you that you dared not touch me, and I did not lie when I said I would give secret for secret."

"There is still something unrevealed, then?" demanded the craven.

"Yes, that which most concerns you."

"Come then, tell it me."

"You forget, I made a condition. First, trust me. Tell me what you have done with Amy Robert?"

"Impossible! I cannot. I would give half I possess to learn where she is at this moment. Oh, trust me, I have no evil designs on Amy. I love her, deeply, fondly love her, but I have destroyed——"

"What?"

"That is, I have been made the dupe of another. I have trusted him, and he has deceived me. By everything that is sacred, I cannot tell you where my poor Amy is concealed."

"And if you could, you would not?"

"Why do you ask me? What is this fiction of another's love with which you come to me? Why should you urge that—that, of all things, as a plea for me to listen to you? And why, above all, are you interested in making this discovery?"

The stranger did not answer.

She put her hands to her brow as if some painful reflection agitated her. Then she said:

"You do not know where Amy Robert is?"

"I swear it."

"I think you speak the truth. I will believe it."

And if so, all my labour is thrown away. Still it is done. One word more, sir: promise me that I shall leave this house unmolested, that you will make no attempt to follow me, or to learn who or what I am, and I will place in your hands the paper I have brought with me, and which I had hoped to give as secret for secret. You promise that?"

"I will."

"Take it, then."

She drew aside the folds of her cloak, and produced from her bosom a folded paper.

"Do not look at it till I am gone," she cried.

Then she turned from him, and with a firm step crossed toward the door. Roland Hershaw clutched at the paper, and an evil light glowed in his eyes. Three strides brought him to her side.

"No, no," he sneered. "You don't go. You know too much, and now I must know something of you also. This paper may be all moonshine, a mere trick to throw me off the scent."

"Read it!" the stranger said, turning proudly upon him.

The light of the taper fell full upon the paper, as he unfolded it. The very first words arrested his attention, and seemed to freeze the blood in his veins.

"Denounced!" he involuntarily muttered. "Where did you learn this?"

"Enough that I do know it. That I have warned you. That I who now warn, can betray. Let me go."

Overcome with astonishment and terror, Roland seemed to lose all presence of mind. Thus he had permitted the woman to rush from the room, and to hurry onward to the door before he made any attempt to detain her. Then, as he saw her flying from his grasp, he called to her, and hastened forward;

but she waved him back with her hands, and, seizing the latch of the door, let herself out into the night. The moment her feet touched the snowy ground, she seemed to disappear.

Roland, looking out, and throwing the light of the wax-taper in all directions, could detect no trace of his strange visitor.

He only perceived a few footprints in the snow, left as he departed.

And he observed, not without agitation, that these footprints were different in size and form to those he had examined in the snow opposite—those of the man who, he had no doubt, watched his house nightly.

## CHAPTER XXVI

## MRS. LARKALL WRITES A LETTER.

Now does my project gather to a head;  
My charms crack not: my spirits obey; and Time  
Goes uplight. *Tempest.*

I the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange state? *Id.*

GRATEFULLY perturbed at what had happened, Roland returned to the drawing-room.

From the moment that he quitted the house-door, he began to curse his folly in letting the girl off so easily. He could hardly tell how it had happened. But he had been so startled at the knowledge she possessed, and the final revelation she had made, that he was like a man stunned.

That evening had been one of triumph—of elation to him.

He had felt himself thoroughly at home in the fashionable circle to which his wealth, and perhaps his good looks, had gained him ready access. And while moving through Lady Rimbaud's saloons, gorgeous with luxury, and like a paradise fitted for the reception of the bright-eyed houries who thronged it, he had pictured to himself a future, in which such scenes should succeed each other in endless succession, and he become the petted hero of them all.

There were special reasons for this state of excitement.

That day he had succeeded in taking the one great step toward which all his labours had tended. He had hoodwinked Walmesley Dyott; had placed in his hands the necessary papers—including the certificate of the death of Peter Roydon Palmer—and partly by means of these, partly from the force of his own seductive eloquence, had induced him to take the one great step of all—*Old Protheroe's will had been proved.*

Under that Gertrude Norman became sole heiress—with some trifling exceptions, among them a diamond-ring for Mrs. Larkall, and a hundred pounds for Malala—and nothing now remained but to realize and secure the money.

"There would be time enough for that," Mr. Dyott had said, "when the heiress had put in an appearance. What an absurd girl to permit herself to be snapped up by some designing fellow on the eve of coming into such a fortune."

"Absurd, indeed!" Roland had answered, "if it is an elopement; and I suppose there's little doubt of that now."

"Not the slightest. The papers have taken it up, you see."

"Yes."

And he mentally added:

"Cuzze their officious meddling! A little more, and they would have put a stop to all my proceedings."

"Mrs. Larkall is, of course, terribly annoyed," Dyott had added. "The whole thing's deuced unfortunate."

"Very."

And thereupon Martin Leveson—whom Roland was then impersonating—had taken his departure for Spring Gardens, inwardly chuckling at the success of the morning's work.

He was so elate over it that all declared he had never looked so handsome as that night at Lady Rimbaud's. Joy is, after all, the best beautifier. Nothing gives so bright a lustre to the eye, and Madame Rachel, with all her "blooms," cannot deck the cheek in so radiant a carnation. When the heart is light, there is no need of oil to give one "a cheerful countenance;" those who are happy for ever, alone are "beautiful for ever."

With this feeling of intense satisfaction, a little overdone and a little too feverish for real happiness, Roland had returned home.

"In a fortnight at fullest," he had said to himself, "I shall finger the money, or the great bulk of it, and then to realize all the dreams of my youth and manhood!"

What a frost these budding expectations were doomed to encounter!

That mysterious visitor had dissipated all his illusions as to the secrecy attending the abduction of Amy Robert. She had recalled to him the ever-painful fact that the object of his tenderest devotion had

been stolen from him, and through his own act. More than this, she had awakened jealous fears respecting that "other" lover who had worshipped Amy from childhood.

But this was not all, nor the worst part of what he had learned.

He stood by the fire in the drawing-room, holding in his hand a document, in the reality of which he scarcely dared to believe. In hideous dreams, not in waking moments, things like this happened. Veiled forms, charged with the secrets of the grave, or messages of doom visited spell-bound victims, and left evidences of their presence.

So he argued; but no amount of reasoning could do away with the terrible reality of this experience. The paper remained, and on that paper he read the terms in which he had already been denounced to the head of the Secret Society, the shadow of which had rested upon his family for half a century, and had scattered it, as the wind of autumn scatters the leaves, half over Europe.

The name of his denouncer did not appear.

"Could it be Wolff?" he asked himself, with white, spasmodic lips.

"No, no!" was his reply to his own nervous query. "No, Wolff—Palmer—whatever his name, was dead. There could be no doubt of that. Amplett had promised to show him the certificate, and he was a fool for not seeing it. He would see it yet. And if not Wolff, who then?"

He thought and thought, but all in vain. Wolff alone, as a reprobate member, knew the secret of the existence of that society, once so powerful that it made kings tremble on their thrones, and even now carrying terror in its very name to those familiar with its history.

But if it puzzled him to divine who had done him this mischief, still more did he cudge his brains in vain as to the woman—the young and beautiful woman, as he could tell she was—who had run the risk of warning him of his danger—a risk which, if she knew anything, she must know was of the most serious nature.

What was her position in life? What her relation to his deadly enemies? And how was it possible that she should have mastered a secret which he knew well enough would be guarded with the utmost caution?

It was in vain that Roland Hershaw asked himself these questions, as he held the paper in his hand, and gazed at it till the writing was blurred, and the lines seemed to run one into the other. In vain—quite in vain. He could not fathom the mystery; and the more he reflected on it, the more it bewildered him.

"Well, well," he muttered at length, "there is one comfort in a life like mine. Every new peril is only another form of the danger to which I am exposed. I stand beneath an avalanche, which can, at the worst, but fall and crush me, as it will, unless I am wise enough to take to my heels in time."

Late as it was, a red, roaring fire burned in the modern grate. It was one of those set in a circle of steel, from which the heat radiated, and before it were all the arrangements for its luxurious owner's comfort. His chair, into which the body sank as into a couch of eider-down, was wheeled up, and over the back hung an Oriental dressing-gown of costly brocade. On the ground lay a superb ermine rug, lined with rose-satin, and designed to be wrapped about the feet. A marble-topped table stood close by, and on this had been placed a variety of silver and glass articles adapted for spirits or for coffee, in case either form of stimulant was required.

Upon this table, also, lay a heap of letters, the accumulation of the evening posts.

To these the young man eagerly turned.

For the most part they were unimportant. Tradesmen's bills and circulars, begging letters of the class which the police are ever on the scent for, and begging letters of that high and more genteel order which people write with impunity; invitations to balls, to soirées, to conversations, to private theatricals, and to public meetings; wedding cards and funeral cards. These made up the bulk of the correspondence. Roland Hershaw glanced over them with a supercilious smile; but there were two letters which he selected from the heap by the handwriting, and to the perusal of which he sat down.

One was a delicate missive, *biche* in colour, and almost transparent in texture. It was disfigured by several foreign post-marks.

The letter ran thus:

"Rouen, Friday morning.

"MR DARLING ROLAND.—Time passes and you do not come. I am very uneasy, and oh, so dull. There is nothing to see from the windows but the walls of that hideous cathedral, for it is hideous, though the guide-book does call it perfection.

"And I cannot go out alone, since you forbade it. And I fancy, darling, that even the ugly, snub-nosed landlady's daughter, who wears a mangy fitch-bea and

sandles, does not like to be seen with me, because—I do not like to write it, but it is the truth—because she thinks I am an improper person and might endanger her reputation.

"Is it not horrible to think of?

"So I sit, for hours and hours, and do nothing but look at that brown, crumbling stone, and think of you, wondering, always wondering, what you are doing at that moment, and what is happening to detain you so long. Believe me, Roland darling, you are never for an instant out of my thoughts, night or day.

"And you? Have you forgotten your own Gertrude?

No, no, I will not wrong you by the thought. And yet sometimes I am so low-spirited, so nervous in this horrible place, that I fancy even that. It is very wicked, I know it, and I will try never to think it again; indeed, I will. And if you will only write to me, darling, only one line, to say that you are well and happy, and think of me sometimes, then I shall soon be better. But, oh, it is so dreadful to watch all day and every day for the hunch-backed little postman who comes with the letters in a little tray before him like a pedlar! Oh, so funny!—and always to be told that 'there is no letter for madame.' And when they see my disappointment and my pain, the humble people of the house try to console me, and say, 'Husbands are bad correspondents' with a hateful snigger.

"They mean, I know they do, my darling, that you have ceased to love me or care for me, and the thought of that I cannot bear. Oh, pray write to me! Ever such a little letter—on the back of a card even! It is your wife who implores you to feed her hungering heart with only one line!

"And, darling, I am grieved to mention it, but my money is running very short, and when that is gone, I tremble to think how these people will treat me. I am sure that hideous daughter hates me, because I have not her snub-nose and her freckles, and because I made fun of her box and her sandals when I first came, and was so full of joy—before the horrible cathedral wall had made me dull, and silent, and miserable.

"I could write to you, my darling, all night. But you would be weary of reading so much. So I will not say any more, only do write to me, and say how long it will be before you will come, and make me happy.

"Till then, I remain, your loving wife,

"GERTRUDE."

Roland turned the letter about to see that he had read all, and then tossed it back on to the table.

"Money short, eh?" was his reflection. "Those French thieves are fleecing her like a lamb—that's about it. Suppose I'd better write a line, and put her on her guard against them. She can examine the housekeeping bills. That'll amuse her, and keep her quiet."

In this sympathetic mood, he took half-a-sheet of note-paper from a malachite envelope-box at his side, and scribbled a dozen lines on it. To this he appended a signature, carefully studied, so as to be utterly illegible, and putting the scrap of paper in a foreign envelope, addressed and stamped it.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he thought, "that fusty, horrible old room in the shadow of Rouen Cathedral wouldn't make a bad hiding-place. Now for Mrs. Larkall."

With far more animation of manner, he tore open the second letter, which he had selected from the heap.

It was dated that day from the boarding-school at Brighton. The writer said:

"DEAR SIR,—Should you be coming to Brighton to-morrow morning, may I beg you to do me the favour of calling?

"The unfortunate circumstance of Miss Norman's disappearance, which has caused me so much anguish of mind, seems but the beginning of a series of difficulties.

"A few words will explain to you what has occurred. I yesterday, to my astonishment, received a letter from little Martin Leveson—I call him 'little,' from force of habit—stating that he will be in England on the 16th, if all goes well. Under ordinary circumstances, I should regard that as good news; but—and this is what troubles me so greatly—I have heard from my solicitor, Mr. Walmesley Dyott, that Martin Leveson is in England, has been here a fortnight, and is moving in the affairs of Mr. Arnold Roydon Protheroe, our old friend, from whom you brought your letter of introduction.

"Now, is not this very suspicious and alarming?

"Do you think it possible that any designing adventurer can have taken advantage of the melancholy circumstances attending Mr. Protheroe's death, so as to get a hold upon the property?

"It is upon this, among other matters, that I am anxious to have the benefit of your judgment, if you will favour me with a call.

"I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

"AURELIA LARKALL."

"The deuce!" cried Hershaw, as he came to the conclusion of this epistle. "Is the danger so near? Ha! Ha!" he laughed; but it was a hollow, joyless laugh. "I am in a ring of a fire that narrows and narrows every instant. But I have one resource. I can leap it. Yes, I'll leap it yet."

But in spite of his sham courage, he sank back in his chair, and the expression on his face was intensely serious.

In truth his position was so intensely perilous, that it would not bear thinking of, and in his heart of hearts he was the victim of a horrible fear.

For nearly an hour he sat almost motionless, except that he gnawed at his nails till they were bitten to the quick. Then he rose, his brow clammy with dew, his face livid.

"My God!" he gasped "must I kill that man also?"

#### CHAPTER XXVII

I do not ask to live—that dream is o'er;  
I do not ask to love—that life has fled;  
In all the tortures of this bitter shore  
And all the pangs of which my heart is dead.  
*The Secretary.*

Is it a dream? Is it a phantom? 'Tis  
Too horrible for reality! For aught else  
Too palpable. Oh, would it were a dream!  
*Sheridan Knowles.*

MORE than once that night, there had stolen into the mind of Roland Hershaw, the image of Joanna—the Witch of the Black Forest, as the people called her.

At all times the memory of that woman came upon him like a sense of terror. So much of mystery gathered about her. She had such strange powers, such wondrous faculties that he could never recall her name without a shudder.

On this particular night, there was a reason, though he did not know it, why her image should present itself—why the very winds should syllable her name in the ears of the man who had done her, as this man had done her, a grievous wrong.

The animosity of the ignorant foresters against the witch, as they called her, will be remembered.

To her vindictiveness they attributed all their misfortunes. They looked upon the woman with the white eyes and the attenuated frame as the incarnation of all that was evil, and as possessing all the power to make her wickedness felt. They accused her of bringing blight and mildew upon their crops, of bewitching their children, and of grinding down the aged with cramps and rheumatic pains.

For all this they loathed and persecuted her.

The pastor had, up to a certain time, thrown the shield of his protection around the orphan—chiefly, it must be admitted, out of respect for Adolph Kerner and his good wife—but when, as of late, she had claimed to be possessed of powers which enabled her to see those living in distant parts, and to converse with the spirits of the living as well as the dead, he had turned against her.

It was sorcery, he said. It was the power of Satan working in her. Her pretensions were insidious; her sufferings the direct punishment of her wickedness.

The pastor's protection gone, Joanna was indeed defenceless.

It was then that the wild, brutal Hans—the incarnation of all the mischief and depravity of the village—threw out the notion that they should settle the question of Joanna's pretensions according to the good old plan.

"There's one way to treat a witch," he had said at the beer-shop—not, it need hardly be said, at the Golden Flagon—"and that's the good old German way. Pitch her into the water with her hands tied behind her. If she sinks, she's a witch, and no mistake; and the sooner she's stoned out of the village the better. If she swims I'll give in, though I'll never believe she's an honest woman. No, no—she didn't cry out for the French doctor for nothing. And as for his curing her complaints by laying his hands on her head, why, it's all rot. What do you say, lads?"

"Ay, ay!" shouted those appealed to, for the popular voice is ever on the side of cruelty and violence.

Thus was the atrocity arranged.

Every preparation was made for the assembling of the villagers at the Black Stream, and it was only the temporary absence of Hans, whose occupation, that of guide, often called him away for days together, that caused the event to be postponed.

Imagine, then, the terror which filled the hearts of the aged Adolph and the fond Marguerite as, in the dead of night, they heard, as we have before described, the wailing of the horn which denoted that Hans had returned.

Joanna heard it in her trance-like sleep, and shuddered at the knowledge it conveyed.

The next day the village presented its usual quiet,

unattractive aspect. Nothing special seemed to be enacting. But, in spite of this, mischief was brewing. Hans was busy with a select few of his chosen companions, and there was drinking in his cottage, and still harder drinking down at the beer-house.

The wretches were priming themselves for their diabolical design.

Daylight had faded. The sun had set red beyond the forest, the stripped branches of which crossed its fiery disc like prison-bars. Gloom succeeded to the rosy glories of evening. It grew dusk; then dark.

Early in the year, night steals on before the day seems fairly gone.

Conscious of danger, yet incredulous of the wickedness and cruelty of those among whom they had been reared from childhood, the Kerner family sat, as was their wont, over the wood fire burning on the hearth in the wide kitchen of the inn.

Time had been when, as evening stole on, that huge kitchen would have been filled with noisy revellers. Not a soul disturbed the quiet now. Terror at the powers of the witch had driven away even the most hardy of the foresters. There might be no harm in the girl, they said, but it was as well to keep a respectable distance from danger. Besides, somebody had said that she had laid a ban upon the beer, and in confirmation of this two peasants who had shared a gallon or so were afterwards seized with colic, and had endured tortures.

Kerner himself had admitted that the beer was sour; and why sour, people asked one another, if not bewitched?

So the family sat alone—Adolph, his wife and the white-haired, white-eyed Joanna.

The fire of pine logs glowed and spluttered, rose and fell, emitting a pungent vapour that filled the room. The light glittered on the pewter vessels hanging on the wall; it cast gigantic shadows on the raftered ceiling, and it lit up the white head of Joanna like a glory.

She was looking into the fire, with eyes so perfectly colourless that they might have been turned upwards so as to leave only the ball visible. As she sat, her mind was absorbed in contemplation, and she did not speak.

Presently, in the midst of profound silence, she rose suddenly.

Terror was depicted in her expressive face.

"Hark!" she cried; "they come."

Both Adolph and Marguerite listened, but could hear nothing.

"It is the roaring of the flames in the chimney," suggested Adolph.

"Or the wind in the branches—the forest is very wild to-night."

"No, no!" cried Joanna. "Kiss me, my more than mother; and you, generous protector, let me embrace you. It may be for the last time."

She threw herself into the arms of Adolph Kerner—the good Marguerite clung to her with passionate helplessness.

"You are ill—nervous—my child! Your fears take the form of realities!" urged Marguerite.

Joanna only shook her head.

Then, starting back, she pointed to the windows looking toward the forest. A moment before they had been dark; now a light glowed through them—a light strong enough to obscure that of the fire within.

"See," she said, "the pine-torches. They seek me!"

There could be no mistake. The glow of light increased in intensity, and already they could distinguish the murmur of voices and the tramp of feet upon the fallen leaves and over the sodden ground.

"They must not find you, my child," said Adolph.

"The ordeal of which they speak is only another name for death. It shall not take place."

"I scarcely fear it," returned the strange girl. "Life has little in it worth the having now. Better to end it thus, perhaps. There is peace in the grave, and, oh! what peace is there in life for me?"

Marguerite heard the words, and a look of reproach stole into her face.

"And yet you loved us, Joanna, you did love us once," she said.

"And do, God knows how tenderly!"

"Yet you would leave us in our old age to do what you have sworn to do—to avenge ourselves upon the man who did you a never-to-be-forgotten wrong."

"No, no!" cried Joanna, inspired with sudden energy, which afforded a striking contrast to the apathy she had just displayed. "I had forgotten. I will keep my oath—but how? Tell me, father, mother, tell me!"

Instinctively she clutched at the long cloak which she was accustomed to wear, and which hung from the wall.

"Not that," cried Marguerite, "see, here in the press is a better and warmer garment; throw that about you."

"And here," said Adolph, "is money. You may

need it, for you must leave this place. I see it now. Fool that I was, not to have felt it before. They will never rest till they have your life, should you remain with us. But you will write? At the very earliest, you will write?"

Joanna, terrified and bewildered, hardly understood the words addressed to her.

"You talk of flight?" she ejaculated.

"Yes."

"'Tis impossible. See! Hark!"

The glow of the pine-torches, as the wind seized them and sent the flames streaming out with comet-like tails of sparks, was now plain to be seen through the windows. The voices and the tramping of the crowd sounded clearly enough. Then came a fierce knocking at the door of the house—a knocking not merely intended to summon the inmates, but to test the resistance which the door would offer to violence used against it.

"Out with her!" cried a chorus of hoarse voices, "Out with the witch! Out with the sorceress!"

"Ah, what in heaven's name shall I do? My fate is sealed!" exclaimed Joanna. "Why, father, you are calm? And you, mother?"

The knocking at the door had become furious; already dark, excited faces peered in at the windows.

"Joanna," said the old man tremulously, "you are not afraid of spirits?"

"No: they harm not!"

"Come then, my child, you are saved. My blessing on you! Now, good wife, the oaken door is splitting—draw to the curtains!"

At the word, Marguerite snatched at the heavy red curtains which hung suspended from a cord stretched across the room, but which were usually gathered into a corner, and drew them across in front of the windows.

At the same moment Adolph raised a trap in the floor, so well concealed that its presence could hardly be suspected, and motioned Joanna to descend.

The drawing of the curtains infuriated the mob without.

In a second they had dashed in the windows.

Then the door—the massive oaken door—yielded and fell in, split and splintered, with a terrific crash.

Through the windows and through the doors the villagers thronged in, bearing their torches, which they seemed prepared to use as weapons also, if necessary.

"Where is she? Out with her! No nonsense! We must have her!"

So they shouted.

At the same time the foremost confronted the simple, white-haired, rosy-cheeked Adolph, who stood, calm and determined, upon his own hearth.

"What is your will, neighbours?" he asked.

"Will, he hanged!" cried Hans. "You know, fast enough. We will have her. Stand aside!"

Half-a-dozen fellows shouldered the old man from his own hearth, for half-a-dozen at least perceived that over the fire sat a crouching figure, wrapped from head to foot in the cloak which Joanna always wore.

"There she is. Seize her!" cried Hans to these about him.

"Stand back!" shouted Adolph, sternly.

"No, no. Never heed him; she is sure!"

"But she is young—she is innocent!" pleaded Adolph.

"She is a witch—that is enough for us!"

"You have no mercy?"

"None!"

Already Hans himself had his hand upon the shoulder of the seated woman, when she started up, turned, and confronted the astonished intruders. At the same instant the cloak dropped to her feet, and she burst out into a loud, defiant laugh.

It was Marguerite.

(To be continued.)

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.—The estimates for the army during the years 1864-5 show a decrease of £215,349. The total sum required is £14,844,888. The decrease in the clothing establishment and supplies amounts to £33,691. There is a decrease in the charge for barrack establishments and supplies of £24,472; and £16,000 of this amount is said to be due to "a more economical use of fuel and a reduction in the price of fuel." A slight diminution in the force, from 147,118 to 145,654 men, causes a reduction under the head of pay of £81,000. But the largest item of decrease is £265,850 in the article of military stores. It is stated in explanation that "the diminution arises partly from the contracts for the supply of small arms having been completed, partly from the termination of the contract with the Elswick Ordnance Company, and partly from the reserve proportion of camp equipage, &c., being nearly complete." An increase of £33,000 is partly "caused by the necessity for experiments in ordnance and projectiles of larger natures." The only other important

reductions are of £60,071 on works and buildings, and of £46,276 due to the yeomanry cavalry not being assembled for permanent duty during the ensuing year. The reductions, however, are unfortunately balanced by a very heavy increase caused by the war in New Zealand. That island figures as the most considerable cause in the heaviest items of increase. The increase in the expense of commissariat supplies alone amounts to more than £200,000. The same source of increase appears under the head of medical stores and service to the extent of more than £10,000, and the working pay for men in the field in New Zealand causes an increase under the head of regimental pay. The improved shooting of the army has caused an increase of more than £1,000 in the amount required for good shooting pay, and the volunteer corps have proved so much more efficient than was anticipated last year that there is an increase of £6,376 under the head of their capitation allowance. The net decrease, as we have above stated, is £216,349.

## SELF-MADE;

### "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &c. &c.

## CHAPTER CIV.

### ON THE VISCOUNT'S TRACK.

Vengeance to God alone belongs;  
But when I think of all my wrongs,  
My blood is liquid flame! Marmion.

While Ishmael and Judge Merlin still conversed, the carriage was announced.

A message was despatched to Mr. Brudnell; but the messenger returned with the news that the gentleman had gone out.

Therefore Ishmael and the judge, taking Katy with them, entered the carriage and gave the order to be driven to the consul's office.

The way was long, the carriage slow, and the judge boiling over with rage and impatience.

It was well for Judge Merlin that he had Ishmael Worth beside him to restrain his passion and guide his actions.

During the ride the young lawyer said:

"In conducting this affair, Judge Merlin, Lady Vincent's welfare must be our very first consideration."

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"To do her any good, we must act with promptitude."

"Of course!"

"But to act with promptitude great sacrifices must be made."

"What sacrifices?"

"In the first place, you must lay aside your desire of vengeance upon the villainous kidnappers who brought your old servants here."

"Ah! but, Ishmael, I cannot bear to let them go unpunished."

"Believe me, no crime ever goes unpunished. These men, sooner or later, will be brought to justice. But if you attempt to prosecute them, you will be detained here for days, weeks, and perhaps even months. For, once having laid so grave a charge against any man, or set of men, you would be compelled to remain as a prosecuting witness against them. And the delay would be almost fatal to Lady Vincent, suffering as she must be the most extreme agony of suspense."

"I see—I see! Poor Claudia, she must be my only thought. I must leave the smugglers to the justice of Heaven. But it is a sacrifice, Ishmael!"

"A necessary one, sir; but there is still another that you must make in order to hasten to the rescue of Lady Vincent."

"And that?"

"Is the sacrifice of a large sum of money. A large sum, even for a man of fortune like yourself, judge."

"And that fortune is not nearly so considerable as it is supposed to be, Ishmael. When I had paid over my daughter's dower, I left myself but a moderate independence."

"Nevertheless, judge, if it should take the whole of your funded property, you will gladly devote it to the vindication of your daughter's honour. We must be in Scotland with our witnesses in time to arrest Lord Vincent and his accomplices before he has an opportunity of bringing on the divorce suit."

"Certainly!"

"To do this, you will have to expend a large sum of money in regaining possession of the servants; to do which, would involve you in a long lawsuit, the issue of which would be very doubtful; for you must be aware that there are many knotty points in this case. Now, I put the question to you, whether you

can, with safety to Lady Vincent, remain here for weeks or months, as prosecutor in the criminal trial of the kidnappers of Lady Vincent's servants."

"I cannot."

"Then do not attempt to punish the kidnappers here. Our plan will be simply this: Take the consul with us to identify us, go to the persons who detain these servants, explain the facts, and demand their surrender at once. They will, no doubt, gladly come to terms rather than risk a lawsuit."

"I see! Yes, Ishmael! You are wise and right, as you always are," said the judge, with an air of conviction.

"All this business may be satisfactorily arranged in time for us to take passage on the Cadiz that sails on Saturday. Now, here we are at the consul's office, said Ishmael, as the carriage stopped at the door.

Leaving Katy in the carriage they alighted and entered.

The consul was engaged, so that they were detained in the ante-room nearly half-an-hour; at the end of which four or five gentlemen were seen to issue from the inner room, and then the door-keeper, with a bow, invited Judge Merlin and his party to pass in.

Philip Tourneysee, the British Consul for Havana at that time, was the eldest son of that General Tourneysee whom the reader has already met at the house of Judge Merlin. He had sought his present appointment because a residence in the West Indies had been recommended for his health.

He was a slight, elegant, refined-looking man, with a clear complexion, brightauburn hair, and dark hazel eyes. The fine expression of his countenance alone redeemed it from effeminacy.

On seeing Judge Merlin enter with his party, he arose smilingly to receive them.

"You are surprised to see me here again so soon, Philip," said the judge, as he seated himself in the chair placed for him by the consul.

"I cannot see you too often, judge," was the courteous answer.

"Hem! This is my friend, Mr. Worth, a barrister. Mr. Worth, Mr. Tourneysee, our consul for the port of Havana," said the judge, with all his old-fashioned formality.

The gentleman thus introduced bowed, and the consul offered a chair to his second visitor; and then seated himself, and looked attentive.

"We have come about the most awkward business that ever was taken in hand!" said the judge; "the strangest and most infamous, also, that ever came before a criminal tribunal!—but let that pass. What would you say, for instance, to the fact of an English nobleman turning kidnapper?"

The consul looked perplexed and incredulous.

"I will tell you all about it," said the judge, who immediately commenced and related to the astonished consul the history of the abduction of the three servants by Lord Vincent, and their subsequent transportation to Havana by the smugglers.

"You will, of course, cause instant search to be made for the guilty parties, and I will certainly give you every assistance in my power, both in my public capacity and as your private friend. We will go to work at once," said the consul warmly, placing his hand upon the bell.

"No," said the judge, arresting his motion. "I have consulted with my friend and counsel, Mr. Worth, and we have decided that the smugglers, who are, after all, but the subordinates in this guilty confederacy, must go unpunished and unpunished for the present."

"How?" inquired the consul, turning to Ishmael, as if he doubted his own ears.

"Yes, sir," said Ishmael, calmly. "Circumstances, into which it is not necessary that we should now enter, render it absolutely necessary that we should be in Scotland as soon as possible. It is equally necessary that we should take the kidnapped servants with us, not only as witnesses against their first abductor as to the fact of the abduction, but also as to other transactions of which they were cognizant previous to that event. We cannot delay our departure to prosecute the smugglers for kidnapping. We must leave them to the retribution of Providence. What we would ask of your kindness is this—that you will go with us to the employers of these servants, so as to smooth the way for a negotiation of our difficulties!"

"Certainly, certainly. Let me see. I have an appointment here at two o'clock, but at three I will join you at any place you may name."

"Would our hotel be a convenient rendezvous for you?"

"Perfectly."

"Then we will not detain you longer," said Ishmael, rising.

The judge followed his example.

And both gentlemen shook hands with the consul, and departed.

"I think," said Ishmael, as they took their seats in the carriage, "that we should take Katy immediately back to her present master. I understand from her that he is a man in the humbler walks of life, and therefore I think he might be willing to close with us for a liberal consideration."

"Do so, if you please, Ishmael; I trust entirely to your discretion," answered the judge.

"Katy," said Ishmael to the old woman, who had not left the carriage, "can you direct us the way to find the man who is your master now?"

"Not to save my precious life, couldn't I, sir! Because, you see, I never can think of the barbarous names they have to the streets in this outlandish place! But if you'll put me up alongside of the driver, I can point him which way to go and where to stop," said Katy.

This proposition was agreed to. The carriage was stopped and Katy was enthroned upon the seat beside the coachman, a Spaniard, whom she seemed to direct more by signs and gestures than by words.

After a very circuitous route through the city, they turned into a narrow street, and stopped before a house, partly a confectioner's and partly a tobacco shop.

They alighted and went in, and found the proprietor doing duty behind his counter.

The study of the Spanish language had been one of the few recreations Ishmael had allowed himself in his self-denying youth. He had afterwards improved his opportunities by speaking the language with such Spaniards as he met in society. He therefore now addressed the tobaccoist in that tongue, and proceeded to explain the business that brought himself and his friend to the shop.

The tobaccoist, who was the ordinary small, lean, yellow specimen of the middle class of Cubans, courteously invited the "senors" into the back parlor, where they all seated themselves and entered more fully into the subject, Ishmael acting as interpreter between the judge and the tobaccoist, whose name they discovered to be Marinello.

Marinello expressed himself very much shocked to find that the woman had been kidnapped; and that an appeal to the law would probably criminate him as the accomplice of the smuggler.

He said that the woman Katy had been extolled by the smugglers as a most extraordinary cook. And a "most extraordinary" one, he declared, he found her to be, for she did not appear to know beef from mutton or rice from coffee. And in fact she was good for nothing; for even if he sent her on an errand, as on this occasion, she would stay for ever and one day after, and charge her sloth upon her infirmities.

Judge Merlin smiled; he knew Katy to be one of the best cooks in the world and to be in the enjoyment of perfect health, and so he supposed that the cunning old woman had taken a lesson from the sailor's monkey, who could talk, but wouldn't, for fear he should be made to work! and that she had feigned her ignorance and ill-health to escape hard labour for one whom she knew could have no just claim to her services.

Ishmael, speaking for Judge Merlin, now explained to the tobaccoist that this woman Katy had been a great favourite with the mistress from whom she was stolen; that they were on their way to see the lady; that they wished to take the woman with them; that they would, rather than lose time by suing to recover her, compensate him for her loss, provided he would deliver her up to them at once.

Marinello immediately came to terms, and agreed to all they proposed.

"That is 'an affair accomplished,'" said Ishmael, gaily, when they returned to the hotel; "and now we may expect Mr. Tourneysee every moment."

And, in fact, while he spoke the door was opened and Mr. Tourneysee was announced.

"I am up to time," he said, smiling, as he entered.

"With dramatic punctuality," said Ishmael, pointing to the clock on the mantelpiece, which was just upon the stroke of three.

"Yes," said the consul, smiling.

"We have done a good piece of business since we left you. We have got Katy back from her new master; and he was very glad to get out of the affair so happily," said Ishmael.

"Ah! that was prompt indeed. I wish you equal good speed with the others. By the way, where do we go first?"

"I think we had best call on the lady who has the girl Sally; from her—Sally, I mean—we might learn the name and residence of the gentleman who keeps Jem, and of which we are at present in ignorance."

"Who is the lady, and where does she live?"

"We do not know her name either; Katy could not tell us; but she lives in the city, and Katy can direct the coachman where to drive. And now, as the carriage is at the door, I think we had better start at once."

"I think so too," said the judge.

And accordingly, the whole party went down-stairs

and re-entered the carriage, with the exception of Katy, who again mounted the box beside the driver for the purpose of directing him.

Katy, who could not, if it were to save her life, remember the name of any place or person in that "barbarous" land, as she called it, yet possessed the canine memory of localities; so she directed the coachman through the shortest cut of the city towards the beautiful Suburb Guadalupe, and then to an elegant mansion of white granite, standing within its own luxuriant grounds.

On seeing the carriage draw up and stop before the gate of this aristocratic residence, the young consul suddenly changed colour and said:

"This is the palace of the Senora Donna Eleonora Pacheco, Countess de la Santa Cruz."

"You know this lady?" inquired the judge.

Mr. Tournaysee bowed.

The porter threw open the great gate, and the carriage rolled along a lovely shaded avenue, to the white marble facade of the mansion, where it stopped.

"If you please, I will send your cards in with my own. As I am known to the senora, it may insure you a speedier audience."

"We thank you very much," said Ishmael, placing his own and the judge's cards in the hands of the consul, who alighted, went up the marble steps to the front door, and rang.

A footman opened the door, took in the cards, and after a few moments returned.

"The countess will see the senora," was the message that the consul smilingly brought back to his friends in the carriage.

Then all alighted and went into the house.

The same footman, a jet-black young negro, in gorgeous livery of purple and gold, led them into a small, elegantly furnished reception-room, where, seated on a sofa, and toying with a fan, was one of the loveliest little dark-eyed creoles that ever was seen.

She did not rise, but extended her hand with a graceful gesture and gracious smile to welcome her visitors.

Tournaysee advanced, with a deep and reverential bow, that would have done honour to the gravest and most courteous hidalgo of that grave and courteous people.

"Senora," he said, with great formality, "I have the honour to present to your ladyship, Chief Justice Merlin. Judge Merlin, the Countess de la Santa Cruz."

The judge made a profound bow, which the lady acknowledged by a gracious bend of the head.

With the same serious and stately formality, which was certainly not natural to the young consul, but which was assumed in deference to the grave character of Spanish etiquette, Mr. Tournaysee next presented:

"Mr. Worth, of the Common Law Bar."

The low obeisance of this visitor was received with even a more gracious smile than had been vouchsafed to that of the judge.

When they were seated, in accordance with the lady's invitation, the conversation turned upon the ordinary topics of the day—the weather, the opera, the last drawing-room at the Government Palace, the new Captain-General and his beautiful bride, &c. &c. &c.

The judge fidgetted, Ishmael was impatient, the consul perplexed. It was necessary to speak of the affair that brought them there! Yet how was it possible, without offence, to introduce any topic of business in that tower of beauty, to that indolent Venus, whose only occupation was to toy with her fan, whose only conversation was of sunshine, flowers, music, balls, and brides?

Clearly, neither the judge nor the consul had the courage to obtrude any serious subject upon her.

The disagreeable task was at length assumed by Ishmael, who never permitted himself to shrink from a duty, merely because it was an unpleasant one.

Taking advantage, therefore, of a pause in the conversation, he turned to the lady, and speaking with grave courtesy, said:

"Will the senora pardon me for beseeching her attention to an affair of great moment, which has brought us to her presence?"

The "senora" lifted her long curled lashes until they touched her brows, and opened wide her large, soft, dark eyes in childish wonder. "An affair of great moment?" What could it be? A masque ball? a concert? private theatricals? a—what? She could not imagine. Dropping her eyelids demurely, she answered softly:

"Proceed, senor."

Ishmael then briefly explained to her the business upon which they had come.

The senora was as sensible as she was beautiful, and as benevolent as she was sensible. She listened to the history of the abduction with as much sympathy as curiosity, and at the end of the narrative she exclaimed:

"What villains there are in this world!"

Ishmael then delicately referred to their wish to regain the girl Sally.

The senora promptly assented to the implied desire. "It was my steward, Miguel Manello, who obtained her for me. I did not particularly want her. And I find her of very little use to me. She cannot understand one word that is said to her. And she does nothing from morning until night but weep, weep, weep tears enough to float away the house."

"Poor girl," murmured Ishmael.

"So if the senor wishes to recover her, he can take her now, or at any time. I know nothing about such matters. I will send my steward to wait on the senor at his hotel this evening. The senor can then arrange the matter with him."

Ishmael expressed his thanks, arose and bowed as if to take leave.

But the lady waved her hand and said, in a sweet but peremptory manner:

"Be seated, senor."

With another inclination of the head, Ishmael resumed his seat.

The lady rang a silver bell that stood on a stand at her right hand, which summoned to her presence the gorgeous sable footman.

"Serve the senors with refreshments," was the order given, and promptly obeyed.

An elegant little repast was set before them, consisting of delicious coffee, chocolate, fresh fruits, cakes and sweetmeats. And only when they had done full justice to these delicacies, would their hostess permit them to retire.

Again Ishmael bowed with profound deference, expressed his thanks on the part of himself and his friends, and finally took leave.

On going from the room, they noticed a person who, from the extreme quietness of her manner, had escaped their observation until this moment. She was a woman of about sixty years of age, clad in the habit of a lay-sister of the Benedictine Order, and seated within a curtained recess and engaged in reading her "office." She was probably doing duty as duenna to the beautiful and youthful widow.

#### CHAPTER CVI.

##### STILL ON THE TRACK.

One sole desire, one passion now remains,  
To keep life's fever still within his veins,—  
Vengeance! Dire vengeance on the wretch who cast  
On him and all he loved that ruinous blast.

Moore.

THE party drove back to the hotel to await the coming of the steward with Sally. Mr. Brudnell had not yet returned.

Ishmael sent for the clerk of the house and bespoke proper accommodation for the servants.

But Katy rebelled, and protested that she would not leave her old master until bedtime, when she should insist upon his locking her in her bedroom and taking charge of the key, for fear she should be bewitched and stolen again.

At about six o'clock Miguel Manello arrived, having Sally in charge.

According to the instructions left with the waiters, they were immediately shown up to the apartments of Judge Merlin.

Miguel Manello, a little dried-up, mahogany-coloured old man, with blue-grey hair, came in, bowing profoundly.

Sally followed him, but suddenly stopped, opened her mouth and eyes as wide as they could be extended, and stood dumb with astonishment.

As she could not speak a word of Spanish, nor the steward of English, she could not be made to understand where he was bringing her. So she had not the remotest suspicion that she was approaching her master until she actually stood in his presence.

Astonishment makes most people break into exclamations; but Sally it always struck speechless! So it had been with her when the viscount and his accomplices entered her room that night of the abduction. So it was with her now that she was brought unexpectedly to the presence of the beloved old master whom she had never hoped to see again on this side of the grave.

How long she might have remained standing there, dumb-founded, had she not been interrupted, is not known; for old Katy made a dash forward, caught her in an embrace, kissed her, burst into tears and said:

"Oh, Sally, it is all come right! Master's come here, and he's going to take us all back to her ladyship, and we're going to be witnesses against his lordship and the valley;—which I hopes they'll be hung, and likewise her as is the worst of the three!"

The tears began to steal down poor Sally's cheeks, and she looked appealingly from Katy to Judge Merlin and Ishmael, as if to entreat confirmation of the good news.

"It is all quite true, Sally! You are to return to England with us," said Ishmael.

"Oh, Mr. Ishmael, that will be like going to heaven!" fervently exclaimed the girl, while tears of joy streamed down her cheeks.

"There, now, Sally; go with Katy into the next room, and have a good talk."

The steward took up his hat to depart, but Ishmael made a sign for him to stop.

"You were present at the transaction that took place respecting this girl?"

"Assuredly, senor; since I was concerned in it."

"There was an old woman belonging to the same party?"

"Yes, senor, the one that I found in here."

"Exactly. There was also a young man?"

"Yes, senor."

"Can you tell me who became his employer?"

"Certainly, senor. He was the Senor Don Filipo Martinez, who lives in the Suburb Regla."

"Can you give me directions how to find the place?"

"Certainly, senor. I will write it down if the senor will permit me the use of his writing-case."

Ishmael placed a chair at the table, and signed for the steward to take it.

Miguel Manello sat down, wrote out the directions, handed them to Ishmael, and then, with a deep bow, took his leave.

When they were alone, Ishmael said:

"The Suburb Regla is on the other side of the harbour. We cannot with propriety visit it this evening. In the morning we will set out early. We must either make a long circuit by land, or else take the shorter cut across the harbour. I think the last-mentioned the best plan."

"I agree with you," said the judge; "but I fear we are greatly trespassing on the time and the official duties of our friend," he added, turning with a smile to the consul.

"Oh, not at all! I am sufficiently attentive to my business to afford to take a day now and then, when necessity demands it," replied Mr. Tournaysee, pleasantly, as he arose and bid his friends good evening.

He had scarcely left the scene when the door opened, and the truant Herman Brudnell entered.

"You are a pretty fellow to back your friends! Here we have been overwhelmed with business and beset with adventures, and you gone!" exclaimed the judge, whose spirits were much elated with the successes of the day. "Give an account of yourself, sir!" he added.

"Well," said Mr. Brudnell, throwing himself into a chair and setting his hat upon the table with a wearied but cheerful air, "I have been walking around the city to see all that is interesting in it. I visited the cathedral, where the ashes of Columbus repose; saw the Government Palace; the Admiralty; the Royal Tobacco Factory; several interesting old churches, and so forth! Last of all, I ran up against a very dear friend of mine, whose acquaintance I made at the court of Queen Isabella when I was at Madrid some years ago. And Don Filipo insisted on my returning home with him to the Suburb Regla, where he has a beautiful house standing in the midst of equally beautiful grounds. Well, I dined there; and I got away as soon after dinner as I decently could."

"Don Filipo? Suburb Regla?" repeated Judge Merlin, as his thoughts ran upon the still missing boy Jem.

"Yes! Do you know him? Senor Don Filipo Martinez—"

"No, not personally; we have heard of him, though. Sit still, Brudnell, I have got something to tell you. We have met some old acquaintances also since you left us," said the judge.

"Ah! who are they? The Tournaysees, I presume!"

"We have met the Tournaysees, of course; but we have met others."

"Then you will have to tell me, judge, for I should never be able to guess among your thousands of friends and acquaintances who were the individuals encountered here."

"What would you say to me if I should tell you that Ishmael met our old Katy in the street and brought her hither?"

"I should say that you or I were mad or dreaming," said Mr. Brudnell, staring at the judge.

"And yet I tell you the sober truth! That infamous villain, Lord Vincent, taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by his residence on a remote part of the sea coast, and his connection with a crew of smugglers, actually succeeded in kidnapping Lady Vincent's three servants and shipping them off to this island."

"Am I awake?" exclaimed Mr. Brudnell in amazement.

"As much as any of us, I suppose! There are times when I fancy myself in a strange dream!"

"What could have been the man's motive for such a crime?"

"Partly, no doubt, revenge; for he hates these servants for their devotion to their mistress; and partly caution; for one of them became possessed of a secret compromising the reputation, and even the personal liberty of the viscount."

"Good heavens! I never heard of such a transaction in all my life! Do give me the particulars of this affair!"

"By-and-bye! Just now, I must tell you, that, with the aid of our consul, who has just left us, we have ferreted out and regained possession of two of them—old Katy and Sally; who are at this present moment in the next room enjoying their reunion."

"But—why the deuce did you not appeal to the law?"

"Well, in the first impetuosity of my anger, at discovering these crimes, I would have instantly sought out, and prosecuted the smugglers, had it not been for Ishmael. Heaven bless that young man, how much I owe him! He interposed his warning voice, and wise counsels. He reminded me, that if I involved myself in any lawsuit, it would detain me on the island for weeks or months, while it is of the utmost importance that I should be at the side of my injured child. I could but acknowledge the truth and justice of his argument, and comply with the course he proposed."

"And, looking at the affair from Ishmael's point of view, I think you have done quite right, sir," said Mr. Brudnell.

"And there is another consideration," put in Ishmael. "Judge Merlin mentioned to you, as one of the motives that instigated Lord Vincent to the perpetration of the crime, the fear of the servants who had become possessed of a secret involving the liberty of the viscount. This secret was neither more nor less than the knowledge of a conspiracy formed by the viscount and two of his accomplices, against the honour of Lady Vincent. Thus you see, it is absolutely necessary that these servants should be taken to Scotland without delay, as witnesses——"

"In the divorce trial. Certainly!"

"No—not in the divorce trial, though their testimony in such a trial would be conclusive for the lady. But we wish, if possible, to prevent the divorce trial. We will not have the daughter of Randolph Merlin assailed in such unseemly manner. No woman, however innocent she may be, comes out unscarred from such a struggle; for the simple reason that the bare fact of such a suit having been brought against her, attaches a life-long reproach to her."

"There is truth in what you say, Ishmael; but I do not see how the trial is to be avoided, since Lord Vincent is determined to sue for a dissolution of his marriage."

"In this way, sir. By placing Lord Vincent *hors-de-combat* at the very onset. When we reach Edinburgh, our first step will be to lodge information and cause warrants to be issued for the arrest of Lord Vincent and his accomplices upon the charge of conspiracy and kidnapping. Do you suppose that Lord Vincent, lodged in gaol and awaiting his trial for abduction and conspiracy, will be in a condition to prosecute his suit for divorce?"

"Certainly not. I see that you are right, Ishmael. But, poor Claudia! In any case, how she must suffer!"

"Heaven comfort her! Yes! But we chose the least of two evils for her! Delivered from the fiend who has tormented her so long a time, and restored to her native country and to the bosom of her family, we will hope that Lady Vincent's youth will enable her to rally from the depressing influence of these early troubles, and that she will yet regain her peace and cheerfulness."

"Heaven grant it! Heaven grant it!" said the judge, fervently. "Oh, Ishmael," he continued, "when I think that I shall have my child back again I almost feel reconciled to the storm of sorrow that must drive her for shelter into my arms. Is that selfish? I do not know! But I do know that I shall love her more, indulge her more than ever I did before! She must, she shall be satisfied and happy with me!"

Ishmael pressed his hand in silent sympathy, and then to divert his thoughts from a subject fraught with so much emotion, he said:

"It occurs to me, judge, to say that Mr. Brudnell will probably be able very much to facilitate our business with his friend, Don Filipo."

"Yes! I should think he would," replied the judge, with difficulty tearing his thoughts from the image of his daughter restored to his home, sitting by his fire-side, or at the head of the table—"yes; I should think Brudnell would be able to smooth our way in that quarter."

"What is that, Ishmael? What are you both talking of in connection with myself and friend?" demanded Mr. Brudnell.

"Why, sir, your friend, Senor Don Filipo Martinez is precisely the same gentleman who is the present master of the boy Jem. We intend to pay him a visit to-morrow, for the purpose of trying to regain the boy; and we feel very much pleased to find that he is a friend of yours."

"My dear judge, I will go with you and introduce you."

"That will do. You have shown me a way out of this difficulty. And now, suppose we ring for supper. We have had nothing since breakfast except the light repast set before us by the Senora Donna—Etcetera!"

Ishmael touched the bell, which brought up a waiter.

Judge Merlin ordered supper to be served.

When it was ready he called in Katy and Sally to wait at table—to remind him of old times, he said.

After supper he sent for the housekeeper and gave his two female servants into her charge, requesting her to see that their wants were supplied.

And Katy, now that she had Sally with her, went away willingly enough without insisting on being locked in her bed chamber for safe keeping.

And soon, after this our wearied party separated and retired to rest.

The next morning, directly after an early breakfast, they set off for the Suburb Regla; calling on their way at the office of the consul, to discharge that gentleman from the duty of accompanying them—a measure now rendered unnecessary by the presence of Mr. Brudnell, and the fact of the latter being an intimate friend of Don Filipo, and therefore quite competent to introduce these strangers.

Mr. Tournesee was excessively busy, and was very glad to be released from his promise to attend his friends. He gave them, however, his best wishes for their success, bid them adieu, and suffered them to depart.

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when they reached the residence of Don Filipo. It was an imposing edifice, built of white granite, and standing within its own spacious grounds. A broad avenue, paved with granite and shaded with tropical trees, led up to the front of the house.

Arrived here, Mr. Brudnell alighted from his carriage, rang the door-bell, and sent in the cards of his party with his own.

In a few minutes they were admitted by a mulatto footman, in rich though plain livery, who conducted them to a handsome library, where Don Filipo stood ready to receive them.

The Senor Don Filipo Martinez, Marquis de la Santa Espirito, was not a creole. That any spectator might know at a glance. He was, as has been said, a Spanish hidalgo, of the glorious old Castilian order. He had been born and brought up near the Court of Madrid; he had graced an enviable position about the person of his sovereign; and lately he had been sent out to fill a responsible office in the government of the island. He was even now talked of as the next Captain-General.

He was a very distinguished-looking man, somewhat past middle age, with a tall, finely-proportioned, though very spare form, a long, thin face, Roman nose, piercing black eyes, heavy black eyebrows, olive complexion, and iron-grey hair and beard.

He advanced with grave and stately courtesy to welcome his visitors, whom Mr. Brudnell presented in due order.

When they were all seated, Mr. Brudnell undertook at once to introduce the subject of the business upon which they had come.

Don Filipo gave the speaker his most serious attention, and heard the narrative with surprise and mortification, somewhat modified by his habitual and dignified self-restraint.

At its conclusion, he turned to Judge Merlin, and said:

"I am deeply grieved, senor, in having done you, however unconsciously, so great a wrong. I must pray you to accept my apologies and the only atonement I can make you—the restitution of your servant!"

"Sir, I am pained that you should accuse yourself so unjustly; I cannot feel that you have done me any wrong, or owe me any apology or restitution. I shall be very glad to get the boy back. I thank you heartily for your willingness to give him up; and must remain your debtor for this great favour."

The grave face of the old Castilian assumed a fascinating smile, as he offered his hand to the judge, and said courteously:

"I esteem myself happy in being able to restore to the senor his servant. The boy is absent now, exercising my favourite saddle-horse; but as soon as he returns he shall be sent to the senor."

The party then arose to depart; but Don Filipo would not allow them to go before they had partaken of a tempting repast of cakes, fruits, sweetmeats, and wine.

Then, with a real regret at parting with this "fine old Spanish gentleman," they took leave and returned to their hotel.

In the course of the afternoon Jem arrived in the custody of Don Filipo's steward, and was regularly delivered over to the safe keeping of Judge Merlin.

The meeting of poor Jem with his old master and friends, and with his mother and his sweetheart, was at once so touching and so absurd, that it inclined the spectator at the same time to tears and laughter.

"Now," said Judge Merlin, as they sat together in his rooms that evening, "our work is over? And this is Tuesday evening, and we cannot sail until Saturday morning! What the deuce shall we do with the three intervening days?"

"To-morrow," answered Ishmael, "we had better see to providing ourselves with an outfit for the voyage. Remember that since our wardrobe was lost on the Oceana we have had nothing but the single change provided for us by the captain of the Santiago."

"True! we must have an outfit! The purchase of that will occupy one day; but there will be still two left to dispose of."

"On Thursday we can spend the morning in seeing whatever is interesting in the city and its suburbs, and in the evening, you know, we are engaged to dine with Mr. Tournesee."

"Exactly! But what shall we do on Friday?"

"Continue the sight-seeing through the city in the morning and have Mr. Tournesee and the Senor Don——"

"Etcetera, to dine with us in the evening. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"That will do then. Now we will go to bed," said the judge, rising and taking his bedroom candle.

And that was the signal for the party to disperse and go to rest.

The remainder of the week was passed in the manner sketched by Ishmael. Nevertheless the three days of waiting seemed to the anxious father of Claudia three years in length.

On Saturday morning the whole party, consisting now of three gentlemen and three servants, embarked on the Cadiz for Europe.

Mr. Tournesee and Don Filipo "Etcetera," as the judge called him, accompanied them to the steamer and remained with them to the latest possible moment.

Then with many fervent wishes for their prosperity in the voyage, the two gentlemen took leave of our party and went on shore. The steamer sailed at nine o'clock. When it was well under weigh, Ishmael looked around among his fellow-passengers, and was pleased to recognize many of the companions of his disastrous voyage on the Oceana. Among the others were the family of Dr. Kerr.

Later in the day, as Ishmael and his shadow, the professor, were standing leaning over the bulwarks of the ship and watching the setting sun sink into the water, leaving a trail of light upon the surface of the sea, he heard a familiar voice exclaim:

"Fader Abraham! Tere ish tat yunk shentleman ant hish old man again?"

And Ishmael turned and saw the German Jew standing near him.

Ishmael smiled and held out his hand; and Isaacs came and grasped it, expressing his pleasure in having "von drue shentleman" for his fellow-passenger once more.

And from this day quite a friendship grew up between the young Christian and the old Jew.

Without making the least effort to do so, Ishmael won his entire confidence.

Isaacs, reserved and uncommunicative with every one else, seemed to find pleasure in talking to Ishmael.

Among other voluntary revelations, Isaacs informed Ishmael that he was going to England to see his niece, who was "von great lady." She was the daughter, he said, of his only sister, who had been the wife of a rich English Jew. She had married an Englishman of high rank; but her husband, as well as her father and mother, was dead—all were dead—and she was living in widowhood and loneliness; and, ah! a great wrong had been done her! And here the Jew would sigh dismally, and shake his head.

Now, Ishmael, in the delicacy of his nature, would receive all the Jew's voluntary communications, and sympathize with all his complaints, without ever asking him a question. And thus, as the Jew never happened to mention the name of his niece, and Ishmael never inquired it, he remained in ignorance of it.

The voyage of the Cadiz, considering the season of the year, might be said to have been very prosperous.

The weather continued clear, with a light wind from the north-west, alternating with calms.

Our party having served out their time at sea-sickness on the Oceana, were not called to suffer any more from that malady on this voyage.

On the fourteenth day out they arrived at Cadiz, whence they took a steamer bound for Liverpool, where they landed on the first of February, late in the night.

They went to an hotel to spend the remaining hours in sleep.

And the next morning, after a hurried breakfast eaten by candlelight, they took the express train to Edinburgh.

(To be continued.)

#### THE PROUD POOR.

LET us look, by way of example, at the facts which lately came out before the coroner, upon an inquiry into the death of Mrs. Lydia Taylor.

She was a woman in the prime of life, a widow with an only daughter, whose joint earnings, when times were prosperous, amounted to between 4s. and 4s. 6d. per week. The mother's work consisted in stitching button-holes in gentlemen's collars at 2½d. per dozen; and when she was in full employment she could earn by this trade 2s. per week. The daughter went out charring, and brought home weekly from 2s. to 2s. 6d.

Out of this magnificent income 1s. 6d. went every week for rent, and on the remaining 3s. mother and daughter had to feed and clothe themselves. Of course, the process was not one of feeding, but of starving, and we are not surprised to find that, for a month before her death, Mrs. Taylor so far succumbed, that she was unable to work any longer.

Let us take a closer look into this famine-stricken home, in which an English mother and her child were "dying by inches." They had no bed to lie upon. In happier days—that is, when the full income of 4s. 6d. was coming in, they had—shavings. But when the trembling fingers could no longer hold the needle, this luxury had to be relinquished, as altogether too costly; and the two weary hearts throbbed together on the boards, without covering, beyond their threadbare and scanty clothing. Sometimes, by way of relief, they preferred sitting up all night.

"We were often without fire," said the girl, "and sometimes for weeks without tasting meat." A single chair was the only furniture of their room; two others, which once belonged to them, had been taken to the "leaving shop." Death could not long be warded off from such a home, unless some ministering angel interfered. No such visitant came.

On Wednesday week, when the girl returned from her work, she made tea for her mother, and got her "three farthings' worth of butter!" The deceased complained of pain, and lay down on the floor. There presently her daughter, who meantime had left the house and returned, found her dead.

"Her flesh," said the doctor who was called in, "was pale and flaccid. Death resulted from pleuro-pneumonia, to which want of sustenance and exposure to cold had predisposed her." Literally, she died of cold and hunger—of sheer starvation; and the coroner, who has seen many cases of this kind, said, sorrowfully, that "it was one of the saddest that had ever come before him."

But why did not she apply to the workhouse? The answer is, "She was too proud." There are cold and inconsiderate people who will say that hers was false pride. For our own part, it is a pride we reverence.

Observe the home of this poor woman and her child, for a month their sole support was the half-crown earned by their daughter. Yet up to the mother's death their rent was regularly paid.

Observe their industry: through hunger and cold they toil on till the mother can toil no longer, making no complaint, shrinking from an exposure of their sufferings, patiently, with the heroism of martyrs, making both ends meet, though death ties the knot.

They were "steady, quiet people," says Mrs. Anne Nicholson. "Deceased was very reserved, but witness could see she had not enough to keep life together. She would not apply for relief, as she was too proud to go into the workhouse."

So, again, says the daughter: "Deceased had never applied to the parish for relief, as she was afraid they would make her go into the workhouse." Is it to be wondered at? Rather, it is a comment on the working of our poor-laws, which should make us doubt whether the relief they bestow is not neutralized by the degradation they inflict.

Mrs. Taylor is not the only Englishwoman who, between the workhouse and death, has preferred the latter. It is not our purpose to discuss this point.

Right or wrong, there are natures too proud to petition the relieving officer. Mrs. Taylor was the representative of a class not inconsiderable in point of numbers, who will suffer any extremes of poverty

rather than expose their need to coarse investigation or brutal repulse.

If charity is to aid such persons it must approach them with gentleness and respect. And in our happy and prosperous England, is it too much to hope that gentlemen might be found in every parish of this metropolis who would make it their work to seek out and comfort their proud, reserved, and sorrowing sisters, to let it be known, at least, that a hint whispered in the ear of the parish clergyman will find its way to hearts willing and able to give such help as even a proud woman may accept without humiliation?

#### SEA-SHELLS.

Oh, tell me, tell me, tiny shells,  
Of your loved choral home  
Beneath the dark-blue water's roar  
And soft ethereal foam.  
Tell me of treasures gathered there,  
In those mysterious caves,  
Deep-hidden far from earth and me  
Beneath the murmuring waves.  
Oh, tell me, are thy secrets sealed,  
And shall I never know  
Aught of the untold wealth thou hast  
Hid in thy home below?  
In vain I try to search its depths,  
In vain I would explore;  
I gain for answer naught beside  
A murmur on the shore!  
The loud waves roar thy cradle-song,  
The long damp weed's thy bed,  
While swift-wing'd birds and vessels grand  
Career above thy head.  
And, oftentimes, when my heart is sad,  
Thy tale I long to know,  
For then, perchance, thy murmur tone  
Some sympathy might show.

J. L.

#### FANNY RIVERS AND HER STRANGE DELUSION.

##### CHAPTER I.

THERE was quite a contrast in the personal appearance of the two individuals sitting in the late Colonel Earle's library. One was a tall, dignified man, apparently in the prime of life, and with a grave though kindly look; the other a young girl, whose attire of deep mourning made her slender form look still more slight, and heightened by contrast the dazzling fairness of her complexion, and from whose cheeks grief had robbed much of their native bloom.

Very earnestly did Fanny try to understand the dry details of business that John Rivers felt it to be his duty to unfold to her, though, to speak the truth, she comprehended only this: that after the estate was settled and her father's debts paid, she, his only child and expectant heiress, would be left penniless.

"Nevertheless," he added, "if you wish it, a compromise can be effected with the creditors, and a small portion left for you."

"And leave papa's debts unpaid?" returned Fanny, quickly. "Oh, no, I could not think of that. It would not be right. Besides, I should not like to have it in any one's power to cast a reproach on his memory."

John Rivers smiled.

It was a singularly beautiful smile, and which had an almost transforming effect upon a countenance more remarkable for strength and determination than beauty.

"Quite right," he said. "I am glad that you feel so. But what do you intend to do? Have you formed any plans for the future?"

"I have thought of going as governess," she said, looking up timidly.

A grave look shadowed her companion's face, and rising from his seat, he walked up and down the room without speaking.

"Don't you think I should succeed?" she inquired, her heart sinking with disappointment, for she regarded his silence as ominous.

"Perhaps so," he said, pausing abruptly in his walk; "but teaching is a hard and tiresome life for one reared as you have been. How would you like the office of housekeeper?"

"I don't know," said Fanny, doubtfully. "Poor mamma was careful to instruct me in household affairs, but I have had little experience. Do you know of any one who wants a housekeeper?"

"Yes; I want one."

"You? I am afraid I should never be able to suit you."

"Why not? Am I so very hard to suit? Well, so I am; so difficult that no one but you will suit me."

As John Rivers said this, he took a seat by her side, and taking both her hands in his, looked down steadily into her eyes.

A sudden tremor shook Fanny's nerves, and her heart beat fast. But John Rivers held those little hands still more firmly, nor did he once remove his eyes from the sweet face whose varying colour he so loved to mark.

"But the housekeeper that I want," he resumed, his deep voice growing low and tender, "must bear the dearer title of wife. 'Can you love me well enough for this, Fanny?'"

This was evidently a difficult question for Fanny to answer.

"You have been very kind to me," she faltered, "and I could not well help being very grateful."

"But it is not your gratitude, but your love, that I want, Fanny."

"I think I hardly know what that is yet," said Fanny, ingenuously. "But this I know, that you are dearer to me than any one else."

Again John Rivers arose from his seat, and approaching the window, stood for some minutes looking out into the darkness. There was a bitter struggle in his heart.

Would it be right for him to take that young creature and bind her fate irrevocably to his, before she knew her own heart, its needs and capabilities; before he knew whether his was the hand that could call forth the deeper and stronger emotions of her nature? And might he not, by so doing, be laying up much unhappiness for them both?

But then, his heart pleaded, could he not win her love? Could he give her up to another, who might not understand the worth of her gentle heart, as he both could and did?

He quietly resumed his seat, saying: "Listen to me, my dear child. The world calls me cold and stern, because my nature is reserved and un-demonstrative. I have no fine and courtly phrase to lure you to my arms, neither can I offer to you a life of luxury and ease. But I can give you an honest heart, that will never wrong or forsake you, the shelter of loving arms, strong enough to shield you from every want and hardship. The world is a rough, bleak place, darling, to such young and tender feet. But unless you give me the right to protect you, I cannot shield you from its storms, however much I may wish to do so. Do you not think that you can learn to love me, Fanny, to look upon me as your husband and dearest friend?"

And listening to these tender words, encircled by those loving arms, and looking out from their shelter to the great world beyond, which she so dreaded, Fanny Earle thought she could.

And this was how John Rivers won his wife. Whether it was well or wisely done, time can alone prove.

##### CHAPTER II.

IN accordance with the wishes of both, they had a quiet wedding, and immediately went to housekeeping.

Though not wealthy, Mr. Rivers was in possession of an ample competence, obtained by a steadily increasing business in a pleasing and thriving town in the north.

Thither he conveyed his young bride; installing her as mistress of a pretty, tasteful residence, which, though it could boast of little splendour, was furnished with all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life, Mr. Rivers being determined to surround Fanny with everything calculated to render her new home pleasant and attractive.

Thus four years glided tranquilly on. Mr. Rivers had quite forgotten his fears that he should be unable to render happy the heart entrusted to his keeping. And as for Fanny, she settled down, not only into a happy wife and mother, but into a most notable little housekeeper, with scarcely a desire beyond the precincts of home, and which she succeeded in making, what it should be, the dearest spot on earth.

Mr. Rivers was very methodical in his habits and domestic in his tastes. At one fixed hour his office was closed; regularly as the clock, his quick, firm step could be heard along the gravelled walk that led to his home; and the absence of its presiding deity, the non-appearance of the cheerful board, with its snowy cloth, steaming urn and tempting accompaniments, was what had never entered into his imagination to conceive.

And could you have looked in upon them, of an evening, seated at the little round table, which in winter time was drawn close to the glowing grate, he in his easy coat and slippers, telling some of the day's news, or reading choice scraps from the evening paper, she in her simple but well-fitting dress, the neatest of collars encircling her slender throat, busily plying the needle, and occasionally raising her eyes to his face when he made some unusually wise observation, as if inwardly wondering

That one small head could carry all he knew,

—you would have said that John Rivers and his wife Fanny were a model of conjugal felicity. And so they were, until the serpent entered their Eden, in the shape of Mrs. Victoria Eugenie Cleopatra Muggins.

Bridget announced that there was a lady in the parlour who wanted to see her on particular business.

Mrs. Rivers was conjecturing who it could possibly be.

When she opened the parlour door, she saw, seated upon the sofa, a tall, stylish-looking lady with black eyes and Roman nose, and of prepossessing though rather masculine appearance.

As the visitor arose upon her entrance, there was something in her countenance that convinced Fanny that they had met before, though where she tried in vain to remember.

"I have the honour of addressing Mrs. John Rivers, I believe," said the lady, with a gracious bend of the head—"formerly Miss Fanny Earle?"

Fanny bowed.

"My name is Muggins," continued her visitor, with a lofty air: "Mrs. Victoria Eugenie Cleopatra Muggins. I presume you have heard of me?"

Fanny had, for she was a noted female lecturer, whose fame had reached even that secluded town. But unable to conjecture the cause for this unexpected honour, she bowed again, looking slightly mystified.

"Miss Muggins, that was," continued the lady, as Fanny made no reply; "you remember Victoria Higgins? We were pupils together at Madame P.—'s school."

Like a sudden flash, it darted upon Fanny's mind. It was Victoria Higgins, of school-girl memory, whose astonishing genius was looked upon with so much girlish awe; who affected long curls and melancholy, and wrote sentimental verses about "congenial hearts" and "blighted hopes."

Fanny was then but slightly acquainted with her personally, being some years younger, but was so delighted at seeing in a strange place some one who reminded her of her girlish days, that she returned with unaffected pleasure Mrs. Muggins' enthusiastic expressions of joy at what she was pleased to term "the renewal of their young friendship."

After the discussion of some early reminiscences, Mrs. Muggins entertained her with the principal events of her life since their last meeting; her marriage with Peter Muggins, Esq., whose euphonious name she bore, and who, to use her own language, "had won her maiden affections only to blight them;" their matrimonial infelicities, and the unpleasant circumstances which led to their divorce—all of which were related with a fluency and minuteness that showed that this was far from being the first time they had been told, and which, had her sympathizing listener been any judge of human nature, would have convinced her had not sunk very deeply into her heart.

She then mounted her favourite hobby—"the tyranny of man and the degradation of woman," and after expatiating some minutes upon the subject with her usual zeal and eloquence, of which, to her justice, she possessed no small share, she paused, apparently, for want of breath, and condescended to make some inquiries of Fanny, in regard to her own history.

"And so you are married?" she said, looking scrutinizingly into the blooming face of the young matron; "dear me; it seems only yesterday that you were a light-hearted, happy girl!"

Here Mrs. Muggins shook her head, and sighed, as though inwardly commiserating her unhappy condition.

"But tell me truly, Fanny," she added, "have you received sufficient to compensate you for the loss of your freedom?"

Fanny commenced an enthusiastic eulogium upon her husband, but Mrs. Muggins interrupted her.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," she cried, raising her hands to her ears with an air of horror, partly real and partly affected, but I entreat that you will not inflict upon me an enumeration of your husband's excellencies. I will take it for granted that he possesses all the cardinal virtues, and as many more as you are disposed to give him. Yet I dare say that he is at heart a tyrant, like all the rest of his sex, though I perceive he belongs to that class who have the art to conceal with flowers the chains with which they bind their victims."

Fanny opened her eyes with astonishment; for the idea that she was a victim was as new to her mind as that her husband was a tyrant; and not a little indignant, she felt called upon to enter her protest against this accusation; declaring that whatever other husbands might be, hers was one of the kindest and most good-natured of men; to which Mrs. Muggins listened with an air of contemptuous pity.

"Of course he is," she responded; "why shouldn't he be? You never oppose him—adopt blindly all his

views and opinions, submit to all his whims and fancies, never presuming to have a will of your own, all of which your liege lord graciously deigns to receive as though it was his just due. Very delightful, I dare say, to you, but I can't say that I see any particular virtue that it indicates in him."

Fanny had never considered the subject in this light before, so she looked thoughtful, and remained silent, not knowing what to say.

"Oh, how it pains my soul," ejaculated Mrs. Muggins, in a tragedy tone, perceiving the effect she had produced, clasping her hands and turning up her dark eyes as she spoke, "to see so many of my sex so unconscious of their degradation, glorying, as it were, in their servitude! Oh, friend of my early days, this ought not so to be! You have a mission to perform—a work to do!"

Fanny thought so, too, as her mind reverted to the joint that was roasting before the kitchen fire, that she was afraid Bridget would not properly attend to, and the pastry that was yet to be made. But concealing her growing impatience under the veil of politeness, she inquired of her visitor where she was staying.

"At the hotel," was the reply; "not that I should have selected such a public place, had I had my own choice. Indeed, I did think of presuming so far upon our former friendship, as to make my home with you during my short stay in this town," she added, looking around the cosy and pleasant apartment; "but knowing that you are not your own mistress now, I feared to intrude."

Now Fanny was one of the most hospitable of women, and her first impulse was to extend to Mrs. Muggins a cordial invitation to become her guest. But happening to think that her husband had a strong aversion to female lecturers, and was withal, though very indulgent, rather particular about being consulted in regard to such matters, she coloured and looked confused, for the first time in her life ashamed of what she had hitherto considered the wifely duty of deference to her husband's wishes.

Mrs. Muggins fixed her keen black eyes upon poor Fanny's countenance, evidently enjoying her discomfort.

"Ah, I see how it is," she said, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, "you must first ask permission of your lord and master?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed Fanny, eagerly, anxious to show that she was her own mistress; "I am not under such rigid rule as that, I assure you; and to prove it, I insist upon your taking up your abode with me during your stay in our town."

But Mrs. Muggins shook her head, saying, with an air of candour that quite won upon our unsophisticated heroine:

"No, no, Fanny; I understand too well the tyrannical nature of man, to allow you to get yourself into trouble on my account. I haven't been married for nothing! Don't I remember how my husband used to bring his boon companions home to dinner, without giving me the slightest warning, expecting to find everything in apple-pie order; and then finding fault with me because I invited some female friend to share the solitude occasioned by his frequent absence? No use to deny it, my dear, I am fully versed in these things! I will call to-morrow, and if you are still of the same mind, I will very gladly accept your kind invitation."

It was in vain that Fanny protested that this delay was quite unnecessary. Mrs. Muggins shook her head smilingly, and insisted upon waiting; which had, as this amiable lady well knew it would, the double effect of making Fanny very uncomfortable, and impressing her with an exalted opinion of the wisdom and benevolence of her newly-discovered friend.

After Mrs. Muggins took her departure, Fanny, with an uncomfortable, dissatisfied feeling at her heart, for which, had she been questioned, she could have given no satisfactory reason, went into the kitchen.

She found there the usual effect of the want of her watchful eye and careful superintendence.

The meat she had left roasting was spoiled by being overdone, while the pastry she had to prepare, was still unmade.

Fanny was in no mood to bear this state of things with any degree of patience.

Calling Bridget, she administered to her a sharp reprimand, which had the pleasant effect of throwing that worthy individual into the sulks for the remainder of the day.

It was some time before Fanny succeeded in allaying the storm she had aroused, and when she did, her feelings were far from being in a tranquil condition.

As she sat rocking the baby to and fro in her arms, her mind reverted to her happy girlhood, and she sighed for its freedom from toil and care, never thinking of the higher and purer joys that had been opened to her since then.

She thought of Mrs. Muggins, and began seriously to think that she was right when she said "that a woman's life was little better than that of a slave."

She finally came to the conclusion that she was a miserable woman, and her husband, if not exactly a tyrant, was often very exacting and inconsiderate, which very agreeable knowledge she owed to the disinterested efforts of the benevolent Mrs. Muggins.

Alas, poor Fanny! the poison had begun to work that had been instilled into her affectionate but easily-moulded nature, and she was in a fair way of becoming transformed from the happy, light-hearted creature whose sunny smile and pleasant voice were the sunshine and music of the house, into a dissatisfied wife and careworn, desponding mother.

Could Mrs. Muggins have looked on her at that moment, even she would have been satisfied, and considered her to be in a fair way to be as miserable as she could desire.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN night came, Fanny had regained, in a measure, her usual equanimity, and took her usual seat by her work-table to await her husband's return.

She was foolish enough to feel hurt at the reasons Mrs. Muggins gave her for not accepting her invitation, and she was determined to convince her of her mistake, and she knew of no better way than to show her that she was at liberty to invite to her house whom she pleased.

As she was revolving in her mind the best way to broach the subject to her husband, he entered the room, and taking a seat by the table, threw a hand-bill in her lap.

It was a flaming advertisement, setting forth in glowing terms, "that Mrs. Victoria Eugenie Cleopatra Muggins, the celebrated Social Science luminary, would deliver a course of lectures on the Wrongs of Women, and their Remedy."

This was a favourable opportunity for introducing the subject with which her thoughts were busy, so she said:

"I forgot to tell you, John, that this Mrs. Muggins turns out to be an old friend of mine."

"An old friend of yours, Fanny?" quoth her husband, in astonishment.

"Yes, to be sure! Why not, pray? Is there anything so very surprising in that?" inquired Fanny, in a key considerably above her usual tone, and, as her husband thought, with quite an unnecessary display of energy.

"Well, my love," he replied, "you never mentioned her to me before. And to speak frankly, she is not just such a friend as I should suppose you would choose."

Fanny was highly indignant at the insinuation conveyed by her husband's words.

"We used to go to school together. And a very amiable and charming woman she is, too! She called on me this morning, and stayed nearly two hours!"

Mr. Rivers smiled.

"So that is the reason," he said, a little roguishly, "that now at dinner the meat is burned, the vegetables just warmed through, and we have neither pie nor pudding?"

Fannie's eyes filled with tears.

"I declare, John," she said, "it is too bad of you to find fault, when you know such a thing so seldom occurs."

Now, John was the kindest-hearted man alive, and the sight of these tears troubled him.

"I did not mean to hurt your feelings, Fanny," he said, soothingly. "If it had been of frequent occurrence, I should not have been so surprised. As it is, no great harm has been done. I suppose you were obliged to leave the dinner entirely to Bridget."

Fanny wiped her eyes, and looked slightly mollified, though she could not resist the temptation of saying that "men knew little about the work poor women had to do; that the cares and anxieties of married life were sufficient to break down the strongest constitution."

Mr. Rivers looked upon his wife's bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and perceiving no symptoms of an early decline or broken constitution, made no reply. Dinner ended, he drew off his boots, put on his slippers, and settling himself back in his chair, took up the handbill, and ran his eye carelessly over the contents.

"I hope, Fanny," he said, as he threw it down with an audible pshaw! "I hope you didn't give this woman any encouragement to call again?"

"If by 'this woman' you mean my friend Mrs. Muggins," said Fanny, with great dignity, "it must be obvious to any person of sense, that as she is a stranger in the town, I could not do less than invite her to stop here for the short time she remains."

Mr. Rivers' countenance underwent a quick transition from its usual expression of careless good-humour to that of grave displeasure.

"What! without consulting me?" he said.

Fanny had seen that look before, though rarely

and knew well what it portended; but she said, with a carelessness that she was very far from feeling:

"How could I know that you would have any objection?"

"Very easily, had you taken the trouble to inquire."

Fanny made no reply, and her husband resumed, in a gentler tone:

"You know, Fanny, that I am always glad to see any of your friends, who are worthy of the name; but Mrs. Muggins is not only a woman of very peculiar reputation, but openly avows the most ridiculous, and indeed injurious doctrines under the new-fangled term of 'social science.' She is one of those so-called 'strong-minded women,' whose mission is mischief, and nothing else."

"I don't believe it! She told me her whole history, and it's my opinion that she is a deeply-injured woman!"

"Of course she is, if her word is to be taken. But I have it from the most reliable authority that her husband, whose happiness she has wrecked, was kind and indulgent to a fault, and that there is not the slightest foundation for the charges she brings against him. She is a person I cannot receive under my roof."

"But it's done now, and I don't see that it can be undone," said Fanny, half apologetically, casting a furtive glance at his face.

"It both can and must!" said her husband, decidedly. "I will relieve you from all trouble and responsibility by calling upon her in the morning, and stating that it will be impossible for us to accommodate her."

Fanny knew, by the expression that settled around her husband's mouth, that it was useless to say more, but desirous of conveying this refusal in a manner calculated to give as little offence as possible, she was not at all pleased with his proposition; so she said, hastily, and with considerable show of temper:

"You will not do anything of the kind, John. She is to call upon me to-morrow, and I will tell her myself. You need not fear that she will force herself upon us."

Fanny's unamiable tone and manner were fast arousing a corresponding feeling in the heart of her husband, and he said, with a sternness with which he had never before addressed her:

"As you please; only let it be distinctly understood that this is to be her last visit!"

Fanny's cheeks flushed to crimson.

"Certainly if you desire it," she said; "though I cannot say that it will be very pleasant to me to expose your tyrannical conduct."

"Tyrannical, Fanny?"

Not a little startled by her husband's look and tone, and overcome by the conflicting feelings of shame, indignation, and anger, Fanny burst into tears.

But this time they failed to have any effect upon her husband, who, after regarding her sternly for a moment, took up the newspaper and bent his eyes resolutely upon it with the air of a man not to be moved from his purpose; while Fanny, more indignant than ever at what she inwardly termed his indifference to her feelings, soon wiped away her tears and resumed her work, determined, in her own mind, that she would show him how little she cared for his displeasure or approval.

What was it that had altered the aspect of that pleasant room? The lamp diffused a cheerful light around, the fire glowed brightly in the polished grate, in front of which a kitten lay curled up on the rug, purring cosily; the two canaries were perched side by side, with their heads under their wings, a picture of conjugal felicity very pleasant to look upon. There was no outward change—what was it that caused that gloomy, dissatisfied expression upon the countenances of its once happy occupants?

It was the absence of the glow of love, the light of a cheerful and happy temper, which are the source of all domestic happiness; without which the splendid mansion is cold and cheerless, and with which the lowly cottage is the abode of peace and joy.

Thus they sat, during the whole evening, moody and silent, doing the most unwise thing that they possibly could do—"nursing their wrath to keep it warm"; forgetting, in the bitterness of a few hastily spoken words, the innumerable kindnesses of many pleasant years.

John, conscious that he was very far from being a tyrant, inwardly charged his wife with perversity and unkindness, while Fanny silently accused him of harshness and severity.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The next morning matters were no better. Having persuaded herself into the belief that she was an injured woman, Fanny's usually smiling face, as she met her husband at the breakfast-table, assumed an injured look; while his words were brief and cold, his eyes, as they rested upon her, showing plainly

that he had neither forgotten nor forgiven her hasty words of the preceding evening. For the first time since their marriage, they parted without a kindly word or look.

As soon as the door closed after him, Fanny retreated to her chamber, to indulge in the luxury of what is termed "a good cry," which with some women seems to be a sort of "safety-valve" to the petty trials and annoyances they are called to meet with, and which are often more difficult to bear calmly than severe afflictions.

As she was thus engaged, Bridget tapped at the door, saying that there was a lady wished to see her. Instantly surmising who it was, Fanny bathed her eyes, and arranging her dress, descended the stairs to receive Mrs. Muggins, trusting that that lady would be unable to discover any traces of the tears that a few moments before dimmed her bright eyes.

But in this she was disappointed; Mrs. Muggins was sharp-sighted, and neither smiles nor rose-water were able to conceal the traces of tears from her eyes.

She understood, at a glance, the real state of affairs, and saw that the seeds of discord she had sown were bearing their usual fruits.

She was delighted at this result; for like Cardinal Richelieu, her power lay in dividing; in estranging the husband from the wife, and the wife from the husband.

She perceived that if she could succeed in undermining Fanny's love and confidence in her husband, she could, from the very nature of her temperament, obtain a strong influence over her.

By adroit management, she induced the poor simple-hearted Fanny to do that most foolish thing for a wife to do, make a confidant of her in relation to her domestic trials.

As will be readily believed, she did not pour oil upon the troubled waters; on the contrary, she did all she could to increase her angry and resentful feelings, and confirm her in the dangerous course she had taken.

The warm sympathy and delicate flattery which her new friend bestowed so freely upon her, were very soothing to Fanny's feelings, which were deeply wounded by what she deemed the uncalled-for harshness of her husband, and awakened in her heart a corresponding sentiment of gratitude and affection.

However perverted in her notions, it could not be denied that this woman possessed a mind of no common order.

Tall, with decided and rather masculine features, and with a strong, clear voice, she had an advantage over the majority of her sex, who have attempted that most difficult of all things for a woman to do well, to speak in public.

It is true that her argument consisted of mere assertions, and her logic principally of invectives, yet, like many of her masculine fellow theorists, she had an inexhaustible flow of language, and made up in sound what she lacked in sense.

Alas! into how many hearts have words like hers fallen with deadly power, hearts already embittered by real or fancied wrongs, and eager for the slightest pretext for throwing aside the restraints that were so irksome to them.

Pure as Fanny's heart was, doctrines of "women's rights," stated so plausibly and depicted in such glowing language, obtained a strong ascendancy over her active imagination.

She possessed a trustful and confiding disposition; indeed it seemed to be necessary to her happiness to have somebody to lean upon, to look up to. Fortunately it had been hitherto her husband, whose strong, determined character was a counterpoise to her more impulsive and yielding nature; but now that her affection and confidence were alienated from him, they turned to the false and treacherous friend who was striving by every means in her power to undermine the happiness of her whole life, and who was rapidly acquiring over her that strong influence which hard, determined minds often obtain over those of a more impressionable nature.

Unfortunately, at this time, Mr. Rivers was called away on business, and which unexpectedly detained him over a week. Freed from the restraint of his presence, Fanny became still more absorbed by the new ideas that had taken possession of her mind. The quiet every-day duties of life, the fulfilment of which had hitherto filled her heart with such tranquil happiness, became irksome and unsatisfactory, and were either hurried through mechanically, or neglected altogether.

One day little Effie, a lovely child about a year old, and the pet of the whole house, had been unusually troublesome. Towards night she refused to go to the nursery-maid, and became importunate that her mother should take her. Had not Fanny's mind been completely occupied by the engrossing subject of her thoughts, her maternal anxiety would have been aroused by the child's flushed cheeks and heavy eyes;

for she was, when herself, a loving, devoted mother—but, irritated by her pertinacity, and anxious to attend the lecture that Mrs. Muggins was to deliver, and for which it was quite time to dress, she hastily gave her to the care of the nurse, with strict orders to keep her in the nursery.

When the lecture was over, just as she was leaving, she was met by a messenger sent to tell her that Effie had been suddenly taken ill and was thought to be dying.

The conscience-stricken mother hurried home, and was soon bending distractedly over the couch of the little sufferer, who lay with rigid limbs, and eyes fixed. A gasp, a slight convulsion of the features, and her little life was ended.

Just then there was a slight bustle in the hall, and a moment later Mr. Rivers returned. What a sight was that for the newly-arrived husband and father! There lay the marble image of the babe that he had left a few days ago in perfect health, and beside it was stretched the mother, pale and insensible!

When Fanny awoke to consciousness, she was in a darkened chamber, so weak in body and mind that it was with difficulty that she could recall the cause of her illness. Then her thoughts slowly travelled back. Was it her baby whose dying struggles she had witnessed, or only some horrible dream?

She heard a well-known voice utter a fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving that her life had been spared him, and unclosing her eyes, she saw her husband standing a short distance from the bed. She beckoned him to approach her. As he did so, she said:

"Our little Effie—?"

Her voice faltered and her eyes filled with tears. "Is now a bright and happy angel," said Mr. Rivers, smoothing softly the hair from her temples. "It is well with the child."

As Fanny looked up through her tears to the face that was bending over her, and which had grown pale and care-worn by the sleepless nights he had passed at her side, all the old love flowed back upon her heart, bringing with it many sad, reproachful thoughts. Conscience told her how little she deserved his love, how ill she had requited it.

"Forgive me, John," she faltered. "I fear I have been a neglectful wife and mother; but if God spares my life, I will make amends for it all."

Mr. Rivers looked puzzled; for the danger through which she had passed and his joy at her recovery had obliterated from his generous heart the remembrance that she had ever been aught but a most dear and loving wife. And hurt as he was at the coldness with which she had parted from him, and the marked change in her conduct for some days previous, he was utterly unconscious how far her heart had wandered from him.

"My poor, pale darling!" he said, pressing to his lips the little thin hands she laid in his, "I have nothing to forgive; and if I had, it was not only forgiven, but forgotten, before you asked me."

During her convalescence, Fanny had ample time for reflection. Removed from the wrong influences that had been brought to bear upon her, reason and conscience began to assert their sway, revealing the dangerous path into which her feet had been lured. Many and strong were the resolutions that she formed in regard to her future conduct.

M. G. H.

**THE YOUNG PRINCE IN PUBLIC.**—The infant Prince received his first cheer on Tuesday, which was when the labourers assembled at the Charing Cross terminus caught sight of the baby as it was brought out of the carriage. He may be said to have inaugurated the opening of the railway, as he travelled in the first passenger train which has brought travellers up to the Strand.

**THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.**—The following are said to be the positive arrangements entered into by the Emperor Napoleon and the Archduke Maximilian with regard to Mexico. The French troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico at the rate of one-third of the force each year, beginning twelve months after the establishment of the new Empire. The French Government will also aid the Emperor Maximilian to raise a foreign legion of twelve thousand men, who are to take service for twelve years; France to allow twelve years for the repayment of any sum advanced for this purpose.

**FINDING MONEY IN EGYPT.**—A villager lately found some money in the bank of the Nile by accident, but not by happy accident; for what is good fortune in the West is a misfortune in the East, so reversed is the order of things in the latter. The villager was in a boat, with three others, and running their boat into the bank of the river, stove in an earthen jar buried in the soil and containing money. Three of the trovors took some; the fourth, being a cautious man, and having his doubts as to the consequences, did not. The circumstance, of course, came to the ears of the

nearest governor, and the men were all put in prison. First, they were all bastinadoed for keeping the thing from him; and next, because they did not produce as much as the governor considered they must have taken. The poor fellows gave up all; but why should the governor believe they had given up all, or that one of them had taken none? A little more beating and a little more imprisonment had the desired effect of producing more money, the unlucky finders being glad to take some from their own stores at home, besides what they had taken from the accursed jar in the bank, to satisfy the hungry and cautious governor.

### MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

MADemoiselle JULIE DE ROUVIERE reclined in her pretty boudoir in her handsome château, two leagues from Paris.

Her jewelled fingers toyed with an unopened letter, and the daintily-slipped feet tapped somewhat nervously on the carpet. That letter would decide her fortune. No wonder, then, that she hesitated to open it. She recognized the handwriting, though it was not very familiar.

One letter only had she received from this source previously, and that had given her little pleasure. But anything was better than this suspense; and, taking a small jewelled couteau from the table, she opened the epistle. It ran thus:

"MADemoiselle DE ROUVIERE,—By the strange decision of our deceased parents, we find ourselves in a painful and embarrassing position.

"I do not care to gain a fortune; neither, I must own, do I wish to lose one. I presume it is thus with yourself. My fortune is necessary to my happiness, for I am a scholar, and my chief happiness is in books. For that enjoyment, leisure and freedom from business and care are necessary. I do not want a wife; I have no time for love; but in four weeks, unless we marry, I lose my fortune or you yours. Let us marry, then, with the understanding that, after the ceremony, which had better be as brief and with as little éclat as possible, we part for ever—I to return to my books, without waiting even to look into the eyes or press the lips of an unwilling bride, and to trouble you no more. Thus you can retain your fortune, your freedom and your heart.

"Waiting your consent, I remain, as always,

"Yours, etc.,

"ADOLPH DE SAVILLE."

This might be a very pleasant letter to read, under some circumstances; but taking into consideration the fact that for years Julie had been learning to love the writer of this letter, until she had given him the whole of her warm little heart, it could not be supposed to be very gratifying.

True, she had never seen him; but report had told her of all his noble greatness of mind and heart; of his splendid face and figure: and a picture—how obtained Julie could best have told you—confirmed the truth of the latter report.

Her youthful and beautiful face grew paler and paler as she read, and she unconsciously placed her hand upon her heart.

"And for this I have gazed upon his picture and cherished his image in my heart! Oh, Adolph! Adolph!" and she wept bitterly.

Growing calm for a moment, she placed herself before her mirror.

"That I, lovely, fascinating, admired, and sought of all—though I cannot say that this weeping improves my beauty—that I should be thus scorned! and for a few old musty books! O mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" And poor Julie went on improving her beauty.

"Oh, I am sure I hate—I detest—I abhor him for this conduct! What for should he gain my affections and treat me in this way? Oh, stupide! méchant!"

Julie was a little unreasonable, as you see, considering that he had never seen her or tried in any way to gain her heart. But her unhappiness must be her excuse.

"I will not marry him, and then he will lose his fortune and his musty books. Ah, me! what has become of my sense? I forget! If the refusal is on my part, he gains my fortune. I cannot punish him in that way."

She remained in deep thought; then she said, slowly, and as if hardly reconciled to the idea, and yet could not put it away for want of a better, in her need:

"But if I refuse his terms—refuse to marry him unless he gives me the protection of his presence—what would he do? Would he submit to that, or rather give up his fortune than to endure my presence in the same house? Will my pride stoop so low as to allow me to require that?"

A deep flush of shame mounted to Julie's brow, and

suffused even her snowy cheek, but she wavered only a moment.

Leagues apart, where she could not see him, and would have no opportunity to gain his love—it was not to be thought of!

She was romantic enough to have sought and entered his château as a *gouvernante*; but where there were no children, what use was there for a *gouvernante*?

As a servant she would not go. In a position so far apart from him she could have no hope of attracting the notice of an upright, honourable man, as he surely was.

And then a wedding ceremony, "brief, and with as little éclat as possible!" This to a young Frenchwoman, with all a Frenchwoman's love of splendour and display! It was unendurable! Did he think she was more than two hundred and sixty years old, that he should have proposed such an unheard-of thing!

So Julie composed a letter to Monsieur de Saville, which did not at all do justice to her feelings, or her natural love of frankness and truth.

"That she could not agree to the terms of his letter; that she would, though as much against her will as his own, marry him at the time appointed, as she, also, had no desire to lose her fortune; but that she could not agree to the absolute separation he proposed; that young and alone, as she was, she needed the protection of a husband's presence in the same house, and occasional attendance abroad. In other respects they would be as strangers, and he could be as secluded as he liked. If he would take up his abode in Paris, which she hoped, in consideration of her love of gaiety and society, he would consent to do, there was the choicest library, which her father had spent a lifetime in collecting, in her house, which should be at his absolute disposal. He must pardon her, but another thing she must object to: the quiet ceremony he proposed; that she owed it to her large circle of friends to make it an affair of some splendour."

Several letters passed between them, containing objections and suggestions on his side; but on hers, Julie remained firm. His principal objection was to living in Paris. There was as much quarrelling in a courteous way as was possible, but he finally submitted to the terms of her first letter.

The bridal ceremony was a most magnificent affair. Julie looked radiantly lovely; but the handsome, stoical bridegroom might just as well have been blind, for all the impression her beauty made on him.

A little curiosity might have been expected from him, at least; but he scarcely glanced at her; his mind was full of a treatise on something—I can't think what, exactly, but something terribly dry.

He was cool and composed enough; just like a statue, and just as indifferent. He performed his part, however, with ease and grace.

Julie thought him far handsomer than his picture, and was more madly in love with him than before. But Julie was a Frenchwoman, and she had a Frenchwoman's tact. She had no idea of letting him know the true state of things.

For about four weeks after they were settled in Paris, she almost tormented the poor scholar's life out.

A dozen times a day she ran into the library, "which was to be for his absolute use," "as they didn't care anything about each other, he wouldn't think it strange," she said, and teased him to go with her to the opera, or a drive, or to make a call. She mislaid his books and disturbed his thoughts. She asked his opinion of her dress or jewels; if this or that was more becoming, thus compelling him to remark her exquisite grace and beauty. Sometimes a bracelet upon the round white arm became unfastened, and she begged his assistance. "Such a vexatious clasp," she said.

Her merry, musical laugh, rang without restraint through the library; and to any other her presence would have lighted the dim old room into brilliancy.

To him, for the first week or two, it was almost unendurable.

He raved within himself and meditated flight to his ancestral château; and then he gradually became resigned to his miserable fate, as he termed it.

For four weeks this continued; then Julie's visits to the library suddenly ceased.

The first night, he said how glad he was to have had one day in peace! and the next morning, he hoped the day would pass as the previous one had done; but he caught himself several times listening for her footsteps.

The next day, he wondered as many as three times if she were ill.

The fourth, he wondered oftener, and actually kept watch at the windows to see if she went out, but in vain. No Julie.

The fifth, he asked her maid if Madame de Saville were ill, which inquiry was duly reported to Julie, and gave her infinite hope and delight.

For three weeks Julie did not go near the library; and Monsieur de Saville had not once had an opportunity to speak with her, and but few glimpses of her. The last glimpse was when she was getting into the carriage to drive to the opera. He thought her looking more beautiful than ever he had seen her.

After her departure he grew dull over his books. Perhaps he kept himself too confined: a change might do him good—a visit to the opera, for instance.

Thither he went without delay, and had the pleasure of seeing Julie receiving the devoted attentions of a handsome officer in uniform.

Monsieur de Saville experienced a strange sensation as he watched them; and his fine face darkened. He did not go near Julie's box, as had been his first intention, but took a seat in an obscure part of the house.

A visit to the opera did not prove exhilarating to Monsieur de Saville. His sleep that night was not sound, nor his dreams pleasant. His books also, the next day, seemed to have lost their power. A lovely face came between him and the page; and every light footstep in the hall distracted his attention, and he owned to himself that he missed his fair visitor. A few days passed in this manner, and then, one evening, he actually wrote a note to know if Madame de Saville would like his attendance that evening at the opera.

A reply came—a tiny perfumed note. The scholar's repose of manner seemed to have left him. He seized it and tore it open impatiently.

"Madame de Saville's thanks. Monsieur de Saville's attendance was always a pleasure, but she would probably not go out this evening. Another time she would be only too happy," etc.

Monsieur de Saville had his doubts. He did not open a book after the reception of this note, but took a position at the window. After a time, a carriage drove to the door. Julie, attended by the handsome officer, took her place in it.

Monsieur must have been seized with some sudden pain, for he clenched his hands, and his eyes rolled fiercely.

He waited at home till the opera was out, and Julie had returned. Then he went to her apartments and knocked. Her maid opened the door.

"I wish to see your mistress. You may retire, he said," commandingly.

Julie looked demure, but there was a gleam of mirth and mischief in her downcast eyes when she noted his wrathful countenance.

"Monsieur de Saville, this is an unexpected pleasure. Pray be seated, though we are hardly in a fit state to receive so great a stranger," gathering, as she spoke, a miscellaneous collection of articles from a fauteuil to make place for him.

He commenced directly, still standing.

"I understood from your note that you would not attend the opera this evening, Madame de Saville."

She answered, smilingly:

"That was my intention at first. I had so miserable, so dreadful a headache; but afterward, feeling better, I concluded to go. Knowing that you would go solely to attend me, with no pleasure to yourself, I thought it best not to trouble you with my altered plans, the more especially as Colonel d'Arcy called, and wished to accompany me."

"Colonel d'Arcy! I don't approve of his attending you."

"No?" with innocent surprise; "I thought you would be glad to have any one relieve you of your unwelcome duties."

"Permit me to inform you to the contrary, then, madame."

"But he is so agreeable, so handsome, and so entertaining, monsieur," persisted Julie. "Where can I find so unexceptionable a gallant?"

"Sacré! Hereafter I will attend you, madame, though I cannot claim to be as agreeable as this splendid Colonel—whatever his name is."

"No, monsieur."

His face flushed hotly, and he bit his lip till the blood came.

Julie continued:

"And the charming books, monsieur; how can you leave those?"

"Madame, do you love this villain of a colonel?"

"Ah, monsieur calls bad names. He forgets, too, that I am married."

"Tell me that you love him, and I will blow my brains out this moment."

"Ah! monsieur, don't. I should have to seclude myself so long; and I am young and love society so much. No; do not do that. You do not trouble me much."

"Mon dieu! Julie, I adore you."

"Charmante! The very words Colonel d'Arcy used this morning. Did you hear him? Are you mocking him? O méchant!"

Monsieur de Saville turned on his heel, and left the room without another word. An expression of tender-

ness and happiness rested on Julie's face after his departure.

"Dear, adored Adolph!" she murmured. "It is hard to torment him thus when I love him so infinitely. I must not lose my treasure through weakness, when almost within my grasp. I will only test him a little longer, till I am assured he loves me even as I love him."

The next day, she entered the long-deserted library. She ignored entirely the events of the evening previous, his present sullen mood, and was piquant, bewildering, tormenting, just as of old.

He tried to resist her influence; but insensibly his coldness melted, and his gloomy countenance lightened.

"It is very long since you have honoured me. You have become to this room almost a stranger, madame," he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, yes; it is true. I disturbed, I tormented you. I could see from monsieur's countenance that he wished Julie away—away off—I think as far as Afrique! Was it not so, monsieur?"

Yes, he had; but how long ago that seemed to him! Now, if he could gather this teasing, bewildering beauty near, close—close to his heart—what happiness—what ecstasy! He sighed at the manifest impossibility.

"Ah! monsieur cannot deny it; he is too true—too frank. Julie will take her troublesome self away. *Bon jour!*"

And before he had time to speak, she had fitted from his presence.

In the evening, she sent him word, "like an obedient wife," as she said, "that she was ready to have him attend her to the opera, though she knew she should miss that delightful Colonel d'Arny."

Monsieur de Saville grew black in the face as he read; and he returned word "that he regretted a pre-engagement would prevent his attendance. She had better, by all means, secure the company of the charming villain of whom she spoke. He hoped a pleasant evening," etc.

And he had the pleasure of beholding, from his library windows, his suggestions implicitly obeyed.

Julie saw, without seeming to see, in a distant part of the house, Monsieur de Saville, whose distinguished figure and bearing rendered him conspicuous anywhere, closely watching her.

Thus, with alternate smiles and perverseness, two weeks passed in the house of De Saville. If Julie had had any doubts as to the sincerity and intensity of Monsieur de Saville's love for her, they were removed now.

Late one evening she entered the library in full dress, and looking surpassingly beautiful. He looked up as she came in, and a deep colour suffused his fine face at her unexpected presence, for he had supposed her at a *soirée*; and so he said:

"No; she got ready," she replied, "but decided not to go. Thought she wasn't in her best looks, but perhaps he wouldn't mind that, would he? and so, feeling dull, she had come in to see him."

Julie did not tell all. That just as she was dressed, and ready to enter her carriage, she had learned, that in the morning, long before she would rise, Monsieur de Saville would be on his way to his château, to remain for an indefinite time. Julie was struck dumb with consternation and dismay. She could not doubt the truth of what she had heard.

And it was true. Monsieur de Saville, in despair of ever gaining her affection, and unable longer to endure the torture of seeing her smiles and attentions given to another, had resolved to return to his château, leaving her a written and eternal adieu, and bury himself and his sorrows in books and solitude, and hoping that then her image would cease to haunt him.

Julie came to the table, where he sat with a book open.

"What have you there? Something interesting? Oh, read to me, please!"

She sat down in the chair beside him, saying, laughingly, that she must look over to see if he read correctly, and did not leave out any portion.

He looked a little incredulous as to her desire to hear from the dry book he was reading; but she begged and insisted, and pointed her little fingers to the place where she said she was sure he had left off when she had interrupted him by coming in.

Longing to retain her near to him as long as he could, when they must so soon part for ever; trembling to have her round, beautiful cheek so near, and her bright playing upon his face, he commenced reading.

Julie kept up her interest, commenting now and then, with a good sense and clearness of intellect that surprised and pleased him; but, after a time, she ceased commenting, and grew very quiet; and when Monsieur de Saville stopped to turn over a leaf, he looked down, and saw that the beautiful eyes were closed.

Stupid that he was! he had tired her out with his long-uninterrupted reading, and she had taken refuge in sleep.

He could gaze now, as long as he pleased, into the beautiful face from which he should soon be so far away.

His strong heart throbbed with tenderness and passion, as he drank in her exceeding loveliness. He drew her head to his shoulder. After this night he should never see her more. Moved at the thought, he bent his head and kissed her lips.

"For the first and last time!" he murmured. She moved and uttered some word. He held his breath and listened for the repetition.

"Dear Adolph!"

It was not Eugene then! He trembled for joy and clasped her closely to his heart.

She awoke, but she showed no anger, nor struggled to free herself. He half-imagined, then was sure, that she clung to him.

"Julie, you do not hate me—perhaps you love me?" anxiously and persuasively.

"Don't I! and do I?" with a saucy and charming smile.

"Adolph, where are you going to-morrow?"

"Wherever you go, my adored, my Julie. I shall never leave you more!" G. G.

## THE CRYSTAL CAVE;

OR,

### A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

"He can never come between me and my father again!" and the speaker, with his face distorted with passion, standing on the banks of the Cochecco, gazed down into the deep, troubled waters at his feet, whose surface was covered with bubbles, as if some heavy body had been thrown therein; and he drew a long breath, as if he had just passed through a severe struggle that had tried his utmost strength.

"But he stands between thee and thy God!" exclaimed a voice, loud and clear; and the murderer, startled from his fancied security, gazed upon the brow of the hill above, and his eye fell upon the speaker, an old man, with hair white as the snow that still lingered on the summits of the far-off mountains.

"Ah! Abel White, so you have my secret! Well, your life must pay the forfeit!" and with the rapidity of lightning he raised his rifle to his shoulder, his eye glanced along the barrel, and the next moment the report came long and loud on the stillness.

The smoke cleared away, and hastily Richard Wayland sprang up the hill to bear down to the river the body of his second victim.

When he reached the spot where the old man had stood, and where he had confidently expected to find the mangled body of his victim, he was surprised to find an empty void.

He could hardly believe his eyes, for he had plainly seen the old man, and was convinced that he saw him fall.

He had missed; and without doubt, while he had been climbing the hill, the old man had been making his way through the woods that lay just beyond where he had stood, and in a few minutes the whole settlement would know of his crime, and would be upon his track, hunting him through the forest as they would a red-fanged wolf; and was he not worse than even that beast, who only obeyed his savage instinct; while he had reason? and then, too, he that lay beneath the dark waters was one whom for years he had called brother.

With a shudder he cast one look into the river, as if he would pierce the waters and look upon the ghastly form they covered, and with a quick step he passed into the forest, with his face turned away from the little settlement.

Once, and once only, from the summit of a high hill, he cast a look backward, and then with a groan he passed onward towards the heart of the forest, keeping for his guide the distant peaks of the White Hills, that rose far away in the distance, now in early June as white as in mid-winter.

Never again was the face of Richard Wayland seen in the little village on the banks of the Cochecco; and it was not for many long years after the country around the mountains had been settled, that they learned from the Indians the fate of the renegade. His old father went down in sorrow to the grave, and none were left to think of him save with a shudder.

The story of the renegade I heard from the lips of one of the first settlers of our town, who had it from the Indians themselves; and I can remember when an old Indian and his squaw dwelt upon the mountains, not far from the Crystal Cave, and of hearing them say once when they passed by its mouth—"Bad man died there."

The history of Wayland after he came among the Indians was as follows:

It was in the month of flowers, they said, that the strange pale-face first came among the tribe, and asked permission to build him a cabin on the mountain, and to hunt around it for as much game as he should need to keep him from being hungry.

The chief's heart was in the right place, and so were the hearts of his warriors, and they welcomed him among them, and gave him leave to build his cabin, and to hunt and fish as much as he should desire.

The pale-face seemed very grateful, and built his cabin high up on the side of the mountain, and for many moons he hunted and fished with his red brothers in peace and happiness.

In the evening he would come down and sit in the lodge of the chief, and smoke with him the pipe of peace, until the Indians came to regard him as a brother.

At last it came to be whispered in the lodges that the young pale-face came not alone to talk with the warriors, and smoke with them the calumet of peace, but to listen to the sweet voice of Winnora, the chief's daughter, and to sit and gaze upon her as she fitted in and out of the lodge, attending to the wants of her father.

When the moon was coming up, and the night winds were beginning to sigh through the tops of the pines, he would win her to his side, and tell her stories of the lands far away, and the loves that the young white braves bore to the maidens of their race; and Winnora would listen enchanted, even as the bird when the rattlesnake has thrown its charms around it.

By-and-bye, when he came down from his cabin on the mountain, he would bring to the lodge rare presents of furs, such only as warriors brought to the maidens that were to be their brides; and when this came to the ears of Red Eagle—a brave young chief,—his heart was sore toward Winnora; and burned hotly towards the young pale-face that he saw was robbing him of his future bride.

At last Red Eagle could bear it no longer, and he sought the old chief, and asked him for the hand of his daughter.

Freely the old man gave it, and told him that the wedding should be celebrated at any time that Winnora should choose.

Then the young chief told the old warrior what his dim eyes had failed to see—that the pale-face was trying to win the heart of his daughter—that he was a snake whom they had taken to their bosom, who would sting them at last.

At first the old man would not believe the tale; but a few moments' reflection convinced him that it was true; and as he became assured that he was not mistaken, anger began to take the place in his heart where respect for the white man had been.

"The red man and the pale-face cannot mix their blood," said the old chief, as he sought Winnora.

He found her in the lodge, preparing their evening meal.

Seating himself on a couch of furs, he called to her, and she came and knelt at his feet.

"Winnora, I am an old man, and my race is well-nigh run. Soon the braves will have to choose a chief to lead them to battle, for old men are not fit for war. Winnora, I would have that young chief thy husband. Red Eagle is the bravest of all the young men, and he has asked me for you, to take to his lodge, which is lonely now that his mother is dead. I have given you to him, and a great feast is to be made by the tribe when you go to his lodge; I have spoken—what says Winnora?"

"Winnora's heart is sad, my father. She does not love Red Eagle, and wishes not to go to his lodge. Let her remain with her father many moons yet."

"Winnora shall go to the lodge of the Red Eagle, though mayhap she had rather go to the serpent's nest upon the side of the mountain. The pale-face cannot mate with the daughter of a great chief."

As he spoke this, the eyes of the chief were bent full upon the face of Winnora.

With downcast eyes she arose from the feet of the chief, and her father read her secret as she turned away.

"The pale-face has stolen her heart, but the Red Eagle will find it again," said the chief, as he left the lodge.

That night, when the village was buried in slumber, and the late moon was just appearing above the rim of the eastern mountains, Winnora stole from the lodge of her father, and glided away into the forest. Hardly had she disappeared into the shadows, before a dusky figure left the lodge of Red Eagle, and followed close upon her footsteps.

The young chief, from the door of his lodge, had seen Winnora glide forth into the forest, and he was determined to know her errand.

With steps as fleet as a young fawn, and on her trail as sure as a wolf, came Red Eagle.

At last she paused close to the base of the mountains, beside a huge rock, and the next moment Red

Eagle saw in the moonlight the young pale-face clasp her in his arms.

"What troubles my Winnora to-night? She is as pale as the moon in the east, or the city on the lake," said Wayland, as he bestowed a burning kiss on the red lips of the maiden.

"The heart of Winnora is sad to-night, and she sees nothing but darkness around."

"And what trouble has come to my Winnora?"

"Red Eagle has asked the chief for his daughter. He is fair in his eyes, and his word is given. The chief will not break it; and the heart of Winnora is sad, for she likes the pale-face of the mountain far better than the Red Eagle."

"Winnora shall never go to the lodge of the Red Eagle. The pale-face knows of a nest where no harm can come to those that dwell therein. Will the chief's daughter go with me now while she may?"

"Winnora will go to the lodge of the pale-face," said the maiden, gazing trustingly up into the face of the renegade.

"Hut!"

This came from Wayland, and the next moment he had grasped the bow that lay at his side, and the sound of an arrow cleaving the air was audible. Then came a great cry of agony, and a human form sprang high in the air, and fell back behind a thick clump of bushes from whence it had risen.

"The eye of the pale-face is sharp when danger is near, and he hears even the footfall of the robin. Who is it that has dared to follow the trail of Winnora?"

"The Red Eagle, when he comes down from the clouds and tries the cunning of the cat, is in danger. He would have done us harm, but now he cannot, for he has gone to the spirit-land."

"Winnora's heart is sad. The pale-face has taken the life of the Red Eagle, and his must pay the forfeit. I'll go back to the lodge of the chief and weep, and he to whom her heart was given must go away from the mountain, or danger will come to him."

"Winnora shall go with her white lover. He knows of a secret place in the mountains, where even the eye of the eagle cannot find them. Come, let us go, for the way is long, and we must not be here when the day comes."

"Winnora cannot go with the pale-face. Blood is upon his hands, and murder is in his heart. Go! Winnora can never come to your lodge as once she longed to do."

"The Indian maid shall go with me, or else her body shall lay beside that of the Red Eagle. Come, I am ready," and the eyes of Wayland glittered with passion in the moonlight.

"The daughter of the chief knows no fear. The pale-face is a coward when he threatens a woman."

With a sudden spring, that was not anticipated by Winnora, Wayland clasped her in his arms, and lifted her from the ground as if she had been a child. A sudden, startled cry he smothered with his hand, and with his burden sprang up the mountain. In vain it was that Winnora struggled to free herself; he held her tightly, and she was forced to submit.

Toiling up the rugged side of the mountain through the moonlit forest he passed with his burden, and it was not until he had nearly reached the summit that he paused at the foot of a high cliff. The base of the rock was overrun with vines, and parting these, he disappeared through them with his burden as it were into the solid rock, though in fact it was a passage that led into a spacious cave beyond.

A half-hour later and the cave was a sight to behold.

A fire had been kindled by Wayland which was reflected by the thousands of crystals with which the side of the cave was studded. In every direction the stones sparkled like diamonds, and the whole place seemed one blaze of light.

A soft couch of furs was in the room, on which reclined Winnora, mute with anger at the indignity that he had dared to offer to the daughter of a chief; but Wayland never noticed her looks of scorn or reproaches. He had caught his captive, and she was safe in her splendid cage.

Great was the commotion in the village when, the next morning, both Winnora and Red Eagle were missing; and greater still when a warrior, who had started on an early hunt, came across the dead body of the latter.

With great lamentation it was borne to the village, and while the women made it ready for the burial, the warriors kept up the search for the missing Winnora.

The day passed, and still no trace of the missing one. Another and another, and it seemed that the searching warriors were completely baffled in the pursuit.

From the first the agency of the pale-face was suspected, and when his cabin was found desolate, that suspicion became to them a certainty; and vengeance was breathed against him by all the Indian village,

but more especially by the connections of the murdered Red Eagle and the incensed old chief.

As safe as the renegade thought himself in his secret nest, the eyes of the Indian scouts were bright; and one night, with footsteps as light as the falling leaf, one of them stole into the cavern and by the light of the smouldering fire, saw the objects of their long search locked in sleep, and in each other's arms.

As silently as he came he glided out, and the renegade and his victim slept on, all unmindful of the great danger that was near them.

With steps as fleet as the wind the Indian glided amid the trees, and in a short time stood in the lodge of the chieftain.

"Does the Grey Wolf bring tidings of Winnora?" asked the chief, of the warrior.

"The Grey Wolf has seen her, and the chief's daughter lies this night in the arms of the pale-face, up in the star-cave on the mountain."

The old man sprang to his feet.

"Winnora is the daughter of the chief, and she has been the light of his eye. But she has betrayed her people, and she shall die."

Forth from the lodge went the chief and his companion. For a few moments they glided in and out of the various lodges, and soon a score of warriors, with the chief, were climbing the mountain towards the cavern.

Why do not the renegade and the maiden awake while there is yet hope of life? Is slumber the finger of fate that is binding them down, that their sins, or the sins of the pale-face, may be wiped out? Who can tell? But their sleep was like that of the dead, while without, a score of active warriors were piling up huge stones at the entrance-way, turning their dwelling-place into a living tomb.

At last the work was finished, and the avengers departed. Their work had been done well, and nothing save an earthquake could give liberty to the entombed ones within.

We know not the horror of the living dead when they awoke and discovered their situation. We know not the remorse of the renegade in his last hours—whether or not the dead from the waters of the Cochecho came to him and tarried until his doom was accomplished.

That they perished there we know; for in after years, when the red men had nearly or quite passed away, and gave place to the whites, one of the latter, in digging for a fox, broke into the cave, and there found two human skeletons, and at once the story of the renegade's doom came to his mind, and he knew that he was standing on the very spot where the will of the stern father was accomplished.

The settlers gave the remains a Christian burial, and the cave was opened so that the sunlight of heaven might shine in and play upon the bright crystals encrusted therein.

A. L. M.

**GUNS FROM THE DANNEWERK.**—Of the 100 guns taken in the Dannewerk, eight have been sent to Berlin, and exhibited outside of the palace.

**IMPORTANT TO PERSONS BANKING.**—A rather important case was decided on Saturday, namely, that a banker had no right to refuse to honour the cheque of a customer for his balance, albeit that balance was partly consisting of money for discounted bills drawn on a person who had failed after their being discounted.

**THE ALABAMA AGONY.**—The Alabama left New Harbour, Singapore, on the 21st of December last, and a few days afterwards destroyed three American vessels. When last heard of this vessel was at Angendo, where she landed the crew of the Emma Jane, burnt off that port on the 14th of January.

**CHINESE SHEEP.**—M. E. Simon has just made a present to the Jardin de Acclimation of twenty-four Chinese sheep, and said to be not second even to South-downs. They are called ongti, and are very small. The French would consider it a great honour and victory to whack us at producing mutton.

**SWISS MARKSMAN.**—A curious trick of rifle shooting was performed in Paris last week. A Swiss gentleman backed himself to take aim with his carbine, then support it with his right arm, then with his left hand put his hat over the muzzle, and hit the centre of the target. This he did three times in succession.

**EARLY RIFLED ORDNANCE.**—Several of the posts on the quay at Peel, used for the mooring of the vessels in the harbour, were old iron guns, which had at one time formed a portion of the guns formerly mounted on Peel Castle. It appears that, in consequence of reports recently made by some visitors to Peel, inquiries were set on foot, at the instance of the authorities at the War Office, relative to these guns, the result of which was that they were inspected by competent persons, and reported as being the earliest specimens of rifled cannon known to exist. A correspondence between the War Office, the Secretary of

State, and his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor ensued, which resulted in the determination of her Majesty's Government to have the guns taken up from their position on Peel Quay, and to be forwarded to and placed in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, as amongst the most rare and early specimens of rifled ordnance known.

**THE PRICE OF A VIOLIN.**—The Stradivarius violin, which once belonged to a member of the Medici family, has been sold by auction, at the Hôtel de Drouot, in Paris, for 5,745 francs.

**ADEN.**—The people of Aden are of various races, but chiefly Somaalis, from the opposite coast of Africa. They appeared very merry and good-humoured, and several spoke a little English. One of them evidently imagined he had discovered a tender spot in our national heart. Pointing to two youngsters, he said, "You give one sixpence two small boy fight." The young rogues seemed quite anxious to awaken the sweet memories of home for us, but we forewent the charm.—*Ten Months in the Fiji Islands.* By Mrs. Smythe.

#### VOLCANIC ISLANDS.

SINCE the 28th of June, 1831, an island, successively graced with the names of Ferdinand, Graham, Hotham, Nerita, and Julia, has several times appeared and disappeared off Palermo, and is now on the point of getting above water again. There is no doubt that this curious phenomenon is attributable to volcanic agency; nor is this the only instance of the kind on record.

In the neighbourhood of the Philippine Islands, and on other points of the Chinese waters, small islands occasionally rise and make their exit again without attracting much notice. Of this the *Patrie* relates the following curious instance:

"A German skipper, Captain Hilmacher, who had passed many years of his life in those parts, and knew every shoal and sandbank within 100 miles of the Chinese coast, suddenly, about 20 years ago, discovered an island which he was perfectly certain did not exist on that spot before. He took his soundings, determined the latitude and longitude, sailed all round it, and found that it was from 12 to 13 miles in length and breadth. There were several springs of fresh water in it, and it consisted of the richest pasture-ground imaginable.

"Captain Hilmacher instantly returned to Europe, recruited a number of German emigrants, bought all kinds of seeds, agricultural implements, poultry and cattle, set out again for this new El Dorado, and in a couple of years there might be seen on the desert a flourishing village, fields waving with corn, meadows peopled with oxen, goats, and sheep, everything, in short, that might constitute a thriving colony.

This happy state of things lasted about five years, when a British merchant vessel unexpectedly made its appearance. The captain and crew expressed their astonishment at finding a European community in such an out-of-the-way place, entered into amicable intercourse with the colonists, and gave them a quantity of brandy in exchange for their produce. This unfortunate circumstance proved the ruin of the colony; drunkenness grew into a habit, insubordination was the consequence, and one fine day poor Captain Hilmacher, who had hitherto ruled his little kingdom with great wisdom, was obliged to make his escape in a boat to avoid being murdered.

"He succeeded in reaching a vessel, which took him home again. There he easily obtained the command of a ship, which he took care to provide with plenty of arms, for the purpose of punishing his unruly subjects and make them repent of their ingratitude. He set sail, but on arriving within the latitude where his island had once existed he was astonished to find the place empty; not a vestige of land was to be seen; the island had gone as it had come. Had the catastrophe occurred so suddenly as to preclude all possibility of escape? This is what Captain Hilmacher never learnt."

**SIR W. W. DALLING.**—We have to announce the death of Sir William Windham Dalling, Bart., who died on the 16th inst., at Earsham House, Norfolk. The late Sir William was the second baronet, and was in his 90th year. He succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father (who had been created a baronet for his civil services in Jamaica, in March, 1783), in January 1798. By his death the baronetcy becomes extinct, Sir William being a bachelor, and his two younger brothers having died without male issue.

**SIBERIAN BABY PIE.**—Did you ever in your life hear of such a thing as a *baby pie*? If you have lived amongst cannibals, perhaps you have; but though the Siberians are not cannibals, still they make *baby pie*. This singular custom first came under my notice when Alatau was about two months old; he

was very restless one day when my visitor called (I knew we were going to have a storm) but she proposed he should be *baked*. "Baked!" I shrieked. "Yes." Explanations were entered into, when I learned it was quite a common custom to do so; but if I did not like to have him placed in an oven, I could cover him with a crust and put him on the hot stove, when hairs would come out on the back; these plucked out, the child would be perfectly easy. I mentioned the circumstance to a friend in this town, who tells me it is quite true that Siberian peasants bake their children. There is a particular disease they have which it is said can only be removed by baking. A crust is made of rye-flour, when a child is enclosed within it, in the same way as a fowl in a paste, leaving a small aperture for the child to breathe through; then it is placed in the oven with its door closed, but only for a few seconds.—*Journeys in Siberia.*

### IN A DILEMMA.

JOHN Harrison greatly admired Grace Arnold, and would undoubtedly have sought her for a wife had he not been engaged, years before, when he was scarcely more than a boy, to Emily Sheldon. But he was too honourable a man to seek to break his engagement, since he had every reason to believe that Emily loved him, and had waited for him with loving patience all those years which had gradually stolen from her much of the early bloom and freshness which had belonged to her girlish days.

Besides, he could but acknowledge to himself that she was very dear to him. She was endeared to him by long habits, by association, by a keen appreciation of her character. She was just the woman he would have chosen from the world as his friend; to whom he could have laid bare many secret recesses of his heart, from whom he would have sought and received counsel, who, in short, he might have taken as his oracle and guide.

But, he scarcely knew how, with the years that had made the boy a thoughtful man of thirty, had slipped away the bounding impulses and the keen enthusiasms of his youth. For a wife he would have chosen differently now.

This was but another illustration of the worse than folly of long engagements, particularly of those contracted in early youth.

Human life is an accretion and a growth, or should be, and as the mind expands, and new tastes and new attractions develop, the whole man is changed.

I doubt if there exists a man of middle age who does not look back, sometimes with a smile of contempt or amusement, sometimes with a feeling of wonder, to many of the ideas, tastes and impulses of his youth.

Marriage tends either to assimilate or drive violently asunder the adventurous specimens of immature manhood and womanhood who too often enter into its solemn obligations.

But a long engagement makes the first process impossible, while the violent repugnance takes the milder form of indifference as the process of mental and spiritual change goes on. It was nearly to this latter condition that the years had brought John Harrison.

He was well aware of this, from the time he saw Grace Arnold. But he felt himself bound to turn from the powerful charm she cast about him, and seek the presence of the calm, subdued girl who had been growing old in her long waiting, and now presented the fullest counterpart to her brilliant rival.

It was under such circumstances, and such auspices, that John Harrison and Emily Sheldon were married. They were not unhappy, for only a most exacting man could have been so with one so gentle, and yet so high-principled as Emily. While to her the calm friendliness, and even kindness, that John gave as a substitute for love, passed as the true coin, and the counterfeit was never detected.

Ten quiet and peaceful years they passed together. Emily was serenely happy, and John calming the restless impulses of his truant heart, addressed himself to business, cared well for his family, and was looked upon as a model husband and father, and a model citizen.

There was no apparent lack in their home, and the children, that by-and-bye began to grow up beneath its shadow, dwelt within the protection of the law of kindness and never knew that love was not its ruling principle.

John let his cares and duties absorb him, and like a wise man permitted no truant thoughts. Emily was his wife, and therefore sacred to him.

Occasionally Grace would pay a brief visit to the town in which he lived, and in which she had relatives. They met in society, but John made no sign, and she, never having known that he loved her, felt neither embarrassment nor repulsion.

In fact, she had no particular attraction toward the middle-aged, fagging lawyer, who always looked as if he had an important "case" on his mind, and only addressed her gravely and with diffidence.

So, gradually they became as strangers. With all her brilliant qualities, her grace, and beauty, and lovely character, Miss Arnold did not marry. An invalid father claimed constant and wearying care at her hands.

Under the pressure of this care her gay spirits forsook her, her brilliant beauty faded, and at length she looked quite the middle-aged and passive woman, when no more than thirty years had passed over her. She was settling into the prim, quiet ways that a lonely life induces, and the last time that John Harrison, with his wife, went to pay her a call, during a visit of hers to the town where they lived, he mentally pronounced that she had lost to a great extent the similitude to the gay girl he had known and loved.

He was changed also, he thought, but certainly his fealty to his marriage vows was now little endangered by the sight of his quondam love. And yet he felt a faint stirring at his heart, as much memory as love, in her presence.

And so poor Emily lived and died, ignorant that she had ever had a rival in the heart of him whom she had loved fondly and entirely for more than a score of years. Fond and faithful to the last, sorrowing only for those whom she should see no more on this earth, believing still in that similitude of love which only she had ever known, she faded gently away.

John Harrison mourned for his wife. There was no counterfeit in his grief as there had been in his love. A colder man, far more coarsely constituted than he, must have been won to this tribute to the memory of the woman who had been, for a score of years, his gentle and loving wife.

He missed her in every walk of domestic life. He was never tired of lamenting her. I think he persuaded himself, at last, that he had been a most loving husband. And, by the time that he had arrived at that conclusion, and congratulated himself upon the discovery, he began to feel that it was a sort of duty to make another woman happy.

That his married life had been very cold and colourless he now attributed to Emily's temperament—if she had been less retiring, more exacting, he should have been more demonstrative. There should be more warmth and brightness in the new household he would create.

At forty-five, men are strangely enough attracted toward school-girls, or those immature specimens of womanhood that skim the surface of society like butterflies. This is one of the strangest developments of life, but so universal as to become a rule.

Given, a man between forty and fifty, with grown-up children, who has it in his mind to make a second trial of the joys and perils of matrimony, and in nine cases out of ten, his choice will fall upon some companion of his daughters, whom he has known in pinafores, and through all the bread-and-butter days of her misshood.

And, unless she is protected by a previous passion, controlled by her parents, or is a girl of unusual good sense, he will charm so wisely that the poor victim will flutter into his toils.

But she will awaken to the realities of her life—a hated stepmother, a creature unfitted for her burdens, from whom all is expected, and more than age and experience had imparted to her whose place she now seeks vainly to fill in the heart and home of her husband.

He will have outgrown his youthful tastes, and hers will be condemned as folly. The joy and brightness of her youth will have been exchanged for the calm and shadowed life of the mature matron, and too late she will learn and weep over her mistake.

Doubtless there are some happy exceptions to this rule, but they only serve to prove it.

John Harrison was not very different from others. His choice fell upon a bright, blooming girl of nineteen, just home from boarding-school, and wonderfully accomplished, at least in all useless things.

Fortunately his children were all young, so that his marriage with Carry Lake would not seem quite as incongruous as if he had children of her own age. So he thought, as, less than six months after Emily's death, he made a pretence of old friendship with her parents, and began frequently to visit her home.

After what he thought a suitable time, he dared his fate, and got a decided refusal. Carry had just begun to taste the sweets of society, and had no fancy for the humdrum existence of an old man's wife.

Had the offer been less unexpected, it is possible the answer might have been different. But, absorbed in the delights of her new life, she had never thought of John Harrison in any other capacity than her father's friend, nor observed that he was a very handsome, and, thanks to his calm life, a very well-preserved

man, far nobler in every aspect than the younger beaux that fluttered about her.

So in her surprise she pronounced a most decided "No;" and John Harrison, who had at least the usual vanity of his sex, went out of her presence stunned by a reply which he had by no means reckoned upon.

As he lay wakefully, revolving his disappointment, that night, his thoughts all at once reverted to Grace Arnold. Here was a woman he had once loved with ardour, with a love that had shadowed the brightness of the years he had spent with another.

That she was still unmarried he knew; that she was free from any engagements he believed. He thought she was still in attendance upon her invalid father until his death some weeks previously, and it was by no means likely that she had as yet formed any settled plans for her future life.

She was certainly more suited to him, in years and experience, than the girl who had refused him—he could see that now; and the love that he had buried deep in his heart so long might have a resurrection.

So he made a resolve, and with the return of morning put it in execution. He wrote to Grace, offering her his heart and hand, telling her how he sympathized with her in her loss and grief, how he had himself been stricken; pouring into his letter much pathos and some love, and without making it as agreeable as he possibly could from his knowledge of her temperament.

By the time it was fairly on its way, he had worked himself up to the belief that she was once more deeply in love with Grace—that she was, in fact, his real choice, while his attraction to Carry had been a mere illusion, which he was glad had been so soon destroyed.

As day after day passed, and brought him no answer, his feverish impatience became almost insupportable.

What could it mean? Had Grace discovered his rejection at the hands of Carry Lake, and so received this offer to herself as a jest or an insult? Was she sick, or absent, or had the fateful missive been lost?

Ten days after his letter had been sent, he would have said that, of all women in the world, he most loved Grace Arnold, had always loved her, could not be happy without her, and that his punishment for not having been true in the first place to his instincts, was greater than he could bear.

But at that period a sudden revulsion occurred. Whether instigated by her parents, or by late repentance on her own part, I, for one, am unable to decide, but from some cause, Miss Carrie changed her mind. She probably reflected that a handsome man, of fine manners and address, a well-established reputation, and some wealth, was not to be lightly refused.

Be that as it may, she caused Mr. Harrison to be in some way informed that she was prepared to entertain his proposition.

It was but a very delicate hint that he received, but it was enough. Grace Arnold disappeared, eclipsed by the younger charms of her rival.

He laughed with scorn at the idea of having ever loved her, and he could have inflicted some strange self-punishment in his anger and regret at having committed himself by that fatal letter.

The next mail might bring an acceptance of his suit, and while that uncertainty existed, he could not approach Carry. And yet he was mad to be by her side. Never was poor rash man in more painful dilemma.

The evening post and the morning post brought him no letter from Grace. He could delay no longer. He sought a confidential messenger, and the noon train bore him in the direction of the residence of Miss Arnold.

He carried his credentials in the shape of a letter from Mr. Harrison, explaining, with as great a regard for accuracy as he could bring himself to use, the dilemma in which he was placed. He had acted upon a misunderstanding of another lady's wishes, and while nothing detracted from the esteem in which he held Miss Arnold, honour compelled him to follow up the first offer he had made; and he trusted to the generosity of Miss Arnold, so well known to him through many years, to relieve him from the false position in which he had rashly placed himself.

It was so pretty and plausible a letter that it was the greatest pity that it proved useless. The next post after his messenger's departure brought Miss Arnold's long delayed reply.

She had been absent from home, she stated, and the letter awaited her return. She regretted the delay, but now, though she begged to assure Mr. Harrison of her entire esteem and friendship, she had only those to give. She had for years been betrothed to a gentleman whose wife she would become as soon as she laid aside the mourning she now wore for her father.

John Harrison read the letter, and then rushed frantically to the telegraph office, and sent a message

after his messenger. He then spent a few minutes in beautification and proceeded to the residence of Miss Lake.

When he emerged thence, at about ten o'clock at night, he wore a very smiling face, and walked with peculiar erectness. Miss Carrie had not only accepted his suit, but, yielding to his wishes, had consented to shorten preliminaries, and become his wife at an early day.

Accordingly it was not long before the marriage took place. The bride was in the May of her life, the bridegroom in his October, but people said they were a handsome pair, and did not whisper malicious things.

Carrie subdued her girlishness, and being a well-principled, and sensible young woman, tried to adapt herself to her new sphere, to be a good wife, step-mother, and housekeeper. And I dare say they did vastly well together, both making some sacrifice, and striving to live rightly.

Mr. Harrison's greatest annoyance consisted in the untoward result of his commission to Miss Arnold. His telegram failed to reach the messenger, who accordingly handed in his credentials in due time, quite unaware of what had occurred, and this betrayed a secret that might as well have been kept. But Grace was generous, and Carrie certainly never heard of the matter, whatever others may have done.

M. C. P.

#### BLINKERS OR WINKERS.

ONE of the greatest infatuations that have taken possession of the human mind is that of putting shades over horses' eyes. So convinced am I that they are not only unnecessary, but a great grievance to the horse, that I am induced to make an attempt to do away with this absurd custom.

To show that horses will work safely without blinkers or winkers I have only to refer to instances which are daily exhibited in the streets. A pair of horses was driven in an open carriage by two ladies, a short time ago, and it was pleasant to see how steadily the horses went along. One or two gentlemen have ventured to drive a gig and horse without blinkers, and I never heard of any accident resulting. And two large manufacturing firms in this town work horses in their lorries and carts without blinkers.

Surely these instances are sufficient to convince the most prejudiced owner of horses, that horses do not require them. Now, if they are not necessary, they are certainly a cumbersome, inconsistent piece of business.

To say nothing of the ill-fitting winkers or blinkers, or whatever they may be called, which either blindfold the horse, or press painfully on the ball of the eye; even the best fitting ones are absurd. The horse in the mail-cart, travelling at night, requires the full use of his eyes to save him from danger or running into a ditch, and yet the few mail-carts that remain are driven with horses hoodwinked by these badly constructed blinkers; being old harness belonging to the defunct mail coaches.

But if the horse of the mail-cart requires the use of his eyes, equally so do carriage horses require the use of theirs. I believe there are more accidents happen from horses' sight being obscured by these blinkers, than from any other cause. In fact, horses are obliged to be trained to them, and the greatest difficulty the horsebreaker has to contend with is to train horses to work blindfolded.

It is high time that this stupid prejudice was removed. We all know how disagreeable it is to have a shade over even one of our own eyes for a few hours or days: it is equally so to the horse; and when the winkers fit badly, as is the case with old harness used by cart and omnibus proprietors, they become a positive nuisance to the horse.

One word as to cart-horses. In their case it is especially desirable they should be able to see their drivers. The carters have to guide them by their voice or the whip, or by going to their heads. Now, if the horse could see the driver, all this would be obviated, and the many ill-tempered drivers would be less angry with their horses.

I have spoken to several persons about this abnormal custom of putting shades over horses' eyes, and I am inclined to think people are beginning to see the absurdity of it; but unless attention is occasionally called to the subject, a prejudice so deeply rooted is not likely to be removed. But if the reader will take the trouble to note for himself these ill-fitting contrivances, he will become convinced that they are a source of pain and annoyance both to the cart and carriage horse, and ought to be done away with.

C. M.

Since the above was written, a serious accident has happened at Bristol to the carriage containing the mayor and his family, most probably arising out of the cause of putting shades over horses' eyes. Not being able to see about them, horses take fright at the

slightest approach of danger; and ever imagining danger, fancy their only security is in flight, whereas, if they had the use of their eyes, they could see for themselves that no danger was near. Why not train horses to work without them?

#### SHAKESPEARIAN NOTES.

ACROSTIC.—SHAKESPEARE—CHILD OF NATURE.

We shall not look upon his like again—  
I n England's lap has Nature's darling lain!  
L o! where the lucid Avon sweetly strayed,  
L ooking benign, the Mighty Mother said:  
I love thee well, Shakespeare! The dauntless child  
A dvanced his little arms and smiled.  
M y pencil take, she said, whose colours clear  
S o richly paint the year:  
H old, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!  
A h! this with speed unlocks the gates of Joy:  
K ey of Horror that, and thrilling Fears:  
E'en that will open the source of human tears.  
S he spake: he pictured earth with curious eye,  
P iercing the deep, or ranging through the sky,  
E ver marked his species with a master's art,  
A nd drank instruction from the human heart.  
B e child of Nature! and high heir of Heaven!  
E ngland! to God alone all praise be given!  
Norton Malreward.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS DEBTORS.—In 1604, Shakespeare brought an action in the Stratford Court of Record against Philip Rogers for £1 15s. 10d., for malt sold and delivered and money lent (2s.). In 1608 he recovered in the same court a verdict for £6, and £1 4s. costs, against one John Addenbroke; and execution being levied, and the defendant being returned *non est inventus*, Shakespeare proceeded against Addenbroke's bail, Thomas Hornely. So the Swan of Avon was, after all, not only a mortal man, but a maltster, who would have his dues, and who went against their sureties when his debtors could not pay. Still, we cannot bear to think of Shakespeare as a hard and gripping creditor; so let us recall what Ben Jonson wrote of him: "He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature." Must not this mean free not only in thought and expression, but free in giving? The man who could write so touchingly of "the quality of mercy" would not have sold up an unfortunate debtor without good reason.

DOCUMENTS OF INTEREST AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Amongst matters of note in the museum at the birth-place, a deed made in 1596, proving that John Shakespeare, father of the poet, resided in this house: a fine levied on the purchase of New Place by Shakespeare, in 1597; the letter from Mr. Richard Quynne, to Shakespeare, 1598, asking for a loan of £30,—the only letter addressed to Shakespeare which is known to exist; a grant for four yards of land in Stratford-fields; William and John Combe to Shakespeare, 1602; a copy of Court-roll, 1602; surrender by Walter Getley to William Shakespeare of premises in Capel Lane, which the poet specifically devised by his will; declaration in an action in the Borough Court—William Shakespeare v. Philip Rogers, to recover the price of malt sold by Shakespeare, 1604; assignment of lease of moiety of tithes of Stratford-upon-Avon—Ralph Huband to William Shakespeare, 1605; deed with the autograph of Gilbert Shakespeare, brother of the poet, 1609.

ST. VALENTINE AND THE POST OFFICE.—On St. Valentine's-day, upwards of 453,000 letters (140,000 more than usual) were despatched from London, and 504,000 (110,000 above the average) were delivered by the carriers.

AUTOGRAPHS.—A recent sale in Paris of autograph letters from celebrated persons produced such prices as the following:—Henry the Fourth to the Marshal de Bouillon, 128 francs; a letter from Tasso, 125 francs; Sully to Louis the Twelfth, 111 francs; Henry the Eighth to Madame de Ferte, 276 francs; James the Second to the Count de Lauzun, announcing his departure from England, 51 francs; J. J. Rousseau, 32 francs; Didrot to Garrick, 86 francs; Scott, 32 francs; Alfieri, 36 francs.

DUCHY OF LANCASTER.—The statement of the accounts of the Duchy of Lancaster for the year ending the 21st of December, 1863, has been presented to Parliament. The total amount placed under the head of receipts for the year (including a balance in the hands of the Receiver-General on the 22nd of December, 1862, of £19,024), was £57,345. The amount paid to the Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse was £37,000. The expenses of management amounted to £5,985. After deducting other charges, a balance of £5,902 is left in the hands of the Receiver-General. A note to the account states that £12,000 of the £37,000 was paid to the Keeper of her Majesty's

Privy Purse on the 27th of December, 1862, out of the preceding year's revenue.

A DESCENDANT OF OLD PARR.—James Parr, said to be a descendant of "Old Parr," died last week in St. Helen's, dying in a garret, attended as an act of charity by a philanthropic surgeon. James was said to be given to drinking, poetry, and painting.

GENERAL WITKOWSKI, Mayor of Warsaw, recently issued 600 invitations to "a ball of reconciliation." Only ninety accepted, including eleven Polish ladies, not one of whom knew how to dance, and consequently the Russian officers, for the want of better partners, were obliged to dance with each other.

On one occasion, a gentleman passing a house while the enemy were shelling Charleston, saw on the piazzas a lady in mourning, engaged in the feminine occupation of sewing. A shell whizzed the next moment over the building, and the gentleman paused to witness the demeanour of the fair seamstress. She simply, without rising, followed the flight of the missile with her eyes, heard it explode not a hundred yards distant, and then quietly resumed her work. Such is the spirit of the women of Charleston.

A NEW USE FOR WIRE-FENCING.—The Danish engineers have discovered an ingenious and simple contrivance for keeping their opponents exposed to a heavy fire, by a sort of invisible fence made of strong wire, supported at stated distances by timber posts inserted in the ground. It must take, at all events, some precious minutes to overcome this obstacle, during which the attacking troops would be open to a destructive fire without any shelter. The intrenchments at Düppel are now all being surrounded by these formidable barriers.

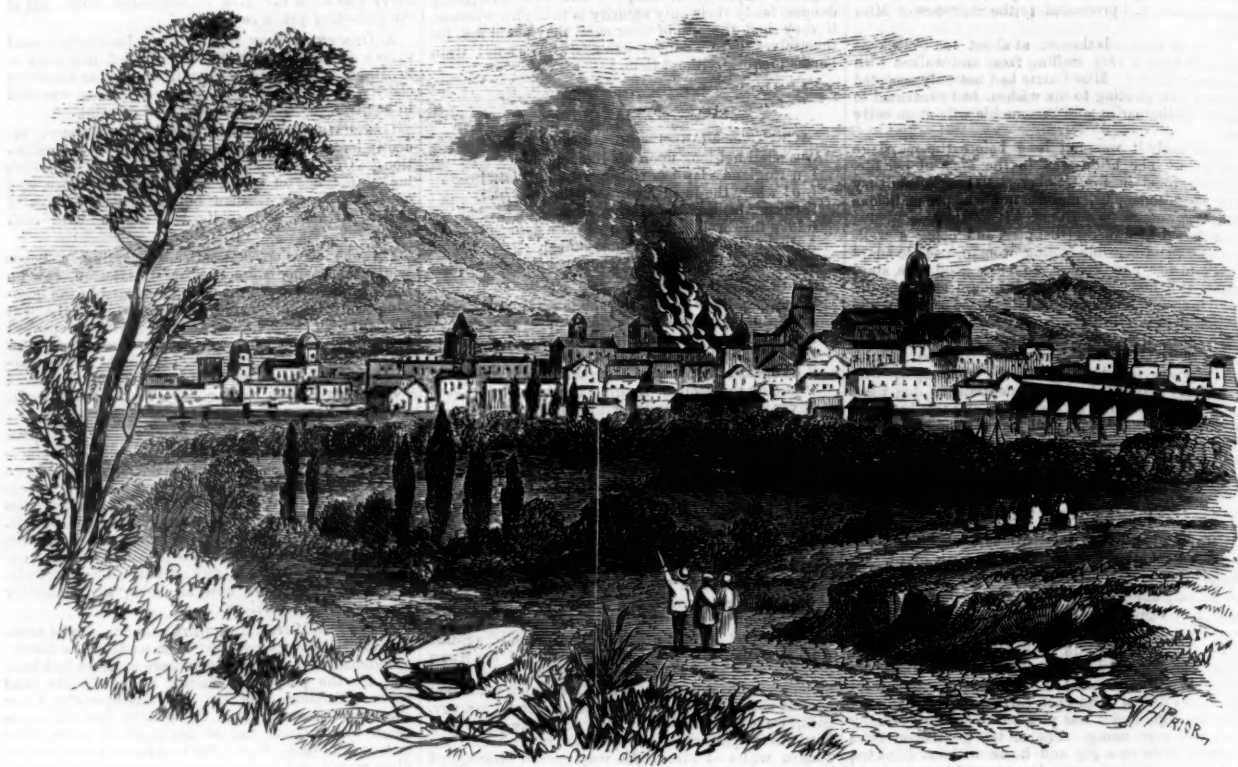
FLINT AND METAL HATCHETS.—A remarkable archaeological discovery has just been made in the district of Machedent, near Gournay, where trenches had been dug for the purpose of finding stones for the road between Crudebec and Eu. By this operation three excavations were brought to light at about a metre below the surface, and at distances of about fifty metres from each other. Here immense quantities of flints were found, under which a considerable number of metal hatchets were concealed, evidently belonging to the period of the Gauls. M. Halle, director of the works, supposes that the flints must have been purposely heaped upon the hatchets, in order to prevent their being taken possession of by some hostile tribe.

THE JESUITS.—A statement from Rome, comparing the increase of the Jesuits says:—"At the end of the year 1863 it was 7,529, or 118 more than in 1862. They were distributed among 19 establishments, of which 5 are in Italy, 5 in Germany and Belgium, 3 in France, 2 in Spain, and 4 in England and America. The Italian Jesuits number 1,617, the Austrian 362, the Belgian 576, the Dutch 236, the German 584, the French 2,266, the Spanish 863, the English 270, the Irish 139, and the American 350; the rest belonging to other nations. As may be seen, France has the most. As Rome there are 344, and in the foreign missions 1,362, of whom 560 are French, 296 Spanish, and 260 Italians, the remainder being natives of other countries. English Jesuits number 270."

#### THE CATASTROPHE AT SANTIAGO.

WE are accustomed in Europe to hear, at intervals, of the occurrence of catastrophes in the southern regions of the American continent that involve appalling loss of human life—at one time, by the ruinous upheaval of the earthquake, at another, by the wild devastating sweep of the tornado; but we have never hitherto been called upon to shudder at intelligence from that part of the world of so frightful a character as that brought recently by the Atrato. This latest and most terrible calamity occurred in the city of Santiago, the capital of Chili, and resulted in the sacrifice of no fewer than two thousand human beings, principally ladies. The shocking catastrophe was occasioned by the Church of La Compania taking fire during the celebration of the Immaculate Conception—a doctrine promulgated at Rome in 1857, and in honour of which special devotions, lasting from November 8 to December 8, are ordained by the heads of the Roman Catholic Church. The period of special devotion was about to terminate when the catastrophe (particulars of which are given below), took place; the unfortunate victims principally belonging to the chief families of Santiago, and representing the youth, beauty, and fashion of the Chilian capital.

Scarcely a family but mourns some of its number, while whole families have entirely perished. Nearly 200 cartloads of burned corpses were taken from the awful pile and carried to the cemetery, where fifty men were too few to dig a hole large enough to bury what the fire left of the richest and best families



[SANTIAGO, CAPITAL OF CHILI, SCENE OF THE RECENT CONFLAGRATION.]

of the city. In no country has a calamity so dire and unmitigated, so sudden and awful, ever before happened.

It is scarcely known how much influence the priests of the Church of Rome exercise amongst the people of the South American republics; but for some years past all reason seems to have been banished from the minds of the female part at least of the people of Santiago in their worship. Since 1857, the year of the promulgation at Rome of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the church of La Compania has been the focus of the devotion of a large number of the ladies of Santiago, and every year, from 8th November to 8th December, was carried on, in the most splendid style, a festival in which were combined orchestral music, singing, and an astonishing prodigality of incense, with lights of every kind, &c.

On this occasion every part of the building, from the ground to the ceiling, and especially about the altar, was enveloped in muslin and drapery, and flooded with every variety of illumination. The chief priest of the church, named Ugarte, desiring to outstrip the Catholic world, had also instituted a "Celestial post-office," by which direct communication by writing was obtained with the Virgin Mary, and in which offerings accompanying the letters were to be deposited; and on the evening of the 8th of December these celebrations were to reach their climax.

The church of La Compania, built of stone in the 17th century, had a spacious nave, but a roof of painted wood of very recent construction. The only means of easy access was the principal door, the small side-doors opening only half, and being obstructed with screens; near the high altar was a small door into the sacristy. This evening was the closing day of the month's celebration—over 3,000 women and a few hundred men had crowded into the church. Ugarte was to give a closing discourse; the nuncio from Rome, Ezaguirre, was also to preach; and hundreds had turned away from the door, unable to obtain admittance. Those who had the best places had been admitted early by tickets, and were mostly young ladies, the flower of the beauty and fashion of the capital. Twenty thousand lights in long festoons of coloured globes filled the church with light, gauze and drapery floated everywhere, and there were pasteboard figures in every direction. There could not have been better preparations for a sudden conflagration than had been made for this fatal night.

The proceedings had just begun when the crescent of lights at the foot of the gigantic image of the Virgin over the high altar communicated fire to the overhanging drapery and to the pasteboard devices,

and in an instant a sheet of flame rushed along the festoons of lights to the roof, and in a shorter time than we can write it the fire spread over the building in all parts. The suddenness of it was awful, and words fail to tell of the horrors that ensued. At once nearly the whole assemblage rushed to the principal door—fainting ladies fell down and were trampled on. The scene who shall describe, as jammed into one solid mass, the door was blocked by the people? Arms were wrenched from bodies which could not be extricated, and from the lintel to the arch of that awful passage became a crushed heap of mangled bodies. Most of the men escaped by the doors of the sacristy, and a few by the side-doors; but inside of the area of the church only a few minutes elapsed ere the lamps suspended so plentifully from the roof poured a rain of liquid fire down on the people below, and in less than a quarter of an hour over 2,000 persons, mostly females, were no more than blackened corpses.

The news of this horrible and heart-rending event has been received with deep sorrow all over the world, and the people of Santiago may be assured of the sympathy of all who hear of their bitter trial.

The city of Santiago is, upon the whole, one of the finest cities of South America, in point of structure, convenience, and healthiness; but not so with regard to its geographical situation; it is inferior to Lima and Buenos Ayres in this respect, as well as in the elegance of its public and private buildings, although it surpasses them in cleanliness and regularity. Still the situation of the city is exceedingly fine, and its scenery very beautiful; the majestic ridge of the Andes towers with its snowy summits to the east, while a lower ridge bounds the plain on which the city is built, on the west.

Like other Spanish-American cities, Santiago is divided into rectangular and equal squares, called *quadras*, separated by streets which are forty-two Spanish feet broad. The town is tolerably level, or rather it is built on a very gentle slope. The midway of the streets is formed of small rounded stones; and most of the streets are paved on one side with wrought slabs of red porphyry quarried from the neighbouring hills of San Christobel. A noble avenue consisting of four rows of stately poplars, with streams of water between them, and a beautiful fountain at one end, divides the city into four parts.

The private houses were for a long time low and mean-looking, but within the last ten years great improvement has been made in the style of house architecture, and there are now many dwellings which have cost £20,000 for their erection. The majority of the

houses are built only one story high, owing to the frequency of earthquakes; they are of brick, painted white, and are generally surrounded by large gardens.

Near the centre of the town is the great plaza, with a marble fountain in the middle. Round it stand some of the chief public buildings of the city, which have in general, however, nothing particularly remarkable about them. The most noteworthy are the Mint, the Camara de Diputados, or hall of deputies, and the theatre, which accommodates 1,500 persons.

The churches are numerous, but very plain; the best are Santo Domingo and the cathedral of Compania, the scene of the catastrophe. The front of the latter was never half finished. The design was of the better order of Moorish architecture. It was ornamental, but heavy, and built of a kind of limestone quarried from the hill of San Domingo, in the suburbs.

Santiago possesses a national public library, a museum, an observatory, a university, two hospitals, and many asylums, convents, nunneries, and schools of various descriptions. There are tolerably good roads connecting the city with the coast, and with the far-off southern and northern extremities of the widespread republic of which it is the capital. Among its population, which amounts to about 120,000, there are a great many Germans, and also Americans and English, with French and Italians.

In costume, the Chilians generally have discarded the picturesque dress of their Spanish ancestors, and the wealthier classes cannot now in their dress be distinguished from Londoners or Parisians. In complexion the natives present considerable variety; among the lower classes, the Araucanian copper colour chiefly obtains, but, in consequence of intermixture by marriages, among the better orders a greater variety of complexion is observable, and most closely resembles that of the natives of the south of France.

The amusements of the upper classes are almost wholly borrowed from Europe. Theatres and the opera are well patronised; and also the ball-room, the dances being all European, with the exception of the *zambaqueca*, a dance peculiar to the republics of South America, and only danced at the breaking up of parties, when all become familiar—somewhat in the same way as our Sir Roger de Coverley. In fashionable assemblies the piano is the accompaniment, but amongst the poorer classes its place is taken by the guitar. In private parties the company generally break up about ten o'clock, and refreshment is very seldom introduced except in the shape of a cigarette or some slight confection.



[ETHEL PREPARES FOR THE PRESENTATION TO THE DUKE.]

## THE SECRET CHAMBER.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The seaport of Lyme lies on a wild, rocky coast, beaten by a stormy sea. It is a picturesque place, rising abruptly from the sea into a series of narrow alleys, on the sides of which the houses are perched.

At the time of which we write, the place was chiefly remarkable for an extensive pier, built in the days of the Plantagenets, which enclosed the only haven in an extent of many miles in which mariners could find shelter from the storms of the English channel.

On a bright morning in June, 1686, the inhabitants of this lonely place were surprised by the appearance of three ships of foreign build, on which no colours were displayed to shew their nationality. Groups collected on the cliffs to watch the boats that went out with the officers of the customs, and their uneasiness and perplexity were increased when they did not return.

At length seven boats, heavily loaded with armed men, put out from the largest of the ships, and rowed toward the landing. In the foremost was a group of gentlemen, among whom was one conspicuous for the beauty of his person and the grace of his bearing. He wore upon his breast the blue ribbon of St. George, which proclaimed his high rank, and the stern men that surrounded him evidently looked to him as their chief.

As the boat touched the pier, he arose, and, stepping upon the shore, kneeled down, and reverently returned thanks to Heaven for having preserved the friends of liberty from the dangers of the deep. He then implored the divine blessing upon the effort he was about to make to restore freedom to his oppressed countrymen.

Then rising, he drew his sword, and led his followers over the cliffs into the town.

A man among the crowd recognized him as the beloved duke, and the cry of "A Monmouth! a Monmouth! hurra for King Monmouth!" ran from mouth to mouth, and the wild enthusiasm of the populace was manifested in every possible manner.

They gathered around the chieftain with cries and shouts of "Long live King Monmouth!" were heard on every side.

Monmouth accepted these demonstrations with delight.

Impulsive and enthusiastic in character, he regarded this reception as a prelude to the triumphs that

awaited him in his progress to the throne. Deceived by his emissaries, he believed he had only to raise his standard, and all classes would rush to sustain his pretensions to the crown of his father.

He spoke to the gentleman who walked nearest to him—an aristocratic-looking man, of middle age:

"See, my lord, how much my good lieges love me. With such a hold on the hearts of the people, why shall I fear for my success?"

Lord Grey bowed, and blandly replied:

"This reception but fulfils the guarantees already given to your highness. Let us act with decision, and the throne of your ancestors will be yours."

"Yes—action—action is our only salvation now. I mean to strike a blow which shall be felt at Whitehall, and cause my uncle to feel that he has no place in the affections of the people he has so misgoverned."

Lord Grey bowed, and the party, which consisted of eighty men, thoroughly armed and equipped, passed on to the market-place of the town, and the ensign of the invaders—a blue flag—was raised above it. Military stores were deposited in the town hall, and a repulsive looking man stood up before the people to read a declaration setting forth the object of the expedition.

He made many charges against the government, which were founded in justice, but these were mingled with personal accusations against James II. of such a nature as could never be forgiven by that monarch. He was accused of poisoning the late king; of causing the great fire which had desolated London a few years before, and many other crimes of the darkest dye.

The listeners were not in a mood to criticise, for they hated the tyrannical ruler, and had been so ground down by the oppression of the dominant faction, that they were ready to throw themselves into any cause that promised a redress of their grievances. The dissenters had been relentlessly persecuted, and a deep and bitter hatred towards the reigning sovereign was widely spread among them. They eagerly hailed the advent of Monmouth, and pressed on him offers of service. The old Roundhead spirit still existed in the West of England among the yeomen, the traders, the artisans and peasantry, although the gentry were mostly attached to the court. But the invaders had sanguine hopes that they, too, would flock to their standard when they saw how unanimous the people were in sustaining the cause of Monmouth.

The masses remembered the brilliant progress he had made among them a few years before; they had then been induced to believe that the duke was the legitimate heir to the crown, and they clung to this

delusion, asserting that a vile conspiracy had deprived their idol of his own.

To the masses, Monmouth was "the good duke," the Protestant heir to the throne, and his landing at Lyme was no sooner known than crowds flocked to his standard. In twenty-four hours he was at the head of fifteen hundred men, and a band of horsemen, headed by Dare, one of his most enthusiastic adherents, arrived from Taunton.

Vernor Methurn, as private secretary to Monmouth, accompanied him, and to him Dare brought a few lines from Sir Hugh, entreating him to resign his post, and take refuge at the Priory, while it was yet time to save himself from the consequences of this outbreak.

To this letter Vernor, after the lapse of a few days, returned the following reply:

"DEAR FATHER,—I am half-inclined to follow your advice, for we have already so many dissensions among ourselves that I cannot see that the enterprise of Monmouth is to end in anything but ruin to us all. In place of concerted action, our chiefs are quarrelling among themselves, and Dare, who bore me your letter, has been shot by Fletcher in an absurd quarrel about a cavalry horse. He then fled to one of the ships to avoid the vengeance of Dare's men, and thus we have lost one of our best leaders."

"Yesterday, Grey marched with five hundred men to attack Bridport, and at first our troops were victorious; but they were finally driven back, and Grey ingloriously fled to Lyme. Yet in spite of these disasters, recruits are coming in by hundreds, and if Monmouth is only as popular throughout England as he is hereabouts, there will be no such thing as resisting the legions that will crowd to his standard."

"The Mayor of Lyme, who is a strong Tory, fled, and gave the alarm to Lord Albemarle, and information has come in that he is at the head of four thousand troops, and on the march to give us battle. I am only the duke's secretary, and I do not think it necessary to expose my person to any unnecessary danger. We are now at Axminster, and if a reverse overtakes us here I shall take your advice. In the meantime, I will send you information of our movements whenever opportunity offers."

"We shall probably be in your vicinity before many days, as we contemplate marching on Taunton, if Albemarle does not crush us out at once. "V. M."

The next missive ran thus:

"Albemarle was frightened at the display of our four field-pieces, and ignominiously retired before us. Monmouth thinks it advisable that his recruits shall be better drilled before going into action. We are

now on our way to Taunton, which, we are assured, is enthusiastic in the duke's cause.

"Since Albemarle showed the white feather we are sanguine of success, and on our arrival in Taunton I beg that you will not fail to come hither and bring Ethel with you. It is my wish to present her to the duke, who manifests a warm interest in my fortunes. Tell her it is my will that she shall come, and it is her duty to obey me." "V. M."

The Priory was only six miles from Taunton, and Sir Hugh was aware of the ferment going on there. He visited the place himself, and was greeted everywhere with cries of "A Monmouth, a Monmouth! down with the despot."

The enthusiasm of the people, communicated itself to him in some degree, and in spite of his former misgivings, he began to cherish the hope that the rebellion would be successful. He returned home, and bade Ethel get ready to take part in the ovation with which the townspeople were preparing to welcome Monmouth.

For several years past, Ethel had twice a week visited Taunton for the purpose of taking music lessons in the female school established there, and the principal wished to take a prominent part in the festival.

All the pupils of Mrs. Malton were to walk in the procession, and strew flowers before the hero of the hour; the two eldest among them were to present him with a bible and flag.

Six years before, when Monmouth passed as a bright meteor through the country, Ethel had seen him, and the impression made by his beauty and the splendour of his appearance had never faded from her mind. In her young heart was cherished a romantic feeling of devotion to the cause of the young duke, for she thought if justice were done, Monmouth would inherit the throne of his father.

Vernor could not have issued a command that she would more readily have obeyed, and in great elation she commenced her preparations for the part she was to play on the occasion.

In vain Mrs. Methurn remonstrated and pointed out to Sir Hugh the possible danger that might ensue to all concerned in the rebellion. He seemed to have forgotten his own warning to Vernor, and to have become as reckless of consequences as the youngest and most hot-headed of men.

He laughed at her fears, and said:

"I once thought as you do; but I am wiser now. Monmouth will be king, and those who welcome him with enthusiasm now will be remembered and distinguished when he wears the power of the crown. The whole west is in a tumult of rejoicing at his advent, and I now think the flame will spread from county to county, till the entire kingdom is in a blaze."

"That may be true of this section, Sir Hugh; yet I think it possible he may fail, and with such a chance, you should not expose yourself, nor this helpless child, to the vengeance of a government which has already shown itself relentless in more than one case."

"I repeat, that in my opinion there is no risk in showing our real feelings; and it would be a paltry government that would strike at a feigning like Ethel. I have promised that she shall present the bible to the young chieftain, and I shall not fail to keep my pledge."

Finding Sir Hugh immovable, Mrs. Methurn would have persuaded Ethel to feign sickness to escape the dangers she foresaw; but to her surprise, she was as eager to take part in the ceremony as Sir Hugh could have desired. She said:

"Oh, aunt, I would not be ill for the world. I remember that gracious and elegant man when he came among us long ago. I was but a child then, but I have always thought it a shame that he did not succeed King Charles. He is his son, and if his mother was a woman of low degree, the Stuart thought it right to make her his wife. I believe in the validity of the marriage, and I recognize the handsome duke as my lawful sovereign."

"But if his attempt to win the crown should fail, Ethel, your appearance in the procession of which you wish to form a part, might cost you dear."

"Then I will abide the consequences," replied the young girl, with a bright smile. "Such a poor little thing as I am would not be worth punishing; and there is nothing wrong in presenting a bible to any one, I am sure."

"In itself perhaps there is not, but you will be made painfully conspicuous, and I tremble for what may follow, for I have a presentiment that evil will come to us from all this turmoil."

She threw her arms around her neck and playfully said:

"Put aside your fears, dear aunt, and enjoy the unusual spectacle as much as I shall. It will be a charming diversion to the monotony of our existence, and I own that I enjoy the thought of taking part in

the honours offered to my hero. You will come with me to witness the pageant, I hope."

"Since you will go, of course I cannot permit you to go alone. I am afraid that Gerald's legal skill will be called on to defend both you and Vernor from the consequences of these lawless proceedings."

Ethel laughed blithely.

"Then Gerald's ability shall save us, and he shall win his first laurels in the cause of his nearest friends. But why should you doubt, aunt? Even Sir Hugh, since his visit to Taunton, seems to think the cause of Monmouth secure. The overwhelming enthusiasm he there witnessed has overcome his scruples."

"My dear, a tumultuous and enthusiastic outburst is rarely a successful one. As long as fortune smiles on Monmouth his adherents will cling to him; but if a single reverse falls on him, his cause is ruined, and, if taken, he will lose his head."

Ethel looked aghast.

"Surely the King would never put his own nephew to death! that would be a worse crime than Elizabeth perpetrated when she took the life of Mary Queen of Scots."

"He both could and would. The man who commissions such a wretch as Jeffrey to slay his subjects judicially, is not likely to show mercy to him who has placed his life and crown in jeopardy. This very Jeffrey will probably be sent hither to sit in judgment upon the poor wretches who are deluding themselves with the hope of a change of rulers."

Ethel became slightly pale, but she presently said:

"The cruelties to which you refer have armed the people against the King, and now they have a chance to make their power felt, they will never give up till they have conquered. I believe that God will aid the just cause, and I will offer his holy precepts to the good duke as the guide of his actions."

#### CHAPTER XV.

FINDING her efforts useless, Mrs. Methurn prepared to accompany Ethel to Taunton on the appointed morning, and thither the party went in such state as Sir Hugh's improved finances could afford. The pony phaeton was escorted by the baronet mounted on a magnificent horse, followed by two serving men in livery.

They passed through a country rich in orchards and green pastures, among which were scattered manor houses, cottages, and village spires. The people of Taunton boasted that they lived in a land flowing with milk and honey; and with truth, for the town was situated in one of the most fertile of English valleys.

The citizens of the place had long leaned to the Presbyterian doctrine and Whig politics; and in the great civil war Taunton had steadily adhered to the Parliament.

The town had been twice besieged, and was defended with heroic perseverance.

The spirit of the people was still unbroken, and at Whitehall their stubborn adherence to the Puritan cause had excited such fierce resentment that, by a royal decree, the walls of the town were razed to the ground and the moat filled up.

Nevertheless, the descendants of those who forty years before had fought upon the ramparts of Taunton were now preparing to throw their lives and fortunes in the scale of the Protestant pretender to the throne.

As the party from the Priory drew near the town they overtook groups of people decorated with the badge of Monmouth—a green bough stuck in the hat, or worn upon the breast. All seemed to be in a state of joyful excitement, and cries of "Long live King Monmouth!" were heard in every direction, for by that title they distinguished him from his uncle, as his name was also James.

On entering the streets, every door and window was wreathed with garlands, and the wives and daughters of the best families of the town appeared at them wearing the colours of the insurgents. Bands of music filled the air with exulting strains, and every face wore an expression of joyful expectation.

Sir Hugh led the way to the town hall, where the pupils of Mrs. Malton's school were already gathered to form a procession to welcome the duke. The girls were all young, the most of them under fourteen years of age, and as the eldest and fairest of her pupils, Mrs. Malton wished Ethel to present the bible, which lay conspicuous upon the table around which the youthful group had gathered.

The bible was one of great price; its leaves were enriched with exquisite illuminations, and its purple velvet cover glittered with costly jewels. A flag, gorgeously embroidered with emblems of royal dignity, was to be presented by Alice Digby, the chosen friend of Ethel, and the only daughter of a gentleman of ancient family who resided in the outskirts of the town.

The girls were dressed alike in white robes, with blue silk tunics gathered back at the sides, and festooned with bouquets of flowers, as we now see them in the figures of the shepherdesses in old paintings, or in china ornaments. They were too young to have their hair frizzed in the fashion of the day, so it was permitted to float in natural curls around their fair, rosy faces, and a more attractive picture of youth and innocence it would have been difficult to find.

In the excitement of the hour, Ethel's character seemed to have undergone a complete revolution. In her enthusiasm she forgot her timidity, for she thought only of the great results she believed would flow from the events that were transpiring, and in her ardent desire to do honour to the hero of her imagination she forgot how conspicuous a part she had undertaken to perform in the pageant.

Underlying all the natural reticence of her character, was a power of self-control few would have expected to find in a fair and fragile girl of sixteen. Excitement gave her a most brilliant colour, and the pale little girl was on that day almost radiantly beautiful.

A courier dashed up in hot haste to say that the duke with his body guard was approaching. The trained bands marched out to meet and escort him into the town, and the boy of young girls were arranged in procession, headed by the pages, one bearing the flag, the other the bible on a cushion of purple velvet, embroidered with pearls.

Each one of the children carried a basket of flowers to be strewed in the pathway of the idol of the hour, and as the cavalcade appeared, headed by the graceful and elegant duke, at a signal the bands of music were silenced, and Ethel, blushing like a rose, but calm and self-possessed, stepped forward, took the holy book in her hands, and in a clear, distinct voice, said:

"To the saviour of our native land from the darkness of persecution, I offer the precepts laid down by the great lawgiver as the rule of life. May they sink deep in your heart, ruler of our country's destiny, and enable you to combine the wisdom of Solomon with the mild teachings of the Prince of Peace."

With that winning courtesy which pre-eminently distinguished him, Monmouth alighted from his horse, and lifting the fair hand to his lips, after having received from it the elegant offering, he replied:

"Fair lady, I pledge my honour and knighthood to the fulfilment of my duty to my land and people. With God's blessing I hope to win and wear my father's crown, and the blessing of good government shall be known to all. This holy book shall teach me such lessons of wisdom as shall lead me in the right path."

Shouts and vivas rent the air, and when they subsided, Alice Digby stepped forward, holding the flag. She addressed him, as if already king, in a clear, vibrant voice that penetrated the crowd with its silvery ring.

"Sire, we present to you the insignia of your royal rank, emblazoned on the field of blue, which is clear and spotless as the azure vault of heaven. May good fortune perch upon its folds, and never may it be lowered before the foes of true religion and national freedom."

Monmouth received it with a flush of pride, and he waved it above his head as he said:

"Spotless will I maintain it as the honour of a true knight; and when I am installed in the palace of my ancestors, it shall have a conspicuous place among the banners that adorn its walls."

The bands struck up their most exhilarating strains, flowers were showered over the uncovered head of Monmouth, who, bowing and smiling with graceful urbanity, won new suffrages from all hearts.

Thus he was conducted to the town hall, where a magnificent banquet was prepared for him and his immediate followers. Tables for his soldiers were laid in the open air, and as Mrs. Methurn and Ethel drove to Mr. Digby's, where they were to dine, the enthusiasm of the multitude was even greater than at the commencement of the day.

Vernor was in the suite of Monmouth, and he saw with delight the graceful manner with which Ethel acquitted herself of the task she had undertaken. As soon as he could leave the banquet hall, he hurried to the house of Mr. Digby to greet his aunt and herself. He was radiant with joy and triumph, and said to the girls:

"Young ladies, you have immortalized yourselves to-day. History will record the graceful manner with which you discharged the duties delegated to you. Ethel, darling, you were charming, and the duke congratulated me on claiming such a gem as my own."

Ethel blushed at this praise, and then became pale, for the sight of Vernor had renewed the old conflict of feeling, and she felt that a deep and growing distaste to the idea of fulfilling her vows to him was becoming the dominant feeling of her heart.

She faltered a few words in reply, but he scarcely heeded them, and went on.

"The duke has expressed a wish to have the two beauties who gave him so agreeable a welcome, presented to him. He is at the house of the mayor, holding a *levee*, and I came hither to escort you and Alice Digby to his presence. A carriage is at the door, and you had better come before the crowd becomes too dense."

In a flutter of delight at this distinction, the girls were soon ready to accompany them; and Mrs. Methurn, at their earnest solicitation, agreed to accompany them, though she did it with many misgivings as to what might ensue from the incidents of this day.

The enthusiasm of the crowds seemed to increase with every hour, and such was the profusion of green branches, that the town looked as if Birnam wood had come again, as in the days of Macbeth.

With some difficulty the carriage was driven to the mayor's house, and our party alighted at the door, which was ornamented with garlands woven in the form of a royal crown, beneath which appeared the name of Monmouth in illuminated letters, with a few lines of poetry describing him as the only hope of free-born Englishmen.

Officers and guards in gay uniforms thronged upon the steps, and elegantly-dressed women were passing beneath the portal in a continuous stream to offer their homage to him they believed to be on the eve of becoming their king.

Sir Hugh was on the look-out for their arrival, and he offered his arm to Mrs. Methurn, while the elated Vernon moved forward with the two young ladies under his escort.

After some delay they succeeded in reaching the reception-room, which was also decorated with garlands of natural flowers, fit emblems of the evanescent triumph of him in whose honour they had been woven together.

Monmouth, surrounded by his staff, stood at the upper end of the large apartment, and as he caught sight of Vernon, he said:

"Open the way, gentlemen, for the approach of the fair ladies who first welcomed me to this loyal town."

Every eye was turned on the approaching group, and the duke, stepping forward, received them with that cordial grace which rendered him irresistible to those he wished to please.

He drew from his hand a ring containing a single large brilliant, surrounded by a circle of sapphires. This he placed on Ethel's finger, as he said:

"These stones are emblematic, fair lady. You are in the April of life; the diamond represents innocence, and therefore a fitting offering to youth and beauty. When I am master of my own, show me this ring, and ask such favour as you may desire; I pledge my royal word that it shall be granted."

She uttered a few fitting words in reply, which to her own surprise seemed to spring to her lips on the impulse of the moment. Monmouth then turned to Alice Digby, and, presenting a second ring set with emeralds, said:

"In the May morning of existence, these stones denote happiness, which I trust will be yours. If, in the future, I can aid you in any way, command me, lady; and feel assured that the banner you this day presented to me shall be borne from victory to victory, till it floats in peace over the halls of my ancestors."

Alice seemed carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and she replied, in her peculiar, ringing tones: "Sire, the prayers and blessings of a great nation are with you. The royal blood that animates your heart will teach you to fulfil the duties of a great king, and all present will join with me in crying 'Long live King James III.'"

The cry was taken up and echoed through the hall, whence it penetrated to the antechamber and descended to the streets, and the whole town seemed in a tumult of applause.

Ethel whispered to Vernon:

"Get me out of this crowd or I shall faint."

He looked at her and saw that she was very pale. Although vexed that she should become ill at so inopportune a moment, he succeeded, after some effort, in extricating them from the increasing crowd, and they gained the privacy of a smaller room opening from the hall of audience. In this they were joined by Sir Hugh and Mrs. Methurn: they had been presented to the duke, and, after uttering a few graceful sentences to the lady, he said in a low voice to the baronet:

"The betrothed of your son is indeed a lovely young creature; when she becomes Viscountess Clinton I will see to the revival of an earl's title in her family, which will be a fitting reward for the services of my friend Methurn."

Sir Hugh was greatly elated, and to Ethel's surprise addressed her as my lady countess. Vernon was angry with her, and he said in an irritated tone:

"She will never be fit to wear the ermine till she learns how to control herself. It was most absurd to grow ill in the midst of such a triumph. What on earth ailed you, Ethel?"

"I am afraid you will think me very foolish, but as the duke referred to the signification of gems, I suddenly remembered that the sapphire is the emblem of repentance, and a voice seemed to ring in my ears. 'You shall dearly repent this hour.' I know it was fantasy, but I could almost have believed that the words were really uttered near me, so distinctly did I hear them."

"Nonsense!" replied Vernon, looking more annoyed than before. "Why should you become the prophet of evil to my friend and patron?"

"Sorry indeed should I be to prove such, dear Vernon. I have only told you the truth, and I regret that you should be angry with me for speaking it."

"Oh, I am not angry; I am only annoyed that you should have such absurd fancies, and suffer them to influence you at such a moment. Come—let us go down; I will put you in the carriage, and leave my father to escort you back, for I must return to the duke."

"And we shall see you no more, till—till——"

She paused and shuddered. Vernon completed her unfinished sentence:

"Not till King James III. reigns in Whitehall. Then I will come to you in triumph."

"But there will be fighting; you may be killed."

"I shall know how to take care of myself," he coolly replied; and with little show of emotion, he bade them adieu at the carriage-door, assuring his father that in a few weeks the struggle would be over, and the triumph of Monmouth complete.

After setting Alice Digby down at her father's door, they drove back to the Priory, greeted on every side by cries of "Long live King Monmouth!"

(To be continued.)

#### A GENTLE WORD IS NEVER LOST.

A GENTLE word is never lost,  
Oh, never then refuse one;  
It cheers the heart when sorrow-toss'd,  
And lulls the cares that bruise one;  
It scatters sunshine o'er our way  
And turns our thorns to roses;  
It changes weary night to day,  
And hope and love discloses.

A gentle word is never lost—  
Thy fallen brother needs it;  
How easy said! how small the cost  
With peace and comfort speeds it!  
Then drive the shadow from thy cheek,  
A smile can well replace it;  
Our voice is music, when we speak  
With gentle words to grace it.

G. C.

#### WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Priests," "Minnigrey," &c.

#### CHAPTER LXX.

Fear attends the steps of wrong.

Shakespeare.

WHEN Ned Cantor returned to the inn with the chair and bird-cage, he narrowly watched the countenance of his wife, trusting that some exclamation or movement of the eye might give him the key to a secret whose existence he only half suspected. But Mabel was upon her guard—not a word or look betrayed her.

"There!" he said, pointing to the skeleton of the bird, and the antique piece of furniture, "I hope your whim is gratified?"

"It is, Ned!" she answered, in a submissive tone; "they are dear to my heart—for they are memorials of those I loved the best—my child and benefactress!"

"Vastly complimentary to me!" growled her husband, in a dissatisfied tone; "but I shall take the liberty of ascertaining what it is which makes this memorial, as you call it, so dear to you."

He pointed, as he spoke, to the chair.

He drew from his pocket a sharp knife, and, despite the entreaties of poor Mabel, began to rip off the cover of needlework: his impatience was too great to permit him to wait the more tedious progress of drawing out the nails.

"You are wrong, Ned—indeed you are wrong," she repeatedly exclaimed; "I have not a shilling concealed there!"

"I am not looking for money!"

The heart of the faithful creature sank within her.

"For what, then?" she demanded.

"For the proofs of a certain marriage!" replied the ruffian, coolly; "you can't deceive me, Mabel! You would not have braved my anger and quitted Bordercleugh merely for an old chair! I knew you too well for that," he added, as he tore off the cover.

Eagerly he examined the horsehair with which the

cushion had been filled; but not a scrap of paper or parchment could he find.

"Most likely it was in the desk!" he thought; "I wish I could have obtained that desk! I am sure something of importance was contained in it!"

It was a fortunate thing for his wife that this conviction was so strongly rooted in his mind, as it prevented his resorting to more violent means of extorting the secret from her. Not that he had given up all hope of finding the proofs he sought for in the chair: there was still a second cushion for him to examine—a long, narrow strip of needlework, which ran up the centre of the back. This was directly over the place in which the papers were concealed.

The second cushion was ripped open with the same celerity as the first. The result was the same. A curse, indicating the bitter disappointment he experienced, broke from the lips of Ned. Mabel could not repress a sigh, which, slight as it was, her husband noticed. It seemed as if a weight was removed from her heart.

"You think you have outwitted me!" he said; "but you are mistaken! I'll smash it into a thousand pieces, but I will discover the secret yet!"

So saying, he left the room, in search of a hammer; for he did not wish the servants of the hotel to witness the violence he had been guilty of.

His wife reflected for an instant; then, darting to the chair, secured the packet, which, in addition to the certificate of the marriage, contained several letters written by Mr. Stanley to Clara, whilst waiting to embark for the colony where he had been promised an appointment. Carefully abstracting the former, which she concealed in her bosom, Mabel quickly replaced the rest.

"I will preserve it, for her child's sake!" she murmured, "even at the hazard of my life! Ned has nearly broken the tie which binds me to him! A little more, and it is sundered for ever!"

When her husband returned, he found her with the skeleton of Margaret's bird in her hand. She was weeping over it.

The sight almost disarmed his suspicion.

"Like you women!" he said; "never happy, unless you have some imaginary grief to lament over! One would think you found a pleasure in tears!"

"They relieve the heart, Ned!" was the calm reply.

The convict whistled, and began breaking the chair to pieces, by means of the instrument he had sought. After a few blows the spring gave way, and the papers fell upon the floor. The fellow seized them with a yell of triumph, and withdrew to the window, to examine their contents.

"Ned!" said his wife, placing her hand upon his arm, "do not read them! They are a sacred deposit!"

"Yes—yes! I know all about that!"

"Placed there by the dead, and intended only for the eyes of her child. I have been a true and faithful wife to you—endured misery and poverty without repining—shared evil fortune. All I ask in return is, that you will permit me to restore those letters to the child of my murdered mistress."

"Only letters?" growled the convict, in a tone of disappointment.

"Nothing more."

"But even they are worth something," he replied; "for they are addressed to Clara Briancourt by Mr. Stanley, as his wife."

"She was his wife!" exclaimed Mabel, indignantly; "his true and lawful wife!"

"And you possess the proofs?" replied her husband; "or at least know where to obtain them?" he added, his thoughts once more reverting to the desk.

The faithful creature could not bring her lips to utter a lie—therefore she remained silent.

"Come!" he continued, in a coaxing tone, "where are they? Don't think I want to destroy them—but I feel hurt that you have a secret from me! Speak!" he added, furiously, seeing that his persuasion had no effect, "or I'll wring it from your very heart."

He placed his hand upon her shoulder, and grasped it with savage violence.

"For pity's sake, Ned!"

"Speak, then!"

"Never!" replied Mabel, firmly; "beat me—murder me, if you will—but never will I betray the trust reposed in me!"

The worst passions of Ned's nature were roused at being thus braved by the weak, timid woman whose spirit he imagined he had so completely crushed.

"We shall see," he said, catching up the hammer.

His wife sprang to the window, and dashed open the casement. It was market-day, and the street of the little village of Fulton was thronged by farmers and drovers.

"I will not be murdered without resistance!" she said. "Raise but a hand—advance a step nearer—and I call for assistance! If too late to save, they will at least avenge me!"

Probably Ned thought so, too; for, although he stood glaring upon her like some wild beast at bay, he made no further attempt at violence—but, casting the weapon from him, as if he mistrusted himself, he burst into a loud affected laugh.

"What in the fiend's name are you screeching there for?" he said; "do you think that I am fool enough to harm you? I only wanted to terrify you out of your ebriety."

Mabel looked at him doubtfully. "Come down!" he added, with forced calmness; "my passion is over. You know," he muttered, as she slowly left the window, "that my bark is worse than my bite. Wait till I get you to Borderleugh!" he thought; "you may scream and fret your heart out there!"

During the rest of the day he remained gloomy and silent; provoked no less by the obstinacy of his wife, as he termed it, than his own impetuous temper. "Tell me one thing," he said, after a pause; "did you confide the papers I seek to the daughter of Nicholas Arden."

"Do not ask me, Ned," replied his wife; "I can answer you nothing."

"They are in the desk," said the convict to himself; "her very refusal convinces me. What a fool I was not to have insisted upon having it."

And he sat sullenly revolving in his mind how to remedy the error which he had committed. About ten o'clock at night he left the inn, telling the landlord that he should soon return, as he merely intended to call upon a friend in the neighbourhood.

No sooner was she alone, than Mabel, who had well considered her plans, locked the door of her chamber, to avoid interruption, and secreted the marriage certificate where Ned would scarcely think of searching for it. She knew that if Ned's suspicions were once aroused he would insist upon searching her person; it was his violence she doubted, and not her own endurance to resist alike his entreaties or threats.

"I can do no more!" she sighed, as she finished her task; "he will never suspect where I have hidden it! Heaven will in time complete its own good work, and send the means of conveying it to the child of my dead mistress! Perhaps," she added, "her gentle spirit even now is watching over me; if so, may she bear the lips of her faithful Mabel repeat the vow, that no torture my husband can inflict—not even death itself—shall induce me to betray her confidence, or wrong the orphan she confided to my care!"

Conscious that she had taken every precaution in her power, with a clear breast and recovered tranquillity Mabel seated herself by the fire, to await the return of her husband. The village church had long struck the hour of midnight before he made his appearance.

Ned Cantor left the hotel without any settled purpose; he had a vague idea floating in his brain that he should not return without having ascertained something respecting the contents of the desk which had so singularly attracted his attention—though how the knowledge was to be obtained puzzled him.

"I ain't a-going," he muttered, as he approached the abbey, "to break into the place! No—no! I'm too wide awake for that game! And yet I don't exactly see," he added, in a tone of self-deliberation, at the same time scratching his gipsy locks, which already began to show signs of age, "how it is to be done without!"

As we before stated, the wing of the mansion in which the unhappy Countess of Moretown was confined had been completely isolated from the rest of the building; it also contained the dressing-room and the suite of apartment formerly devoted to her use—they were situated on the first floor.

"That's the window!" he said, gazing wistfully upwards; "it wouldn't be such a very hard matter!"

Still he hesitated—his previous escapes from the hands of justice had made him cautious. Once or twice he was on the point of turning back, when the thought of the reward offered by Quirk, and the hatred he felt towards the Briards, restrained him.

"I ain't a coward!" he said, working himself up to the necessary resolution; "and if I am suspected, or even taken, my lord would not dare to appear against me—I know too much for that!"

The last reflection determined him. Placing his hands on the deeply-carved mullions and stone-work, he raised himself by slow and painful efforts to the level of the window, pausing between whiles to draw his breath. A blow of his fist shattered one of the panes of glass: the sound of the falling fragments startled him, and he almost let go his hold.

"Whew!" he muttered, "what a fool I am!"

Ned next introduced his arm and undid the fastening then drew himself into the room.

"It's no use shrinking now!" he thought, adding something about the old proverb of it being quite as advisable to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

Whilst groping round the room in search of the desk, the ruffian was alarmed by a light suddenly streaming

through the crevices of the door. He listened, and distinctly heard a footfall in the passage. What was to be done? There was no place in the room in which he could hide. With terrible determination he drew a sharp clasp-knife from his pocket.

A nervous movement shook his iron frame as he heard a key applied to the lock of the door. Probably it was the wrong key—for an attempt was made to turn it several times, and it was with some difficulty withdrawn.

Ned Cantor breathed more freely.

Suddenly he recollected having noticed, during his visit in the morning, a door opposite the one through whose interstices the light still continued to stream—the key had been left in it. Turning it with a strong grasp, the convict found himself in a dark passage.

"If he follows me here," he said, "let him look to it—it's my last hiding-place!"

With his left hand he firmly held the door, while his right still continued to grasp the clasp-knife.

Presently he heard the door of the dressing-room open, and some one cautiously enter. Silently crouching on his knees, Ned Cantor placed his eye to the key-hole, and recognized in the intruder no other than Dr. Briard.

"The rascally Frenchman!" he muttered; "the pitiful sneak! does he think to outwit me? Curse me if he does—it's hurtful to my *feelin's*! Had he been a regular crack, I shouldn't so much have minded it!"

Presently he saw the charlatan retreat, carrying the desk under his arm. Fortunately he was so laden with that and the lamp, that he neglected to lock the door after him.

The convict was one of those men whom disappointment or opposition only makes more dogged and resolute. In an instant he made up his mind to follow him; he felt as if he had been robbed.

With the stealthiness of the wild cat, he pursued the footsteps of the retreating man through the suite of rooms and down the great staircase, which wound round the great hall of the abbey.

When about half-way down, he heard a light footstep behind him. He paused to listen: all was still. The light suddenly disappeared—for Briard had crossed the hall and entered his own room.

He was not mistaken. The footsteps which pursued him were those of the prisoner, Alice. The passage in which Ned had taken refuge communicated with her apartments: her quick ear had heard the unbolting of the door of communication, and impelled by the natural desire of liberty, the victim of tyranny and persecution had made a desperate effort to escape from her unprincipled gaolers.

No sooner had Dr. Briard discovered the will of the dead miser, than a smile of intense satisfaction curled his withered lips: it was wealth—independence. The dream of his life was about to be gratified.

In the midst of his triumph, a cloak which Ned Cantor had found hanging in the hall was suddenly thrown over the head of the charlatan, who, being a powerful man, struggled violently: in his efforts to free himself from the strong grasp of the convict, the lamp became upset, and the only light in the room was from the fire which blazed cheerfully in the grate.

The cries of Dr. Briard became terrific.

"Silence!" whispered Ned, "or I'll send my knife through your withered carcase!"

This threat, so far from silencing the prisoner, only alarmed him the more, and his cries were repeated with greater vehemence.

Bells were heard ringing in the upper rooms of the house.

The convict knew not what to do: he had advanced too far to retreat—the fierce passions of his nature were aroused. With a bitter curse, he raised his hand to strike the struggling victim, when a low, gentle voice exclaimed—

"Thou shalt do no murder!"

Ned looked up, and beheld, in the uncertain light of the room, a thin phantom-like figure standing between him and the door: it was Alice. At the moment of quitting her chamber, she had thrown a large white veil over her head, to guard against the night air: it fell in indistinct folds around her person, and gave it an unearthly appearance.

Like most men who are irreligious, the convict possessed a great amount of superstition. With a yell of terror, he sprang through one of the large French windows which opened into the park, shattering both glass and frame, and with the swiftness of a deer, directed his steps towards the north wood.

The voices of the domestics were now heard calling to each other. For a few moments Alice stood irresolute: to escape at the present moment she felt was impossible; by regaining her chamber unperceived, she might possibly, at a more favourable period, evade her gaolers.

As she was about to quit the room, her eye rested on the fragments of the broken desk and the will,

which still lay undisturbed upon the table. Hastily seizing the latter, she disappeared before Dr. Briard had disengaged himself from the cloak Ned Cantor had so cleverly caught him in.

## CHAPTER LXXI

It often falls in course of common life,  
That right sometimes is overcome of wrong;  
The avarice of power, or guile, or strife,  
That weakens her and makes her party strong.  
But justice, tho' her doom she do prolong,  
Yet at the last will make her own cause right.

Spenser.

THE presence of five or six of the male servants of the abbey who entered the room, not only relieved Dr. Briard from his fears for his personal safety, but restored to him his presence of mind. His first care was to search for the will—we need not say that it was gone.

The charlatan gnashed his teeth with rage and disappointed cupidity.

"What is the matter?" clamorously demanded the domestics, who, having been suddenly aroused from their beds, were scarcely yet awake.

"The house has been robbed—a paper—documents of immense importance to the earl have been abstracted. The thief can not be far off!"

"But how did he get in?" inquired the old footman, James.

The doctor pointed to the window.

"A hundred pounds," he said, "if you overtake him!"

Two of the grooms, active young fellows, sprang upon the lawn: one took the path leading to the lodge, the other directed his steps towards the north wood: he had not proceeded many yards before he encountered one of the under-keepers.

"Have you seen any one?" he demanded.

"Some fellow passed me, bounding along like a deer," replied the man; "I fancied that it was —"

"It was a thief!" exclaimed the groom, interrupting him. "The house has been broken into, and I do not know what value has been taken!"

With a loud cry he recalled his companion, who was not yet out of hearing, and all three continued the pursuit.

It was not long before Ned Cantor became aware that he was followed—for the servants, in the hope of alarming any of the other keepers who might be on their rounds, kept shouting from time to time: it served also to cheer them on in the chase.

The convict was no longer a young man; time was when he could have distanced the swiftest of them, with a shorter start than he had set off with: his breath began to fail him, and he felt the heavy drops of perspiration standing on his brow.

"It will never do," he thought, "to be taken!" Not that he feared much for the consequences—he trusted to the hold he possessed over the earl too well for that—but his pride was at stake. Had he been pursued by only one, he would have stood his ground and struggled for freedom manfully. The different directions from which the cries proceeded assured him that several had joined in the chase.

"I will baffle them yet," he muttered, "or my name is not Ned Cantor."

A light streamed athwart the narrow path he was pursuing, for he had entered the home preserve, and occasionally a pheasant, disturbed by his approach, rose for a few yards, with lazy wing, from the lower branches of the trees, and flew to a short distance. The fugitive recognized the lodge of the keeper, Kelf, who, after his unceremonious dismissal from Borderleugh, had been reinstated by Lord Moretown in his former service.

Ned approached the window, and recognized his old acquaintance, seated comfortably by the side of a blazing fire: he was alone.

"All right," thought the convict.

The dogs at the feet of Kelf suddenly pricked up their ears, and gave a low growl.

"Dawn, Bessie," said the keeper; "quiet Harold."

Convinced, by the continued uneasiness of the animals, that some one was approaching, he was about to rise when the door opened, and Ned Cantor walked with a confident air into the room.

"You here!" said Kelf, with a look of surprise, not unmingled with apprehension; for he remembered the hints the convict had thrown out respecting the death of Gilbert Rawlins.

"Ah, don't be alarmed! I am not poaching!"

At the word "poaching," the master of the lodge turned extremely pale.

"Sit down," said the fugitive.

Kelf mechanically obeyed him.

Ned took the chair opposite, and filling himself a glass from the jug of ale upon the table, coolly drained it off. Then, wiping the perspiration which hung in thick drops upon his forehead, he stretched out his legs like a person who feels himself perfectly at

home, and addressed his surprised and not over-willing host.

"Kelf," he began, "there has been some ill blood between us."

"Not in the least," eagerly interrupted the keeper; "why should there be? We both strove for the same berth: you got it. I bear you no malice: why should I?"

"I'll tell you why you should not!" replied Ned. "I could have hanged you, but I have never spoken a word to injure you. Tut, man, never look so surprised. Had I thought proper to pursue the clue I possess to old Gilbert's death, it would have ended in a rope and the gibbet; and if I allude to it now, it is that I require a service."

"Money?"

"Money be hanged! No! Hark!"

Both listened, and distinctly heard the cries of several persons, accompanied by the deep baying of a dog.

"Curse them!" muttered Ned; "but they have set the bloodhound upon my steps."

"Who has set it?" inquired Kelf.

"My pursuers," answered the convict, coolly. "Now, Kelf," he added, "you must swear—ay, and stick to it—that for the last three hours I have been seated here with you! They will believe you—for there is nothing extraordinary in my meeting an old friend!"

"But I—"

"No buts," interrupted the ruffian, resolutely. "Hesitate but for an instant to swear to any lie I choose to tell, and the very next I accuse you of the murder of Gilbert Rawlins! I have proof that you were concealed in the neighbourhood at the time it occurred!"

"All right," muttered the keeper, in a deep, hoarse voice; "let them come—I'll swear to anything."

Ned seated himself once more at the table, and when the keepers and servants arrived at the lodge, they discovered him and Kelf calmly smoking their pipes. A look of disappointment appeared upon the countenance of all; the promised reward seemed to have escaped their grasp, just as they fancied that they were about to clutch it.

"Have you seen him?" demanded the foremost of the party.

"Seen who?" inquired Kelf.

The fugitive continued to smoke his pipe.

"The fellow who broke into the abbey, frightened the doctor out of his wits, and stole some paper or document of the utmost importance!" answered one of the grooms.

"We have seen no one!" observed Ned, without betraying the least emotion.

"He must have passed this way!"

"Very possibly!" said the convict; "but we have not seen him. My old friend here and I have been quietly smoking our pipes for the last two hours—haven't we, old boy?" he added, familiarly slapping Kelf upon the shoulder, and at the same time giving him a warning look.

"Yes, of course—that is, I should suppose it is about that time since you dropped in to see me."

The party was augmented by the arrival of Dr. Briard, who, in his anxiety to recover the will, had followed the domestics. No sooner did he recognize Ned Cantor than, remembering the anxiety he betrayed during his visit in the morning to obtain possession of the desk, he at once made up his mind that he must be the man.

"Seize him!" he said; "search him!"

"Seize who?" demanded the two grooms.

"The thief! he—that man!" exclaimed the charlatan, pointing at the same time to the convict, who instantly affected the most profound indignation at such an imputation being cast upon a person of his respectability. Deliberately placing his pipe upon the table, he advanced towards the speaker with a determined air.

"And who are you calling a thief?" he demanded, in a swaggering tone; "a better man than yourself! Thief! Ain't I known for one of his lordship's principal tenants? and maybe," he added, in a lower tone, "as deep in his confidence as you are! Ask Kelf, ask Mr. Coppins, the steward, they know who I am!"

For a few moments his accuser stood confused. Was it possible, he asked himself, that he could be mistaken? or had the earl employed him to obtain the desk?

The latter suspicion he dismissed from his mind as untenable.

"My name is as good as any beggarly Frenchman's in the country!" continued Ned, who saw the advantage he had gained, and was determined to use it. "Ask at the bank, they will tell you if Ned Cantor, of Borderclough, has any occasion to steal! Thief, indeed!"

Dr. Briard began to mutter something which sounded like an excuse, but the bully was not to be appeased.

"I don't believe any robbery has been committed! If so, what does it consist of? Money—plate—ah? Pah! If anything has been stolen, most likely it has been taken by yourself, and this hue and cry raised to divert suspicion!"

Here the keeper, who had first encountered the two grooms in the park, interrupted him. He was positive, he said, that some person had passed him as he came from the north wood.

"A poacher, most likely!" observed Ned, at the same time casting a glance towards Kelf, who perfectly understood the hint, which confirmed his wavering resolution; "but thief or no thief, I have nothing to do with it! I have been here these two hours, haven't I, old boy?"

"Yes, certainly; two hours at the least!" was the unhesitating reply.

"You could swear to that?"

"In any court in the kingdom!"

Dr. Briard was mystified, without being deceived.

"You hear!" exclaimed Ned, triumphantly turning towards his accuser; "so, if you have anything more to say, you had better accompany me at once before a magistrate. Maybe," he added, in a tone so low that it only reached the ear of the party he intended to terrify, "that I shall turn the tables!"

"No, no!" exclaimed the doctor, who had private and cogent reasons for declining the interview; "I am perfectly satisfied that I must have been mistaken!"

"I should think so!" growled the convict.

"And I beg this gentleman to accept my apologies for my error!"

"That I'll do! only be more careful for the future how you call an honest, respectable man a thief; it's hurtful to one's *feelin's*—ain't it, Kelf?"

"Certainly!" replied the keeper.

"Why you might just as well have accused my friend here of murder—mightn't he, old boy?"

"Quite as well!" faltered the conscience-stricken man, compelled, despite himself, to bear witness to the innocence of the speaker, whom he bitterly hated, and knew to be guilty of the crime laid to his charge by the doctor.

The domestics, perfectly satisfied that they had been upon the wrong scent, at once set off to renew the search, and Dr. Briard accompanied them. The Frenchman did not choose, although cordially pressed by Ned and the head keeper, to trust himself in their company.

As soon as the convict and Kelf were alone in the lodge, the former broke out into a loud chuckle. He was delighted no less at outwitting his accuser, than in the triumph over his companion in crime, whom he well knew would much rather have assisted him to mount the gallows than escape from it.

"That's what Quirk would call tact!" he said.

His hearer thought that "impudence" would have been a much better word, but wisely kept his opinion to himself.

"What nerve you have!" he observed.

"Nerve!" repeated Ned; "to be sure I have! I ain't done nothing to shake 'em—there's no blood upon my conscience! I ain't troubled with no dreams of an old man struggling for his life!"

Kelf trembled.

"I don't fancy," continued the speaker, "when I walk along the road late at night, that the dead have risen from their grave to follow me! Such fancies must be very unpleasant—eh?"

"Say no more!" exclaimed the guilty wretch, with a deep-drawn sigh; "he who has such dreams and such thoughts is punished enough already!"

"I dare say he is!" philosophically observed his companion; "if he ain't he ought to be, that's all I have to say! Good night!" he added; "I bear you no malice! If you come my way, I shall be glad to see you!"

The keeper thanked him, but added, that he did not think he should soon visit Borderclough.

The next morning, Mabel and her husband left Fulton for their home. During the journey, Ned was more than usually kind and condescending to his submissive wife. He had come to the conclusion that she knew where the evidence of the marriage between George Stanley and her former mistress was concealed; for, after her declaration, he doubted not for an instant that it had really taken place. He resolved to wring it from her, by fair means, if possible—if not, to resort to those peculiar powers of persuasion, the possession of which Lawyer Quirk had given him credit for.

It was not so much for the sake of the reward—although that was tempting—but to gratify the insane hatred he felt towards the Briancourts—to whose influence he attributed Margaret's aversion to him, and her abandonment of her home.

It was not without secret misgivings that Mabel approached the spot where she had passed so many unhappy days. She foresaw the persecution she was about to endure, but knew not how to escape from it—her only hope was in Frank Hazleton. Should the

young farmer visit the tower, she thought that she might entrust him with a letter for her daughter.

On reaching Borderclough, her suspicions of Ned's assumed kindness were confirmed: his first act being: to dismiss the servant, whom, shortly after the arrival of Margaret, he had engaged.

One day's respite her brutal tyrant resolved to allow her. Probably he felt too fatigued with his journey to commence immediately the system of cruelty and oppression he meditated.

The ill-assorted pair were seated in the lower room, the morning after their arrival. Ned was meditating how he should commence—whether to try persuasion before proceeding to violence—when his reveries were broken by a loud ringing at the gate.

Mabel rose to answer it.

"Stay you here!" he said, in a stern tone; "I will see to it!"

So saying, he left the apartment. During his absence the unhappy woman prayed that it might be the visitor whose presence she so anxiously desired.

When her husband returned, there was a scowl upon his brow, and he kept muttering indistinct curses, and something about a letter.

His wife looked up timidly in his face.

"Was it from our child?" she said.

"Child!" repeated the ruffian, bitterly; "I have no child, since she threw herself away upon a titled fool, and abandoned her home, where she might have been so happy—but the letter was from her!"

Mabel well knew that Margaret had not written to her father—yet she dared not ask for it, fearing to cause a fresh explosion of his ungovernable temper: still her anxious love would not permit her to continue silent. After a pause she ventured to inquire if he had read it.

"No!"

"But you will read it, Ned?"

"Not a line of it!" replied her husband, sneeringly; "neither shall you!"

The heart of the mother revolted at such tyranny.

"You have not destroyed it?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Ned, you have not been guilty of such cruelty?"

"No!" muttered the brute, in a surly tone.

"Bless you, Ned! Bless you for that word!"

"I refused to take it in," he continued; "treated her with the same contempt that she has heaped on me. I have done with her! I hate her—hate her!" he repeated, "as bitterly as I once dearly loved her! So, if you have any wish for peace or quiet in the place, never speak of the titled minx again!"

With all her submission to the tyrant who had embittered her days, Mabel could not repress her tears at the disappointment; her desolate heart clung to the love of her absent child as it clings to its last stay on earth. The sight of her grief inflamed the half-smothered rage of Ned: the explosion was fierce and terrible.

"Cry!" he said, "cry! It's the way with you women; you have no feeling for your husband, but lots of sensibility, and such stuff, for a disobedient girl, who is all the dearer to you since she braved me!"

"Ned—Ned!"

"Don't 'Ned' me!" interrupted the brute. "I ain't a-goin' to be fooled any longer. All my misfortunes have come through your obstinacy. You say that Miss Clara and young George Stanley were married. If you know so much, you must know where!"

Mabel remained silent.

"Speak, or I'll wring it out of you!"

We will not disgust our readers by the sickening detail of the scene of violence and unmanly brutality which followed. The fidelity of his wife to the promise she had made was proof against her sufferings. Wearied by her patience, which Ned called obstinacy, he dragged her at last, despite her prayers and entreaties, to one of the damp stone rooms which we have previously described, built in the very foundation of the tower, thrust her in, and barred the door.

"Rot there!" he muttered, as he re-ascended the stairs. "Let's see what cold and hunger will do! Ned Cantor has not lived all these years to be baffled by a woman."

Scarcely had the ruffian re-seated himself, when Frank Hazleton made his appearance. The first inquiry of the young farmer was for Mabel.

"Not at home!" was the reply.

"Not at home!" repeated the young man, with a look of surprise.

"Gone to visit some of her fine friends!" continued the convict. "But you are welcome," he added, with an effort, for he really liked his visitor. "It ain't any fault of mine that we are not nearer to one another!"

At this allusion to Margaret his visitor sighed deeply; but his feeling of regret did not blind him either to the embarrassment of Ned, or the improbability of the account which he gave of the absence of

his wife. The fact was, that the servant from Bordenleugh had called at the farm, in the hope of obtaining a place, and distinctly stated, both to Bell and her brother, that her master and mistress had returned.

For the present, however, he resolved to keep his suspicions to himself.

"Frank," said the convict, "if ever you marry, mark my words—always be master in your own house."

"I intend to be so."

"And never send your children to be brought up by rich relations—it only makes them ungrateful to their natural parents. If I hadn't, like a fool, suffered Meg to be brought up by those who taught her to despise her father and mother," he added, "filled her head with vanity and pride, she might have been your wife. I am sorry for your disappointment; but I have done with her—so let us continue good friends, and speak of her no more."

He held out his hand to the young farmer, who, feeling grateful for the preference his words evinced, shook it cordially. As he released it, he observed a slight stain of fresh blood upon the palm, and one or two bruises on the knuckles.

He said nothing, but the circumstance made a deep impression on the mind of Ned Cantor's visitor.

(To be continued.)

### THE BLOCKADE RUNNER.

In the parlour of a large and splendidly-furnished house in Clyde, was seated a man of middle age, earnestly engaged in conversation with a person who had just entered, and who seemed by his manner to be ill at ease in the company in which he found himself placed, for he moved to and fro restlessly in a damask-cushioned chair, and occasionally cast furtive glances through the window, as if dreading the entrance of some one he was not very desirous to see.

"I'll tell you what it is, Vinall," said the owner of the mansion to the new-comer, after a pause of some moments in the conversation, during which both seemed to be mutually embarrassed, "I'll tell you what it is, my mind is made up in regard to this matter; young Villiers must leave the city—and that, too, without delay. He is dangerous to my peace of mind, and he must be removed. I shall entrust him to your tender mercies, and if you rid me of him—"

"My reward shall be what?" inquired the other.

"One thousand pounds, when you convince me that the work is accomplished."

"Hem!" mused Vinall; "let me see—that's not so bad, after all. I'll do it, sir."

"Yes, but when?"

"To-morrow I sail for the Confederate port of Wilmington. I shall run the blockade, as you well know, although all Clyde does not. Bring him alongside in the afternoon, and I will up anchor as soon as we have him on board. Once let me get him out on blue water, and my word for it, I'll do the job for him."

"Well, then, so be it. To-morrow I will manage to get him on board. Good night."

"Good night," said the other, and bowed himself out of the presence of the owner of the mansion, who closed the door, and having returned to the parlour, was soon lost in a train of anxious thought.

William Atherton, the man who was first introduced to the notice of the reader, was one of that class denominated "merchant princes."

Beginning life as an errand-boy in a shipbroker's office, he had early learned the habit of economy, and being of a penurious disposition, and somewhat unscrupulous as to the means employed, so that they but brought him in a shower of gold, he had, in the course of twenty years, amassed a large fortune, and raised himself from a humble beginning to be one of the magnates of the land.

So far, this was commendable; but then Atherton was cold, selfish, and would go any length to satisfy his vengeance, if by any chance he became offended with a person in the ordinary business transactions of life.

Some eighteen years prior to the opening of our tale, his reputed wealth having given him the entrée to some of the best families in Clyde, he had become acquainted with a young lady of uncommon personal attractions, and after great exertions on his part, aided by the counsel and advice of the girl's parents, who were money-worshippers, he had succeeded in wringing a reluctant consent from the young lady, and led her to the altar.

But Mary Stanley did not long live to rue the day in which she wedded a man of coarse and unpolished mind; and after the lapse of a year, her gentle spirit took its flight to a better and a happier world, leaving behind an infant daughter to the guardianship of one who was but ill calculated for the task thus imposed upon him.

Effie Atherton was by no means a beauty. Still, there was ever a sweet and gentle smile upon her features, which rendered them almost captivating, and many, who at the first glance were disposed to turn away from the young heiress, would pause and look again.

Her eyes were of a dark hazel, full of a soft and dreamy languor almost spiritual in its nature, and at once taking a hold upon the heart, in spite of whatever determination to the contrary.

Her figure was slight and frail as that of a summer flower, but her step was light and buoyant with health and hope; and though she had few lovers, she had many warm friends whose hearts beat responsively to her own, and whom she loved with all the trusting confidence of her young and unsullied nature. Such was Effie Atherton at seventeen years of age.

About two years before this period, Mr. Atherton was one morning busily employed in his counting-room, when he was informed that a young man wished to speak with him.

"Show him in, then," said the merchant, in an impatient tone.

A youth of about nineteen made his appearance at the door of the counting-room, and confronted the searching and inquiring gaze of the rich man.

He was dressed in a plain suit of black, threadbare, and much worn, it is true, but scrupulously clean, and his countenance was one of those frank and open ones which always wins friends at first sight.

There was a modesty of demeanour about the young man which at once struck even the sordid and money-loving Mr. Atherton, who had been so long accustomed to gazing with affection upon the glitter of his hoarded golden treasures, that even his countenance had begun to assume a yellow hue.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" said Mr. Atherton, with a supercilious smile upon his features, which was assumed to give him an air of importance in the eyes of the youth.

"I am a poor lad, sir," answered the youth modestly, "who has few friends, and I have come to look for work."

"Hem! what is your name, and where do you come from?"

"My name, sir, is Ernest Villiers, and I am from Glasgow. My father, who was a manufacturer in Glasgow, failed there a few years since."

"And so you come here to obtain employment?"

"Precisely, sir. I was told that a chance might be obtained here; so I set out, and having arrived, and heard by accident of the number of clerks employed by you, I thought I would apply to you first."

"Well, I do want a youth just now; and if you can write an elegant hand, perhaps I may be tempted to employ you."

"What salary would you be willing to pay?" asked the youth, timidly.

"Fifty pounds per annum," answered the merchant, in a magnificent tone, "and board with family. I always have my clerks reside under my roof, in order that I may have an eye to their moral culture, and superintend their training."

Mr. Atherton was a most generous and considerate man indeed! He boarded his young men himself, not, as he had represented, that he might superintend their moral culture, but that he might thereby save a large sum yearly by the arrangement.

But then what was our hero to do? He had expended his last farthing, and now found himself friendless, in a strange town, without the means even of obtaining a lodging for the night.

He closed with the rich merchant's offer, and was taken to his house, and introduced to his domestics.

Day after day, and week after week elapsed, and still Ernest Villiers was performing the duties of a younger clerk in the establishment of Mr. Atherton.

He had learned to accommodate himself to the humiliating position in which fortune had placed him, and with the buoyant hopes of youth, looked forward to "the good time coming."

The rich man had learned to appreciate the worth of the new-comer, for he was a smart and active lad, and Atherton had frequently rewarded his efforts to please him, and to perform his duties correctly, with a grim smile of satisfaction; for which the youth was grateful.

It is out of our power to inform the reader in what manner Ernest Villiers first became acquainted with Effie Atherton.

All we can say, therefore, is, that such was the case, and that a mutual though hidden friendship had sprung up between them the first week of the youth's sojourn beneath the roof of the merchant, and that it had speedily ripened into an abiding tenderness and love.

In fact they were affianced to each other, and only awaited a suitable time that the youth might prefer his request to the stern merchant for permission to pay his addresses to his daughter.

Unacquainted as both the young people were with

the workings and pride of the human heart, they had fondly hoped that the application might be successful, and had built up gay plans for the future, radiant with the hues of hope.

At length, one evening, Mr. Atherton having been detained a considerable time later than usual at the office, until all the clerks except our hero had taken their departure, young Villiers thought it an excellent opportunity to break the subject nearest his heart to the father of his idol, and accordingly approached him with considerable diffidence, and after laying the whole matter before the merchant, concluded by requesting his sanction to his addresses.

It is impossible to describe the outburst of passion that followed this request.

When young Villiers first opened this subject Mr. Atherton stood speechless with amazement, almost believing that he was in the presence of a maniac.

But when his senses were slowly and unwillingly brought to comprehend the exact position of affairs, the haughty merchant could hardly restrain himself from leaping upon and strangling the young man where he stood.

"Out of the office, you young ingrate! How dare you to take such freedom with me and mine? Venture but to breathe the name of my daughter again, even to your own base heart, and I'll cut you into mince-meat! Leave the office instantly!" roared Atherton, while the foam rushed from his mouth, and his eyes fairly blazed with intense ire, "and if you ever let me even behold your face again, it will be at the price of your life!"

With a sad heart, poor Ernest Villiers turned himself from the door of the rich man, and found himself in the streets, a deserted and miserable being, without money or friends; and as he cast his eyes upon the selfish and strange faces that were ever hurrying past him, like bubbles on the stream of time, hastening onward to the great ocean of eternity, his heart grew cold within him.

But it was only for one moment, for the next a bright vision of loveliness danced before his imagination, and hopes of a happier day once more, like beauteous angels, came to cheer him in his deep distress. He could not leave the city, for within its limits dwelt one who was to his lonely heart as is the bright sunlight to the last lingering rose of summer, and although he well knew, from Mr. Atherton's manner, that he was in earnest when he told him it would be at the peril of his life if ever he beheld his face again, still he determined not to leave, at least not until he had heard from Effie.

Accordingly young Villiers proceeded to a cheap boarding-house, and having made an agreement with the landlady to pay her when he could raise the funds, he at once set himself down and wrote a long and loving epistle to Miss Atherton, acquainting her with all that had transpired, and beseeching her to be true to him until such time as he had the means of supporting her, when he would return and claim her for his own.

The next morning Ernest Villiers received an answer. It was tender and affectionate, and assured him that, happen what might, the heart of the writer was his, and his only, and nothing on earth should ever induce her to prove recreant to the vows they had plighted.

After all, there are but few situations in life so dark and gloomy but that a gleam of sunshine may burst through and enliven it with a radiance direct from heaven!

When Mr. Atherton reached his home, the evening of the outbreak with Villiers, he at once proceeded to his daughter's room, and without preface charged her with encouraging the hopes of the young man, when she must have well known that she could never become his wife.

To the surprise of the merchant, however, Effie acknowledged that she had encouraged the attentions of young Villiers, that she loved him with her whole soul, and furthermore, that she was determined to become his wife.

The merchant was in despair. He raved, but it was all to no purpose. Effie told him plainly that it was of no use; that her mind was made up, and that either Ernest Villiers should be her husband, or she would never marry.

Mr. Atherton left the presence of his daughter and repaired to his private room, and seating himself, fell into a train of thought.

It was evident that he was bent upon mischief, for his whole face was wrought into a frown, and he kept muttering indistinctly to himself.

"I have it—I have it!" he at length cried, in a malicious tone. "I'll find a way to get rid of this fellow, without endangering my own life; Vinall shall do the job for him! We are in the same boat. We make money running the blockade, and why should he not help me?"

Just at this moment the door-bell rang, and as luck would have it, Vinall himself was announced, and

the merchant was spared the pains of despatching a note for him as he had intended.

The next morning after the interview between Mr. Atherton and Vinall, the former, for purposes of his own, appeared in an excellent humour. He assured his daughter that he had been too hasty in his conduct towards Ernest; that he was sorry for it, and had determined to take the young man back again into his service.

Effie was radiant with happiness and hope, and informing the merchant of the stopping-place of Villiers, a note was despatched to him, apologizing for the rude treatment he had received, and requesting that he would come back again, and assured him that all would yet be well.

Villiers, whose love for Effie would have induced him to run any risk in order once more to behold her, was fairly caught in the trap, and, hastening back, an apparent reconciliation took place, and he slept that night beneath the same roof that sheltered his heart's idol.

But the next morning Mr. Atherton, with a grim smile assumed for the occasion, requested that the young man should accompany him to a vessel that he was intending to purchase, as he wished him to make some memoranda of her build and peculiarities.

Unsuspecting of any scheme for his ruin, the youth complied, and the two proceeded down to the wharf, where a shore-boat was employed for the purpose, and putting off for the beach, pulled directly for a sharp, clipper-built schooner in the outer roads.

After a long pull, the boat arrived alongside of the vessel, and the two passengers were quickly on deck, where our hero was not a little surprised to find a very large crew of swarthy, desperate-looking men, listlessly lounging to and fro, many of whom eyed him with a peculiar kind of glance, which in spite of himself, made him feel rather uncomfortable.

Just at this instant, however, Vinall himself came up from below, and our hero and Mr. Atherton were invited into the cabin.

"Take a seat, gentlemen," said Vinall, in bland terms. "Steward, bring wine."

A bottle of wine was quickly placed upon the table, and having been uncorked, the party were quickly engaged in discussing its merits.

"Excuse me a moment, gentlemen," said Mr. Atherton, rising; "I wish to take a turn on deck, and will join you again presently;" and the merchant left the cabin.

Vinall at once engaged our hero in an animated conversation, which had lasted for some time, when Ernest thought he heard rather more noise on deck than was necessary, and soon the vessel herself leaned over several degrees from the perpendicular, and our hero, chair and all, tumbled against the bulk-heads of the state-cabin.

"What does this mean, captain?" said Villiers, rising to his feet again, and looking anxiously around the cabin.

"Mean, sir? Why, that the schooner's under weigh, outward bound for Wilmington, sir—that's all."

And Vinall at once left the cabin, and humming a snatch of an opera air, proceeded on deck. Ernest soon followed him, and was utterly astounded by the sight that met his eyes.

The lofty spars that he had left so naked when he repaired below but a brief half-hour before, were now clothed with snowy canvas, and belling out to a fresh northwest breeze that came singing along the mazy and tautened rigging, from which, far aloft and out upon the long black yards, strange voices were calling in the mysterious phrases belonging to the seamen's peculiar calling.

He looked astern. The city with its long and tapering spires, and wilderness of masts and shipping, was fast receding from his sight; and after a little scrutiny, he espied a light boat with a single oarsman and one passenger in the stern sheets, far astern, and pulling leisurely towards the town. That boat contained Mr. Atherton.

Multitudes of swarthy men were running about the deck in every direction, as nimble as cats, "singing out" and hauling at the ropes, and too busy by far to heed our hero, who stood bewildered and stupefied with amazement, gazing with dilated eyes upon everything around him, and wondering what upon earth it could all mean.

Presently, however, Captain Vinall came aft from forward, where he had been superintending something that was going on aloft, when Villiers addressed him, desiring to know why he was on board the vessel, and for what reason she had sailed before he had left her.

"Go below, and ask no questions!" said Vinall, in a totally altered tone. "I have business on my hands now, and have no time to talk to you! Get below, I say," cried the ruffian, seizing an iron belaying-pin from the file-rail, and menacing Ernest with it, "or I'll help you below with this piece of cold iron!"

Villiers at once obeyed the order thus peremptorily given, and descended the companion-ladder to the

cabin, where he found the steward dusting the furniture.

Going from one article to another, he at length came near to where our hero was seated, when, looking cautiously around on every side to see that no other person was within hearing, he said, in a low tone:

"I'm very sorry to see you here! I'm afraid it's going to go hard with you."

"What mean you?" inquired Villiers, in a tone of alarm.

"Why, the captain's going to throw you overboard to-night. I heard him tell the mate so this morning."

"What kind of a vessel is this, and where is she really bound?" inquired Ernest, a horrible suspicion coming over him.

"Why, a blockade-runner! She's going now, I think, to Wilmington; I heard the captain say so."

It is impossible to describe the feelings of Ernest Villiers when he discovered the exact nature of his position, and felt that in all probability a few hours would decide his fate.

For himself, he cared but little—for he had been a thorny path from his earliest childhood, and the shadow of misfortune had ever rested upon it, hiding each sunny spot that might have cheered him on his way; but for the gentle Effie, who he well knew would mourn his loss with increased sorrow, he could have wept in bitterest anguish and despair.

Still, Ernest Villiers was not a man to sit quietly down and sigh over his ill-fortune, without attempting to retrieve it.

He was naturally quick in his perceptions, and sharp-sighted as a lynx when danger threatened; and now his faculties were in active operation.

"Come here, steward," said Ernest, in a low whisper; "is there any way that I can manage to escape from this vessel?"

"No!" exclaimed the steward, hastily. "Can you swim?"

"And swim for it you shall!" said the hoarse voice of Vinall, who had stolen into the cabin unperceived, through a little door in the bulkhead, and had overheard all that passed. "I had intended to have spared you until dark, but as you have chosen to tamper with the steward you must e'en take the consequences. As for him, he shall go to perdition at the same time."

Ring a bell, in an instant the cabin was filled with a gang of armed ruffians, headed by the mate—a powerful man.

"Seize upon these two fellows," said Vinall, in a low, stern tone, pointing to our hero and the trembling steward; "cast them into the sea! Away with them!"

Ernest Villiers and his companion in misery struggled with their doom, but it was all in vain. The herculean villains who manned, or rather demoned the craft, quickly overpowered the poor victims, and they were hurled over the bulwarks with as little remorse as if they had been but inanimate objects.

The steward was quickly drowned.

As for our hero, Fortune seemed to have taken him into her keeping, for, as he rose to the surface of the cold, green waters, and caught his breath, in grasping about for something to sustain himself upon the surface, he caught hold of a grating that had by some means got shoved overboard from the schooner during the *mélée* which ended in his ejection from the vessel; and to this frail support he clung with all the tenacity of one who is determined to preserve his life as long as possible.

The schooner, under a press of canvas, was rapidly receding from him, and Ernest looked about him, as he rose to the crest of a billow, in order to ascertain if there was any prospect of his salvation.

A large Federal sloop of war that had been cruising on the British coasts, had sailed a short time after the schooner had taken her departure—not with the intention of overhauling the schooner, for her real character was unsuspected; but being now bound to a different station, it so chanced that she left the harbour about two hours after the schooner, and, unknown to Vinall, was close in his wake, for she sailed much faster than his vessel.

Twilight had begun to settle down over the face of the waters ere the man-of-war came up with Ernest, who was clinging to the grating with all his strength, and as soon as he caught a glimpse of her, he shouted with all his might.

The cry was heard, and in a few moments the sloop had backed her main topsail, lowered a boat, and brought our hero safely on board.

Villiers, at his own request, was immediately shown into the cabin, and without delay acquainted the commander with all that had transpired.

The captain listened with astonishment, for he could hardly credit the statement; but determined, nevertheless, to pursue the schooner, and overhaul her, if possible.

Accordingly, all sail was at once made upon the ship, and under a perfect cloud of canvas she glided

rapidly onward in pursuit of the schooner, whose white wings could just be discerned through the gathering darkness, rising and falling on the heaving bosom of the ocean, and looking like some diminutive sea-bird, away on the very rim of the horizon where the sky and water met.

The schooner was crowded with canvas, showing that those on board her were well aware of the class of vessel in pursuit; but it was no easy matter to escape from so swift a vessel as was the sloop-of-war.

Slowly but steadily did she continue to gain upon the craft, and before daylight had her within range of her heavy thirty-two pounders.

Vinall, perceiving that it would be utterly hopeless to attempt to escape by flight, boldly backed his main-top-sail (for she was a fore and main-top-sail schooner), and with the hardihood of desperation, resolved to sell his life and the lives of his crew as dearly as possible.

But what could he reasonably expect to accomplish against so powerful an assailant?

As the sloop-of-war came down abreast of the schooner, and received her broadside, it is true, she was a little crippled in her rigging and spars, and lost four or five men; but when she opened her batteries, in less than ten minutes the schooner was a complete wreck, and more than three-quarters of her crew were destroyed by the discharge of grape and canister that had been poured into her.

Among the first to fall was Vinall himself, who, while standing upon the nettings, cheering on his men, was cut in two by a twenty-four pound shot, and sunk a bleeding mass upon the slippery deck. The schooner immediately surrendered, and an armed boat's crew from the man-of-war now took possession of the prize.

And now the strangest part of the story remains to be told. When Mr. Atherton learned that the blockade-runner, in which he had so deep an interest, had been captured, struck by the terrors of a guilty conscience, he became like one insane. Imagining that Vinall would be certain to expose him as an accomplice, and that he should be condemned to public disgrace and ruin, he sent for a lawyer in great haste, and made a will, leaving his entire fortune to his daughter Effie, then walked down to one of the wharves, and deliberately threw himself into the water!

The tide being at the ebb, his body was borne out to sea, and was found several days after cast ashore on a remote part of the coast, so bloated and disfigured that nobody could recognize it. After the usual legal proceedings had been gone through, some humble fishermen carried to a lowly and obscure grave all that remained of the once haughty and wealthy William Atherton.

And Effie: she still resides in the old mansion; but Effie has a husband now.

Sometimes upon a sunny summer afternoon, she may be seen walking, hanging upon the arm of a gentleman; and more than one has had the temerity to say that the gentleman in question looks very much as Ernest Villiers used to look, and that, were it not for appearing so much older than he used to do, they would almost swear that it was really him.

N. A. C.

**NOBLE CONDUCT.**—We have again to record the noble conduct of a midshipman of the *Galatea*, Mr. Gataker, who jumped overboard without hesitation, although the ship was going six knots through the water, in the attempt to save the life of a seaman. This young gentleman is only eighteen years of age, and he jumped from the quarter-boat, twenty-five feet above the water.

**LEAVES OF ABSENCE.—CIRCULAR.**—Admiralty, Feb. 1, 1864.—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, being desirous that one general system should be adopted with regard to the leave of absence to be given to the crews of her Majesty's ships, are pleased to direct that the following shall be observed:—There are to be three classes of liberty men: 1st. Special leave men; 2nd. Privileged leave men; 3rd. General leave men.—First Class. Special leave men are to consist of men of all ratings who have never broken their leave, and who have always returned punctually to their ships, fit for duty, and who have not otherwise committed themselves. Whenever leaves are given to officers, the men of this class are to be allowed the same indulgence, if the service will admit of it; but when once a man has forfeited the privilege, it is not to be restored to him until after twelve months of subsequent good conduct. Men belonging to the second class, or privileged leave men, if natives of the place where leave is given, are to be considered as special leave men.—Second Class. Privileged leave men are to consist of men of good character who have generally returned from their leave with punctuality, and fit for duty. Leave is to be granted to men of this class when it can conveniently be done. If a "privi-

leged leave man" breaks his leave or returns on board his ship unfit for duty, he will cease to be considered as and become "a general leave man," until after a period of six months he shall again have established for himself a character for regularity in returning to his leave, and in coming off sober, when he is to be restored to the privileged leave list. No man in the second class for conduct is to be a privileged leave man.—Third Class, General leave men will consist of such of the ship's companies as are not included in the two foregoing classes.—By command of their lordships, —C. PAGER.

### GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

We had not been drawn by the sheriff—were not, legally, a jury—there had been no formal submission of a case for our decision. But we were a tribunal for all that, and had a neighbour on trial. He was not present, of course: before such tribunals the accused is never summoned to appear, either in person or by counsel. He is tried, and condemned or acquitted without a hearing.

The case under consideration was a serious one, involving the crime of wife-murder.

A woman, beloved of all who knew her, had slowly faded and wasted in our eyes, until like a withered autumn leaf, she dropped to the river of death, and floated from our sight. Her husband had exhibited an almost unmanly sorrow at the grave; and so drawn toward himself a more than usual degree of observation.

We were talking, sadly, of our departed friend: of her virtues, her graces, her sweetness of temper, her devotion to all duties, and patient self-denial, when one referred to her husband, saying:

"I do not wonder that his heart is nearly broken. I shall never forget that burial scene, as long as I live."

To this there came an impatient reply:

"It was all a sham!"

There followed startled looks and a rapid exchange of meaning glances. The last speaker added:

"Or, if the emotion were real, it sprang from remorse, not sorrow."

Immediately the jury was formed, involuntarily and without regard to the legal number. Witnesses came, unsummoned, into the box.

"It is a clear case of wife-murder," said one, speaking out boldly. "I knew Mary Green well. We were friends at school. I was her bridesmaid, and have been intimate with her ever since her marriage; and my testimony is that, if her husband had treated her with considerate kindness, she would have been alive to-day. But he was selfish, exacting, mean, and unsympathising. He not only permitted her to take up burdens too heavy for her strength, but cruelly added to these burdens; and when, weary to faintness, she stumbled by the way, or uttered a complaint, he gave her frowns instead of smiles. I know! I have seen it all! And I bear my testimony against him. For years she has been fading and failing; yet, he gave her no respite. She was simply the slave of his convenience; and he exacted service to the last iota."

"Mr. Green is an honourable and a just man," spoke out a witness in his favour, as this accuser ceased. "I have had good opportunities of knowing him—have seen his integrity put to trial."

"Have you seen him in his home?" was queried.

"No."

"It is of his home life that we are speaking."

A pause followed.

"A man," continued the last speaker, "may be upright in his dealings with men; may be just to the last farthing; may not depart from integrity when sorely tempted—and yet be a miserable tyrant at home. Now, I have observed Mr. Green in his family, and can testify that he was not a considerate and loving husband—that his conduct towards his wife was bad."

"In what respect?" queried one. "Was he ill-natured?—passionate?—abusive?—neglectful? How was his conduct bad?"

"He was neglectful, for one thing," answered the other. "Now, every true woman knows that neglect and indifference are, in certain cases, as sure to destroy life as a slow working poison."

"Did he neglect her? I never imagined that."

"Not as some men neglect their wives. There was nothing of that coarse, brutal indifference that we sometimes see; but still, neglect. She was too much out of his thought. He treated her as if she were of no account beyond the sphere of household and maternal duty; as if she were only a useful piece of machinery, working for his comfort, feeling nothing and desiring nothing. Did you ever see them together at a place of public amusement?"

None answered in the affirmative.

"I have seen him often at the theatre and opera, but rarely in company with his wife. He did not go

alone. He was always in attendance on some lady; usually a relative or friend visiting in his family."

"I can speak to the point on that head," remarked another, coming in with her testimony, and manifesting considerable warmth of feeling. "I have spent days at a time with Mrs. Green. We were friends of long standing; and I loved her dearly. It was just as you have heard. Mr. Green never seemed to imagine that his wife needed change, recreation, and amusement like other people. Once, while I was staying with the family; the wife of Mr. Green's cousin, made them a visit. She was a handsome, lively, companionable woman, who had left three children and husband at home to the care of domestics, while she enjoyed herself for a few weeks. Mr. Green gave up all his leisure to her entertainment, drove her out to see all the notable places, and took her to the theatre as often as two or three times in the week."

"Won't Mrs. Green go with us?" inquired the cousin when the first drive out was proposed.

"Oh, no, you needn't ask her. She never goes anywhere," replied Mr. Green, before his wife had time to answer.

"I looked at Mrs. Green. She smiled faintly, and said, in her quiet, patient way:

"I'm very much occupied this afternoon."

"She's always occupied!" remarked Mr. Green. I did not make out whether he meant apology or sarcasm. But there was no mistaking the indifference of his manner.

"I looked from the fresh, healthy countenance and bright eyes of the cousin, to the thin, pale face and languid eyes of his wife, and my heart grew angry. For her, change, fresh air, and the exhilaration of a ride were as necessary to health and life as food; and he had not even asked her to accompany them—nay, when the cousin inquired if she were not going, he had been in haste to answer for her in the negative."

"I did not ride out with Mr. Green and his cousin, though the compliment of an invitation was extended. Mrs. Green put on a faint show of satisfaction at the enjoyment her relative was to have; but, after they were gone, I saw tears in her eyes, and noticed a change in her manner. Her face was paler, and there was an expression about her mouth that I did not clearly understand; but it was indicative of mental pain."

"Are you not well?" I asked. She had laid her head down, suddenly, on a small work-table by which she was sewing. She did not answer immediately. When she did reply, I perceived that her voice was disturbed;

"My head aches badly."

"How long has it been aching?" I inquired.

"For half-an-hour or so."

"You should have ridden out," I said. But she made no response. A little while afterward I saw her shiver.

"Putting one of my hands on hers, I was chilled by its coldness. The touch made me shiver again. She was in a nervous chill."

"Through a little persuasion, I got her into bed, and put hot water to her feet. In the course of half-an-hour she was better; but the head-ache remained."

"Mr. Green and the cousin came back from their ride with every evidence of having enjoyed themselves. Beth were in high spirits."

"I wondered, as I looked at the cousin's bright, healthy face, and then at Mrs. Green's shadowy countenance—so pale and thin—if her husband did not take note of the difference—if there was no tenderness and compassion in his heart—if he did not see that she was drifting away from him—"

"Pushed away, rather!" spoke out one of the company, sharply. "Pushed out upon the river of death as a boat is thrust from the shore!"

"I accept your better figure of speech," said the other. "Yes, the hand that should have held her to the shore thrust her out upon the dark river, and we who loved her have lost her."

"May it not have been her own fault," was now suggested. "You know some women bury themselves amid their household and motherly cares, and resist all their husband's efforts to draw them out into society. They shut themselves away from the bright sun and fresh health-giving air—away from social life, and droop and fade, self-immolated, in their homes. A husband is not responsible, and should not be blamed for this."

"If our sweet friend who has left us," such was the reply, "had possessed a colder heart, and been less loyal to duty, she might have been alive to-day. But she had a mind of exceedingly delicate organization, and was hurt by touches that would fall lightly as a feather upon most hearts. Mr. Green ought to have known this. She was his wife—a true, devoted, faithful wife! If she was so buried in home-duties that she failed for lack of sunshine and air, the fault was his. Mr. Green is a close man, as we say—a saving, money-loving man. He was liberal to him-

self, but never to his wife. If expenditure was for his appetite, pleasure, or convenience, there was no stint; if for his wife, or general household use, he doled it out with a niggardly hand. He was perpetually descanting on the waste of servants, the cost of living, the ruinous increase of price in everything. The consequence was that Mrs. Green, who felt that his homilies were for her ears, and meant as a rebuke to her extravagancies, worked beyond her strength. She had neither time nor heart to go out. A domestic slave—a household drudge—an imprisoned nurse—with a husband for master and driver; and she a woman of the finest mental organization, and a heart thirsting for love, and that tender consideration so sweet to the soul—is it any wonder that she died? I marvel, knowing her as I did, that she lived so long."

Other evidence bearing on the case was given, all going to show that Mr. Green, through years of petty home-exactions, indifference, and neglect, had been the cause of his wife's early death.

Daily he saw her bearing burdens beyond a woman's strength; daily her cheeks grew whiter. Her flesh wasted, her eyes became heavier, her steps feebler, her lips and voice sadder; and yet the cruel tyrant never relented, never relaxed, until the silver chord was loosened and the golden bowl broken at the fountain!

The testimony, given in some cases with a painful detail of circumstances, was overwhelming, and the verdict, rendered without a dissenting voice, was "Guilty." That is, guilty of wife-murder.

So far as the evidence is before the reader, he can make his own decision, and say Guilty or Not Guilty according to his estimate of the case.

If he be a husband with a pale-faced, stay-at-home, over-worked, wife, he will find, in what we have recorded, a hint for his future government that, if observed, may put off for many years the day of sorrow and bereavement. J. S. A.

**THE SUNDERLAND SHIPWRIGHTS.**—The shipwrights of Sunderland have got a large increase of wages. In one small yard the rise will make a difference of £1,000 to the builder before he completes the ship which he is building under contract.

**BLACKBALLING AT BROOKES'S.**—The *Manchester Examiner* gives a curious bit of London gossip. The two sons of Baron Lionel Rothschild, though proposed by Earl Russell and Lord Granville, were within the month both blackballed at Brookes's.

**ENGLISH CHAPELS IN BERLIN.**—Berlin will soon possess no less than three English chapels. Two are being erected simultaneously at this moment—one at the "Anhalt Communication," the other near the Victoria-street. The chapel in the Monthijon Palace will likewise be continued.

**SURE CURRENCY.**—In Idaho nothing goes as a circulating medium but gold dust. Every man carries his little buckskin pouch, and, no matter what his purchase is, he pays for it in the precious legal tender of the realm, which is weighed out on scales kept for the purpose, whether the article bought be a cigar, a horn of whiskey, or something of more utility and value.

**A PEST.**—Slugs are said to have invaded Australia in hosts. A professed eye-witness says he saw them moving by millions, in a compact body, stripping the country, marching about a mile and a half a day, and clearing a breadth of half a mile in their line of march. The Australian shepherds were looking for help to the grasshopper-bird, hoping he might change his diet, for a time, to slugs, especially as grasshoppers are scarce.

**THE FIRST JEWISH SERJEANT-AT-LAW.**—Among the recent promotions at the English bar we find the name of a Jewish gentleman, John Simon, Esq., of the Middle Temple, who, according to the *London Gazette*, has been called to the degree of Serjeant-at-law. The learned gentleman, we understand, went through the ancient ceremony of receiving the "coif" (the insignia of his rank) from the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords, on Thursday, the 11th ult. Mr. Serjeant Simon is the first Jewish member of the English bar who has attained this rank.

**CALIFORNIAN SHERRY AND MADEIRA.**—Angelica port and champagne wines are now extensively made in California. At Los Angeles there are extensive manufactories of sherry and Madeira. A large and almost air-tight apartment, heated to a temperature of 100 deg. Fahrenheit, is nearly filled with casks of common white wine from seventy-five to a hundred days. While there the wine is continually pumped from one cask to another, and during this process the wine gives off immense volumes of inflammable gas, loses in bulk, and totally changes in character, body, colour, flavour, and bouquet. A difference in the time in which the wine is kept in the apartment converts it into sherry or Madeira.



[CICELY EXHAUSTED AND DESPAIRING IN THE CHURCHYARD.]

## A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

By VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

Author of "The Queen of Night," "In Spite of the World," &c.

### CHAPTER LXIV.

And hope once more was in her breast.  
Yes, hope—sweet hope her heart renewed,  
And fearful though the things she viewed,  
Not once through terror did she rest.

Anon.

THERE appeared, as I have said, no outlet to the room in which Cicely Crowe was immured.

In the dark chasm which opened before her when she pressed the brass knob in the wall there seemed no staircase or means of exit whatever.

Did the person who wrote the mysterious note desire to destroy her?

The tone of it precluded the idea.

And then again it appeared certain that this was the only method by which the attendant who brought her meals could enter.

She crouched low on the floor and glanced down. Her eyes had deceived her.

What she had thought to be an abyss of darkness was merely a landing surmounted by a black door.

When she had become accustomed to the dim light, she observed a handle.

Turning this, she pushed it open, and found herself at the top of a flight of steps.

Hastily closing both the doors of communication, she hurried down the steps and was soon among the cloisters.

Dark and gloomy enough they appeared, but yet not dark enough.

In the twilight she ran the risk of being discovered.

Where should she hide?

After tremblingly glancing around her, she saw beneath one of the archways a door; and, resolving to enter here at all hazards, she tried to push it open.

It yielded to her touch.

But the sight which met her eyes was one which would have appalled any person engaged in a less important enterprise.

Heaps of bones lay around.

Bones of every shape and size.

Here a skull—here an arm—here a thigh-bone—here a rib.

Such a place would scarcely have been selected by any one under any circumstances; and running from a

fearful peril as she was, Cicely felt a creeping horror in her limbs, and retreated.

But, then, was not her danger great.

Was she not alone in the house—alone as regarded friends?

Would she not in a few hours receive a visit from one who now claimed to be her husband, and who was aided by unprincipled men?

Would she not by returning to that room, or showing herself in the cloisters where she might be dragged back, be sacrificing for ever her hopes of happiness?

The sound of approaching footsteps determined her.

She entered hastily.

The only fastening to the door was a hasp for a padlock, but the padlock had long ago been taken away.

Seizing one of the small bones, she hastily placed it in the hasp, and concealed herself by crouching behind a huge heap of bones.

But the sound died away in the distance, and no one came.

Then a new idea struck her.

As the fastening of the padlock was inside, there must be some other outlet, as no one would willingly immure himself in such a place of death.

Eagerly therefore she sought round the damp and dingy vault.

No sign of any door was visible, and a long and weary search ended in her being compelled to sit down, breathless and discomfited, upon the stones.

A gloomy afternoon had passed into grey twilight, the grey twilight had passed into a dark night when Cicely, trembling with the cold, and tormented too by the pangs of a hunger she could not appease, heard angry voices without.

They were the voices of Reginald Conyers and Benedik Bently.

The thought immediately occurred to her that as the door was closed before, and there was no visible mode of egress, the fact of the entrance being now shut might excite suspicion in their minds.

Quickly then she arose, rushed to the door, and took out the piece of bone.

Then she regained her corner.

The voices became more distinct.

"How she can have fled," said Reginald as he halted near the door, "is a mystery. She cannot have found the brass knob, and the window was unopened."

"Have you searched both rooms well?" asked Bently.

Reginald replied impatiently:

"Yes—yes, there is not a corner in either chamber I have not ransacked. She must be out here somewhere."

Bently laughed drily.

"Perhaps she's in the bone-house," he said; "let's go in."

"No, it is not likely she's there! the sight of these hideous relics would alarm her."

"Not in such a case as this," returned Bently; "She's evidently resolute against having anything to do with you, and would, I think, gladly accept death, if she had to choose between it and you."

Reginald took no notice of the bad compliment thus paid him.

"Come," he said, "we will begin with the bone-house, as it is the first of the vaults. We can close them up as we proceed, and thus make sure of her."

"Close them up!"

What words of horror were these!

Words implying nothing less than a long, lingering—terrible death by starvation.

Death—but a few feet under ground, beneath the hum and busy life of the world.

Death—when those who loved her were seeking her, and might walk unheeding over her living tomb.

Death—just as life was young and hopes were brightest.

They approached.

She feared no longer the dead, but the living.

Down over her, therefore, she dragged the huge pile of bones, until they covered her everywhere, and the relics of mortality touched her very lips.

The first horror gone, they alarmed her no longer.

Poor remnants of lives long lost! Why should she fear them?

The hearts which had once beaten within those frames—what had they not suffered, what anguish had they not endured before they shuffled off this mortal coil and fled away to other realms of existence?

The two men of crime entered.

Between them now there was little to choose.

The character of Reginald Conyers had strangely changed.

A few months—a few weeks before, he had paused on the brink of perjury; he would scarcely now have paused on the brink of murder.

Misfortunes of all kinds had changed his habits and his mind, and, strengthened in his evil thoughts by the bad example of his mother, he was resolved to be stayed by nothing.

So the two men—equal in crime as they were almost in misfortunes—entered the vault.

In his hand Bently held a lantern.

The bright light from the bull's-eye flashed hither and thither, over the dark and murky walls, like a jack-o'-lantern, showing here a furrow made by decay in the old walls—here a brick displaced—here a skull grinning alone in a corner—here a skeleton lying in grim silence on the oozy and uneven ground.

Benedik Bently laughed coarsely.  
"This is a pleasant spot for a young lady to hide in," he cried. "I doubt very much if our bird is caged here."

Reginald shuddered.

New to such scenes—less hardened than his companion, he felt a terrible dread as his eyes fell on the relics of decayed mortality, and never for one moment would the thought have entered his mind that the girl he had so outraged would have concealed herself beneath those grinning skulls to avoid him.

"You are right," he said, shivering; "you are right. Cicely would never hide in such a place as this. Come away."

Benedik drew him back as he was moving off.

"We are less likely to be overheard here than elsewhere," he said. "Stay one moment, while I ask you one or two questions. Depend on it, those skeletons of which you seem so much afraid will not resume their flesh and attack you."

"Speak on," returned the young man, impatiently. "You speak your own thoughts—not mine—when you talk of fear."

"In the first place then," resumed Bently, "what about this parson?"

"I do not understand you."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Leave him here."

"He will die."

"Not he—he will discover some means of escape."

Bently shook his head.

"I'm not at all sure of that," he said; "and what is more, I don't see the use of unnecessary murder. I don't like strong measures, as you know. You'd better let the old man go."

"And betray us to the police! You are certainly a good counsellor."

"No—no—make some compact with him—make him register some promise as a prelude to his escape."

Reginald thought a moment.

"I have a plan," he said. "We will remain here to-morrow, in order to search for this girl in the light. If we do not find her, I must give up the search and depart for France, for I am quite sure those queer-looking men we saw scrutinizing the house to-day are after me. Do you not think so?"

"Yes. But the parson—what is your plan respecting him?"

"To-morrow evening, just before we go, I will slip beneath his door the key of his room. He will find it in the morning, and by that time we can be beyond his reach."

"You will be."

"And you also. Do you not intend to fly with me to France?"

"I do not know. I am not sure it is necessary."

"When you came down that day to secure this old house, whom did you see?"

"Only the agent. He certainly stared at me in surprise when he heard my business, but I was so well disguised that I should not fear detection."

"In that case you can safely remain in England, if you choose; but come, let us be moving. While we remain here, the girl may escape. Let me but find her now," he added, with a muttered curse, "and she will have but a sorry wooing of it."

They then quitted the vault, and secured the door without by fastening the bolts.

Cicely's heart sank within her.

"Heaven help me!" she said, as she disengaged herself from the skeletons and emerged from her terrible hiding-place; "Heaven help me, and guide me from this place!"

There was, indeed, but a dreary prospect before her.

On one side starvation—on the other the love of Reginald Conyers.

Of these two she preferred greatly the former.

#### CHAPTER LXV.

*Lady.*—Who art thou, maiden?

*Leonora.*

But prithee list, lest some one hear our counsels. Life is before you: but to me who stay Death if thy flight they learn.

*Renfree.*

ANOTHER day passed.

On the night following the evening of her escape, Cicely, wearied and faint, fell asleep.

She awoke in the morning, racked with the terrible torments of a fierce hunger, to find not far from her side a jug of milk and a piece of bread.

Some one, then, had discovered her hiding-place.

Whether it was friend or foe she could not tell, but certainly it seemed unlikely to be the latter.

Any companion or parasite of Reginald Conyers would have dragged her forth into the light of day to a doom more terrible to her than death.

After satisfying the cravings of her appetite, she rose and approached the door.

It was still fastened, and the bone she had replaced before retreating to rest had not been touched.

There was a mystery here.

There seemed no outlet; and yet some one had not only seen her but had entered and supplied her with food.

But the very mystery seemed to console her.

The same unaccountable secrecy had hovered over her dwelling in the old house, and the very secret which confined her as in a prison had afforded her a means of escape.

So, as I have said, another day had passed away.

Night once more veiled everything, and deeply veiled it too.

Cicely could see the light through the chinks of the door, and so, as evening closed over her, she knew it by the fading away of even the muffled light within her dismal cell.

During the day, and more especially the afternoon, she had heard voices without, and among them she seemed to recognize the voice of Reginald Conyers.

In the old house, too, there were murmuring sounds as of people hurrying to and fro; and discussions in angry tones.

But as night closed in, there was a lull over everything; and the place appeared to be deserted.

It was about nine o'clock, and Cicely was in that state of dreamy reverie that she might almost have imagined herself to be asleep, when she heard a noise above her head which caused her to start and look up.

It was difficult indeed to distinguish objects in the darkness; but as far as she could tell, it seemed to her that a face was peering down at her through the muffled light.

Suddenly a swinging lamp of peculiar construction was let down to the ground by a string.

Then a figure dropped to the earth through a hole in the ceiling.

It was a girl of some fourteen years of age, spare and thin, and dressed as one would dress a child of six.

A long pinafore, close up to her chin, effectually precluded any idea of figure, while her hair, which appeared never to have been combed since she was born, hung in matted masses over her forehead.

Her face, when she first entered the vault, was as serious as that of a judge about to pass sentence of death upon a prisoner.

When, however, she was fairly down, she executed a kind of comic dumb-show.

She gathered together a pile of skulls and bones, so as to form a sort of seat, and squatting on this, she gazed for some minutes at the prisoner in silent seriousness.

Then something in the situation seemed to strike her as excessively ludicrous, and throwing herself back, she held her sides, and burst into a loud laugh.

Observing, after a moment, that Cicely remained still gazing at her in wonder, she exclaimed:

"Well, here I am!"

Then she burst out into a loud laugh again.

In spite of the circumstances, Cicely could not refrain from laughing.

The new-comer had indeed a most ludicrous appearance.

Her eyes were blue and quite round, her hair was red, her cheeks full, and quite out of proportion to her thin and spare figure.

"Here I am!" cried the girl again.

"Well," said Cicely, "and why are you here?"

"I'm come to talk to you."

"I hope you have come to save me!"

"Maybe that, though I'm queer-like while I'm here. Can you scramble up into that hole?"

Cicely looked up.

The hole was in the ceiling.

She observed, however, that there was a rope depending.

"Yes," she said, "I think I could climb up."

The girl grinned.

"Well," she answered, "you can take your time!"

"Why?"

"They're gone."

"Who?"

"All of 'em."

"Is the clergyman also gone?"

"Who's he?"

"The one who performed the ceremony of marriage."

The girl grinned.

"I don't know what ye mean," she said; "it hain't no good your talking to me. You'd better be quick up there, and bolt—that's my private advice."

The girl's curious style of wit amused Cicely.

She rose readily.

"How am I to escape?" she said.

"Follow me," cried the girl.

So saying, she clambered up the rope, and in a moment her face appeared grinning at the opening.

"Come on!" she said, as she held the lamp so as to enable Cicely to follow her; "there hain't no time to lose; they may be on the look-out, so climb up quick."

Cicely, with great difficulty, clambered up the rope, and squeezed herself through the narrow opening.

Then she rose to look around her.

It was a strange place in which she found herself—the interior of an ancient church.

Around her, jagged and decaying, were the walls of some edifice in which at one time hymns of praise had risen to heaven.

Above her the eternal skies, forming for a time its roof, smiled down as it were upon the relics of man's frail creation.

And the still night air told her of the liberty she inhaled with every breath.

On the cold stores then she knelt and prayed earnestly.

The strange girl looked on meanwhile with curious wonderment.

At length Cicely rose, saying:

"What is your name?"

She took her hand as she spoke.

The girl turned away her head, as if unused to kindness.

"Rebecca," she said.

"Who are your parents?"

"Ain't got none."

"Are they dead, then?"

The girl rubbed her elbows, and looked very demure.

"There, it ain't no use your talking to me," she said. "I told you so before. Talking and axing of me questions ain't what I bargained for. All I knows is you're here, and don't ought to be. So come on, and I'll show you the way to the parson's house."

The girl then turned round, as if to ascertain that Cicely would follow her, and walked straight towards the church porch.

"You wrote me that letter, I suppose?" said Cicely.

The girl grinned audibly.

"Well, I did. See that gate there—leads you into the road; straight afore ye a second lane on the left—third house, Mr. Pellue's. Good-night, God bless you!"

Cicely caught her by the arm as she was making off.

"Stay!" she cried. "I can't reward you now, because I have not a farthing with me. Give me your address, and I will not forget you."

The girl rubbed her elbow more vigorously than ever.

"Tain't likely I can give you an address," she said. "I'm here, there, and everywhere. All I want of you is that you will say sometimes to yourself when you're in trouble, 'Well, Rebecca helped me out of a scrape once—I wish she was here now.'"

Cicely put her arm around the girl's neck, and kissed her.

The girl could withstand her no longer.

The great tears stood in her eyes, and she sat down crouching beneath the ruined porch.

In spite of the danger which, of course, attended her remaining longer in this spot, Cicely could not leave her in this plight.

She stooped down.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

The girl looked up and smiled.

"I'm enjoying that kiss!" she said.

"Enjoying it? Why, you're crying!"

"Yes, dear lady!" cried the girl in quite an altered tone; "but I remember only one other kiss like that, and that was the one my mother gave me before she died."

There was silence for a moment.

At length Cicely remembered what in the selfishness of joy at her escape she had forgotten.

"Where is Mr. Pellue?" she asked.

"Oh, he's gone."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, he's not in his room."

"Good-night, then," said Cicely, and turned to go.

She had not proceeded fifty yards before she heard pattering footsteps behind her.

She turned round in alarm.

It was only Rebecca.

"Well, I don't care if I do tell you where I live," she said, "or rather where you can send to me, 'cos I should like to see you again. Nime Cottage, Overton. Good-night."

And off she started once more.

"A strange, wild, good creature!" murmured Cicely, as she once more set out for the parson's house.

## CHAPTER LXVI

Houseless and homeless  
Onward she fled;  
Till on the grassy mounds  
Found she her bed.  
Oh! how her heart was rent  
As on her way she went—  
Fears in her bosom pent—  
Oh! how it bled.

The Tale of Woe.

MR. PELLUE's establishment was situated about half a mile beyond the old ruin which Reginald Conyers had rented.

"The Ruins," as the place was called in the neighbourhood, had not been inhabited for years, and when Benedik Bently came down from London suddenly to make an offer for the lease, it was at once accepted.

The edifice had originally been a Catholic church, and the house adjoining it had been set aside for the residence of the priests.

Both, however, had been nearly destroyed by fire, and had never been restored.

Benedik Bently pretended to take a great liking to the place, and expressed a determination to rebuild the house and pull down the ruins of the church.

It may be imagined, therefore, how gladly his deposit of money was received by one who had deemed it quite beyond the range of possibility that any person could be induced to inhabit such a spot.

Mr. Pellue, as I have said, resided about half a mile from the Ruins.

He was a family man, and under the thumb of his wife.

What Mrs. Pellue said was right, and had to be done, no matter how much it affected Mr. Pellue in purse or feelings.

Equally, it may be imagined that what Mrs. Pellue did not like, Mr. Pellue dared not do.

When, therefore, Cicely arrived at the door of the rectory, she was ushered at once into the presence of Mrs. Pellue, who sat be-ringed and be-ringed in her arm-chair, which, for want of a better, was her throne.

She surveyed with much apparent mental disturbance the dust-begrimed aspect of Cicely Crowe.

"Who are you?" she asked.

Cicely told her story.

Mrs. Pellue eyed her superciliously.

Such was her rule.

She delighted in saying that she was a check on Mr. Pellue's rash charity.

When Cicely had finished, she waited a moment.

"And do you expect me to believe this most extraordinary story?" she said at length.

Cicely flushed.

"Certainly," she said with quiet dignity, "I claim your belief."

Mrs. Pellue smiled.

"Mr. Pellue," she answered, "has just left for London. He would certainly have mentioned this case to me if it had been a deserving one. I must beg you, therefore, to excuse me if I decline to have anything to say in the matter."

Faint and weary Cicely turned from the door.

What could it mean?

Had the clergyman who had seemed so kind to her, deserted her at the last moment?

What was she to do?

She had not a penny, not an idea of the road, not a conception of the distance she would be compelled to traverse before she reached Thornton.

Nevertheless, weary as she was, and dark as was the night, she resolved to make inquiries at the nearest house, and commence her journey at once.

She heard steps approaching, and fearing every one now, she turned round in alarm.

It was a woman with a baby slung at her back.

Cicely waited for her to come up.

"Which is the way to Thornton?" she asked.

The woman gazed at her in wonder.

"Thornton, miss, did you say?"

"Yes, Thornton in—shire."

"Well, Miss, you're coming straight away from it; but it's near fifty miles. You can't be going to walk it?"

Cicely smiled sadly.

"Yes, indeed I am; I'm obliged to do so. I've no money, no friends here, and until I get to Thornton I have little hope of getting either."

"I'm coming part of the way," said the woman, "I will put you in the road."

So they plodded on together.

She need not have blamed Mr. Pellue for anything that had happened.

Shortly before evening Reginald Conyers and Benedik Bently were in earnest conversation in the room next that in which he was imprisoned, and through the thin partition he could hear all they said.

"There is no doubt," said Reginald in a tone of vexation, "that the girl has, somehow or other, escaped."

"Certainly she is gone," returned Bently, "that

girl, Conyers, was never meant for you. She has escaped you in every way. It has always been your fault, however, for you have had her in your power half a dozen times."

"I'm not such a villain as you are," said Reginald, "therefore, I took no advantage of my opportunities. However, the girl is no doubt at Thornton by this time: and I must give her up. After all that has happened, I think the sooner I quit England the better."

"I think so too. Where do you propose going?"

"To Paris."

"Shall you meet your mother there?"

"No: she is in London still, scheming incessantly. She will ruin herself and every one connected with her soon, by her mad determination to have revenge on those she calls her enemies."

"Shall you join her?"

"Yes: I will go to her, and try to persuade her to come with me. I feel something like gratitude towards her, because all her faults are attributable to her love for me, all her sins were committed for my sake. And yet this gratitude is mingled with a kind of annoyance and resentment: for if she had not dragged me into that court, my father would never have insisted upon my leaving the country."

There was silence for a moment.

Then Reginald said impatiently:

"Surely the trunk is corded sufficiently strongly now. Go and do as we have arranged."

They had no conception that the clergyman could hear what they said.

He heard all.

He heard too, a stealthy step creeping along the passage and stopping before his door.

A chill pervaded his form.

What did this mean?

Did they intend to murder him?

His suspense was of short duration.

There was a rustle on the floor, and then his eager eyes caught the glistening of a key.

He seized it.

"They are going away," he thought, "and are leaving me the means of escape. Heaven be praised!"

He listened again.

He heard them carry the box out. He heard their voices lessen in the distance, and then a carriage rolled away along the hard road.

Then all was still.

Only a short time he waited to be certain that he would not be discovered.

Then he unlocked the door and went out softly.

There was no need of precaution.

The house was evidently deserted: the doors were wide open—the street-door ajar: everything denoted a hurried departure.

With a heart full of gratitude for his own escape, and the signal failure of Reginald Conyers' attempt to ruin for ever the happiness of Cicely Crowe, Mr. Pellue issued from the house and made his way home.

He was satisfied, from the conversation which he had overheard between Conyers and Bently, that the young girl had escaped, and was now on her way home, if not at his house.

When, therefore, he arrived at the rectory he merely asked:

"Has any one been?"

"No one, sir," returned the servant.

Then he entered the presence of the august wife—listening calmly to her reproaches for his conduct in remaining absent a whole night ("he a minister of the gospel, too"), and then stating quietly that business of an important nature demanded his immediate presence in London.

To London, therefore, he proceeded at once, with the intention of handing over to justice, if possible, those estimable friends Benedik Bently and Reginald Conyers, and also to discover what proceedings were necessary to annul the marriage—such as it was—between Reginald and Cicely.

Meanwhile Cicely Crowe plodded on.

The woman who was with her had come many miles, and when they reached Sentwick, a little hamlet about four miles from the Ruins, she entered an ale-house to have some refreshment.

Cicely hung back.

"Why don't you come in?" said the woman.

"I've no money," returned the girl, in a low voice.

The woman laughed.

"It ain't to be supposed you have any," she said, "after going through what you've told me. Come in, and share with me what I have."

So they went on together until late at night, when they slept in a barn.

In the morning they parted.

"My husband is working at Exham," said the woman, as she left the young girl, "and I'm on the tramp to meet him. Here's a shilling, if that'll help you."

She placed it in Cicely's hand and made off before she could make any comment.

Cicely watched her along the road—watched her until she faded away and disappeared in the distance; just as she must now fade and disappear for ever from our story.

Then once more she went on her lonely way, thinking how hard the world must be, when she, innocent, and pursued by deadly hate, could find no help.

But so it was.

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Picture her to yourselves, fair readers, whose homes in these winter days are lit by the smiles of husbands, or fathers, or brothers.

Picture her to yourselves as she plodded on through starless nights, and sunless days; and then think what were the feelings of her desolate heart when she lay down to die upon that churchyard mound, beneath a black and stormy sky.

(To be continued.)

## THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

A FEW days ago a case was heard in the Divorce Court which drew from the presiding judge some very curious observations.

The plaintiff was a captain in the Indian army, and he sued for a divorce from his wife on the ground of her improper intimacy with another officer in India. It appeared that the wife had, on a former occasion, been guilty of an act of the same kind, and had acknowledged her guilt both to the plaintiff and to the plaintiff's mother. But she had been pardoned by her husband, and on the second occasion, her husband, so long as he suspected mere impropriety, again pardoned her, merely sending her out of India and the dangers of Indian society. Subsequently he considered himself to have discovered evidence showing that there was more than impropriety in her second intrigue, and he applied for a divorce.

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But the judge was not content with this, and he indulged in the composition of a most extraordinary family picture. He said that he saw no reason why the husband, having shown himself ready to pardon so much, should not take his wife back and live very happily with her. Nay, the time might come when the happy pair would look upon this interlude as a positively bright and agreeable spot in their past lives, and would chat comfortably and pleasantly over their little quarrel in the Divorce Court. "*Foram et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," said Sir James Wilde. The day, perhaps, will come when this merry pair will smile at their chequered past, and enjoy together the "Pleasures of Memory."

In perfect good faith Sir James Wilde anticipated the day when a husband would sit side by side with his wife, and positively delight in the sweet reminiscence that he had shown her before England to have lost for ever the right to appear among honest women, and, after having been once pardoned, to have indulged a second time in an intrigue with a lad half her own age, which, although not proved to have

The bright light from the bull's-eye flashed hither and thither, over the dark and murky walls, like a jack-o'-lantern, showing here a furrow made by decay in the old walls—here a brick displaced—here a skull grinning alone in a corner—here a skeleton lying in grim silence on the oozy and uneven ground.

Benedik Bently laughed coarsely.  
"This is a pleasant spot for a young lady to hide in," he cried. "I doubt very much if our bird is caged here."

Reginald shuddered.

New to such scenes—less hardened than his companion, he felt a terrible dread as his eyes fell on the relics of decayed mortality, and never for one moment would the thought have entered his mind that the girl he had so outraged would have concealed herself beneath those grinning skulls to avoid him.

"You are right," he said, shivering; "you are right. Cicely would never hide in such a place as this. Come away."

Benedik drew him back as he was moving off.

"We are less likely to be overheard here than elsewhere," he said. "Stay one moment, while I ask you one or two questions. Depend on it, those skeletons of which you seem so much afraid will not resume their flesh and attack you."

"Speak on," returned the young man, impatiently. "You speak your own thoughts—not mine—when you talk of fear."

"In the first place then," resumed Bently, "what about this parson?"

"I do not understand you."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Leave him here."

"He will die."

"Not he—he will discover some means of escape."

Bently shook his head.

"I'm not at all sure of that," he said; "and what is more, I don't see the use of unnecessary murder. I don't like strong measures, as you know. You'd better let the old man go."

"And betray us to the police! You are certainly a good counsellor."

"No—no—make some compact with him—make him register some promise as a prelude to his escape."

Reginald thought a moment.

"I have a plan," he said. "We will remain here to-morrow, in order to search for this girl in the light. If we do not find her, I must give up the search and depart for France, for I am quite sure those queer-looking men we saw scrutinizing the house to-day are after me. Do you not think so?"

"Yes. But the parson—what is your plan respecting him?"

"To-morrow evening, just before we go, I will slip beneath his door the key of his room. He will find it in the morning, and by that time we can be beyond his reach."

"You will be."

"And you also. Do you not intend to fly with me to France?"

"I do not know. I am not sure it is necessary."

"When you came down that day to secure this old house, whom did you see?"

"Only the agent. He certainly stared at me in surprise when he heard my business, but I was so well disguised that I should not fear detection."

"In that case you can safely remain in England, if you choose; but come, let us be moving. While we remain here, the girl may escape. Let me but find her now," he added, with a muttered curse, "and she will have but a sorry wooing of it."

They then quitted the vault, and secured the door without by fastening the bolts.

Cicely's heart sank within her.

"Heaven help me!" she said, as she disengaged herself from the skeletons and emerged from her terrible hiding-place; "Heaven help me, and guide me from this place!"

There was, indeed, but a dreary prospect before her.

On one side starvation—on the other the love of Reginald Conyers.

Of these two she preferred greatly the former.

#### CHAPTER LXV.

*Lady.*—Who art thou, maiden?

*Leonora.*—

I am at your service,  
But pritheest list, lest some one hear our counsels.  
Life is before you: but to me who stay  
Death if thy flight they learn. *Renfree.*

ANOTHER day passed.

On the night following the evening of her escape, Cicely, wearied and faint, fell asleep.

She awoke in the morning, racked with the terrible torments of a fierce hunger, to find not far from her side a jug of milk and a piece of bread.

Some one, then, had discovered her hiding-place.

Whether it was friend or foe she could not tell, but certainly it seemed unlikely to be the latter.

Any companion or parasite of Reginald Conyers would have dragged her forth into the light of day to a doom more terrible to her than death.

After satisfying the cravings of her appetite, she rose and approached the door.

It was still fastened, and the bone she had replaced before retiring to rest had not been touched.

There was a mystery here.

There seemed no outlet; and yet some one had not only seen her but had entered and supplied her with food.

But the very mystery seemed to console her.

The same unaccountable secrecy had hovered over her dwelling in the old house, and the very secret which confined her as in a prison had afforded her a means of escape.

So, as I have said, another day had passed away.

Night once more veiled everything, and deeply veiled it too.

Cicely could see the light through the chinks of the door, and so, as evening closed over her, she knew it by the fading away of even the muffled light within her dismal cell.

During the day, and more especially the afternoon, she had heard voices without, and among them she seemed to recognize the voice of Reginald Conyers.

In the old house, too, there were murmuring sounds as of people hurrying to and fro; and discussions in angry tones.

But as night closed in, there was a lull over everything; and the place appeared to be deserted.

It was about nine o'clock, and Cicely was in that state of dreamy reverie that she might almost have imagined herself to be asleep, when she heard a noise above her head which caused her to start and look up.

It was difficult indeed to distinguish objects in the darkness; but as far as she could tell, it seemed to her that a face was peering down at her through the muffled light.

Suddenly a swinging lamp of peculiar construction was let down to the ground by a string.

Then a figure dropped to the earth through a hole in the ceiling.

It was a girl of some fourteen years of age, spare and thin, and dressed as one would dress a child of six.

A long pinafore, close up to her chin, effectually precluded any idea of figure, while her hair, which appeared never to have been combed since she was born, hung in matted masses over her forehead.

Her face, when she first entered the vault, was as serious as that of a judge about to pass sentence of death upon a prisoner.

When, however, she was fairly down, she executed a kind of comic dumb-show.

She gathered together a pile of skulls and bones, so as to form a sort of seat, and squatting on this, she gazed for some minutes at the prisoner in silent seriousness.

Then something in the situation seemed to strike her as excessively ludicrous, and throwing herself back, she held her sides, and burst into a loud laugh.

Observing, after a moment, that Cicely remained still gazing at her in wonder, she exclaimed:

"Well, here I am!"

Then she burst out into a loud laugh again.

In spite of the circumstances, Cicely could not refrain from laughing.

The new-comer had indeed a most ludicrous appearance.

Her eyes were blue and quite round, her hair was red, her cheeks full, and quite out of proportion to her thin and spare figure.

"Here I am!" cried the girl again.

"Well," said Cicely, "and why are you here?"

"I'm come to talk to you."

"I hope you have come to save me!"

"Maybe that, though I'm queer-like while I'm here. Can you scramble up into that hole?"

Cicely looked up.

The hole was in the ceiling.

She observed, however, that there was a rope depending.

"Yes," she said, "I think I could climb up."

The girl grinned.

"Well," she answered, "you can take your time!"

"Why?"

"They're gone."

"Who?"

"All of 'em."

"Is the clergyman also gone?"

"Who's he?"

"The one who performed the ceremony of marriage."

The girl grinned.

"I don't know what ye mean," she said; "it hain't no good your talking to me. You'd better be quick up there, and bolt—that's my private advice."

The girl's curious style of wit amused Cicely.

She rose readily.

"How am I to escape?" she said.

"Follow me," cried the girl.

So saying, she clambered up the rope, and in a moment her face appeared grinning at the opening.

"Come on!" she said, as she held the lamp so as to enable Cicely to follow her; "there hain't no time to lose; they may be on the look-out, so climb up quick."

Cicely, with great difficulty, clambered up the rope, and squeezed herself through the narrow opening.

Then she rose to look around her.

It was a strange place in which she found herself—the interior of an ancient church.

Around her, jagged and decaying, were the walls of some edifice in which at one time hymns of praise had risen to heaven.

Above her the eternal skies, forming for a time its roof, smiled down as it were upon the relics of man's frail creation.

And the still night air told her of the liberty she inhaled with every breath.

On the cold stores then she knelt and prayed earnestly.

The strange girl looked on meanwhile with curious wonderment.

At length Cicely rose, saying:

"What is your name?"

She took her hand as she spoke.

The girl turned away her head, as if unused to kindness.

"Rebecca," she said.

"Who are your parents?"

"Ain't got none."

"Are they dead, then?"

The girl rubbed her elbows, and looked very demure.

"There, it ain't no use your talking to me," she said. "I told you so before. Talking and asking me questions ain't what I bargained for. All I knows is you're here, and don't ought to be. So come on, and I'll show you the way to the parson's house."

The girl then turned round, as if to ascertain that Cicely would follow her, and walked straight towards the church porch.

"You wrote me that letter, I suppose?" said Cicely.

The girl grinned audibly.

"Well, I did. See that gate there—leads you into the road; straight afore ye a second lane on the left—third house, Mr. Pellue's. Good-night, God bless you!"

Cicely caught her by the arm as she was making off.

"Stay!" she cried. "I can't reward you now, because I have not a farthing with me. Give me your address, and I will not forget you."

The girl rubbed her elbow more vigorously than ever.

"Tain't likely I can give you an address," she said. "I'm here, there, and everywhere. All I want of you is that you will say sometimes to yourself when you're in trouble, 'Well, Rebecca helped me out of a scrape once—I wish she was here now.'"

Cicely put her arm around the girl's neck, and kissed her.

The girl could withstand her no longer.

The great tears stood in her eyes, and she sat down crouching beneath the ruined porch.

In spite of the danger which, of course, attended her remaining longer in this spot, Cicely could not leave her in this plight.

She stooped down.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

The girl looked up and smiled.

"I'm enjoying that kiss!" she said.

"Enjoying it? Why, you're crying!"

"Yes, dear lady!" cried the girl in quite an altered tone; "but I remember only one other kiss like that, and that was the one my mother gave me before she died."

There was silence for a moment.

At length Cicely remembered what in the selfishness of joy at her escape she had forgotten.

"Where is Mr. Pellue?" she asked.

"Oh, he's gone."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, he's not in his room."

"Good-night, then," said Cicely, and turned to go.

She had not proceeded fifty yards before she heard pattering footsteps behind her.

She turned round in alarm.

It was only Rebecca.

"Well, I don't care if I do tell you where I live," she said, "or rather where you can send to me, 'cos I should like to see you again. Rime Cottage, Overton. Good-night."

And off she started once more.

"A strange, wild, good creature!" murmured Cicely, as she once more set out for the parson's house.

## CHAPTER LXVI

Houseless and homeless  
Onward she fled;  
Till on the grassy mounds  
Found she her bed.  
Oh! how her heart was rent  
As on her way she went—  
Fears in her bosom pent—  
Oh! how it bled.

*The Tale of Woe.*

MR. PELLUE'S establishment was situated about half a mile beyond the old ruin which Reginald Conyers had rented.

"The Ruins," as the place was called in the neighbourhood, had not been inhabited for years, and when Benedik Bently came down from London suddenly to make an offer for the lease, it was at once accepted.

The edifice had originally been a Catholic church, and the house adjoining it had been set aside for the residence of the priests.

Both, however, had been nearly destroyed by fire, and had never been restored.

Benedik Bently pretended to take a great liking to the place, and expressed a determination to rebuild the house and pull down the ruins of the church.

It may be imagined, therefore, how gladly his deposit of money was received by one who had deemed it quite beyond the range of possibility that any person could be induced to inhabit such a spot.

Mr. Pellue, as I have said, resided about half a mile from the Ruins.

He was a family man, and under the thumb of his wife.

What Mrs. Pellue said was right, and had to be done, no matter how much it affected Mr. Pellue in purse or feelings.

Equally, it may be imagined that what Mrs. Pellue did not like, Mr. Pellue dared not do.

When, therefore, Cicely arrived at the door of the rectory, she was ushered at once into the presence of Mrs. Pellue, who sat be-ringed and be-ringed in her arm-chair, which, for want of a better, was her throne.

She surveyed with much apparent mental disturbance the dust-begrimed aspect of Cicely Crowe.

"Who are you?" she asked.

Cicely told her story.

Mrs. Pellue eyed her superciliously.

Such was her rule.

She delighted in saying that she was a check on Mr. Pellue's rash charity.

When Cicely had finished, she waited a moment.

"And do you expect me to believe this most extraordinary story?" she said at length.

Cicely flushed.

"Certainly," she said with quiet dignity, "I claim your belief."

Mrs. Pellue smiled.

"Mr. Pellue," she answered, "has just left for London. He would certainly have mentioned this case to me if it had been a deserving one. I must beg you, therefore, to excuse me if I decline to have anything to say in the matter."

Faint and weary Cicely turned from the door.

What could it mean?

Had the clergyman who had seemed so kind to her, deserted her at the last moment?

What was she to do?

She had not a penny, not an idea of the road, not a conception of the distance she would be compelled to traverse before she reached Thornton.

Nevertheless, weary as she was, and dark as was the night, she resolved to make inquiries at the nearest house, and commence her journey at once.

She heard steps approaching, and fearing every one now, she turned round in alarm.

It was a woman with a baby slung at her back.

Cicely waited for her to come up.

"Which is the way to Thornton?" she asked.

The woman gazed at her in wonder.

"Thornton, miss, did you say?"

"Yes, Thornton in—shire."

"Well, Miss, you're coming straight away from it; but it's near fifty miles. You can't be going to walk it?"

Cicely smiled sadly.

"Yes, indeed I am; I'm obliged to do so. I've no money, no friends here, and until I get to Thornton I have little hope of getting either."

"I'm coming part of the way," said the woman, "I will put you in the road."

So they plodded on together.

She need not have blamed Mr. Pellue for anything that had happened.

Shortly before evening Reginald Conyers and Benedik Bently were in earnest conversation in the room next that in which he was imprisoned, and through the thin partition he could hear all they said.

"There is no doubt," said Reginald in a tone of vexation, "that the girl has, somehow or other, escaped."

"Certainly she is gone," returned Bently, "that

girl, Conyers, was never meant for you. She has escaped you in every way. It has always been your fault, however, for you have had her in your power half a dozen times."

"I'm not such a villain as you are," said Reginald, "therefore, I took no advantage of my opportunities. However, the girl is no doubt at Thornton by this time: and I must give her up. After all that has happened, I think the sooner I quit England the better."

"I think so too. Where do you propose going?"

"To Paris."

"Shall you meet your mother there?"

"No: she is in London still, scheming incessantly. She will ruin herself and every one connected with her soon, by her mad determination to have revenge on those she calls her enemies."

"Shall you join her?"

"Yes: I will go to her, and try to persuade her to come with me. I feel something like gratitude towards her, because all her faults are attributable to her love for me, all her sins were committed for my sake. And yet this gratitude is mingled with a kind of annoyance and resentment: for if she had not dragged me into that court, my father would never have insisted upon my leaving the country."

There was silence for a moment.

Then Reginald said impatiently:

"Surely the trunk is corded sufficiently strongly now. Go and do as we have arranged."

They had no conception that the clergyman could hear what they said.

He heard all.

He heard too, a stealthy step creeping along the passage and stopping before his door.

A chill pervaded his form.

What did this mean?

Did they intend to murder him?

His suspense was of short duration.

There was a rustle on the floor, and then his eager eyes caught the glistening of a key.

He seized it.

"They are going away," he thought, "and are leaving me the means of escape. Heaven be praised!"

He listened again.

He heard them carry the box out. He heard their voices lessen in the distance, and then a carriage rolled away along the hard road.

Then all was still.

Only a short time he waited to be certain that he would not be discovered.

Then he unlocked the door and went out softly.

There was no need of precaution.

The house was evidently deserted: the doors were wide open—the street-door ajar: everything denoted a hurried departure.

With a heart full of gratitude for his own escape, and the signal failure of Reginald Conyers' attempt to ruin for ever the happiness of Cicely Crowe, Mr. Pellue issued from the house and made his way home.

He was satisfied, from the conversation which he had overheard between Conyers and Bently, that the young girl had escaped, and was now on her way home, if not at his house.

When, therefore, he arrived at the rectory he merely asked:

"Has any one been?"

"No one, sir," returned the servant.

Then he entered the presence of the august wife—listening calmly to her reproaches for his conduct in remaining absent a whole night ("he a minister of the gospel, too!"), and then stating quietly that business of an important nature demanded his immediate presence in London.

To London, therefore, he proceeded at once, with the intention of handing over to justice, if possible, those estimable friends Benedik Bently and Reginald Conyers, and also to discover what proceedings were necessary to annul the marriage—such as it was—between Reginald and Cicely.

Meanwhile Cicely Crowe plodded on.

The woman who was with her had come many miles, and when they reached Sentwick, a little hamlet about four miles from the Ruins, she entered an ale-house to have some refreshment.

Cicely hung back.

"Why don't you come in?" said the woman.

"I've no money," returned the girl, in a low voice.

The woman laughed.

"It ain't to be supposed you have any," she said, "after going through what you've told me. Come in, and share with me what I have."

So they went on together until late at night, when they slept in a barn.

In the morning they parted.

"My husband is working at Exham," said the woman, as she left the young girl, "and I'm on the tramp to meet him. Here's a shilling, if that'll help you."

She placed it in Cicely's hand and made off before she could make any comment.

Cicely watched her along the road—watched her until she faded away and disappeared in the distance; just as she must now fade and disappear for ever from our story.

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In perfect good faith Sir James Wilde anticipated the day when a husband would sit side by side with his wife, and positively delight in the sweet reminiscence that he had shown her before England to have lost for ever the right to appear among honest women, and, after having been once pardoned, to have indulged a second time in an intrigue with a lad half her own age, which, although not proved to have

been of a criminal nature, would, as Sir James Wilde stated, have afforded sufficient grounds for a divorce as coupled with the former offence, had it not been for the renewed condonation of her husband.

As years go by, this unfortunate sutor is depicted by the judge as giving himself and the woman he had branded with public shame the quiet satisfaction of recollecting their own past history, and of also remembering that he had had cast on him the duty of bringing an aged mother into the witness-box to attest his wife's guilt and to describe his own temper, and that he had been obliged to see his most intimate and private correspondence published in the newspapers, his anguish and his wife's penitence, all his sorrows, and vacillations, all her shame, and remorse, and, mad passion—bared to the public eye, and made the common topic of light and amusing conversation. "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

A judge of a divorce court who could dream of quoting such a line in such a case must have a strange notion of the people who come to him for relief. To him, sitting comfortably in his seat of office, these poor creatures may appear like puppets coming to play their little farce in his presence. He goes through his duties, and eats his dinner with a thankful and contented mind. They go away into the darkness of despair and bitterness and agonizing memories. Between them and their past lives there is a great gulf fixed, that of publicity. The world knows their sad history, and their wrongs and quarrels and sins have become the property of society.—*Saturday Review*.

### THE RING OF THE WHITE PHANTOM.

ONE evening, many years since—it was a blustering December evening, the wind howling as it dashed the old poplar branches in its fury against the windows of the country house where a few of us were assembled—we gathered before a roaring fire, which made everything within doors as cheery and comfortable, as all without was desolate and dreary. The window-shutters were left unclosed, that the bright lamplight and ruddy firelight might stream out upon the wintry waste, and perhaps guide some benighted wayfarer to a hospitable shelter.

We shall not attempt to describe the group, as any such portrait painting would not be germane to the matter more immediately in hand. Suffice it to say, that one of the youngsters begged the mistress of the mansion to tell us a ghost story—"a real ghost story," for in those days we were terribly afraid of counterfeits, and hated to hear a narrative where the ghost turned out to be no ghost after all, but a mere compound of flesh and blood like ourselves; and none of us had ever dreamt of thinking so slightly of ghosts as Professor Pepper has now-a-days taught every one to do.

The venerable lady smiled at our earnestness, and tantalized our impatience by some of those little arts with which the practised story-teller enhances the value and interest of her narrative.

She tapped her silver snuff-box, opened it deliberately, and took a very delicate pinch of the Lundy-foot, shut the box, and replaced it in her pocket, folded her hands, looked round a minute on the expectant group, and then began.

I despair of imparting to this cold pen-and-ink record of her story the inimitable conversational grace with which she embellished it. It made an indelible impression on my memory.

Major Rupert Stanley, a "bold dragoon" in the service of his Majesty George III., found himself, so her story ran, one dark and blustering night in autumn, riding towards London on the old York road.

He had supped with a friend, who lived at a village some distance off the road, and he was unfamiliar with the country.

Though not raining, the air was damp, and the heavy, surcharged clouds threatened every moment to pour down their contents. But the major, though a young man, was an old campaigner; and, with a warm cloak wrapped about him, would have cared very little for storm and darkness, had he felt sure of a good bed for himself, and comfortable quarters for his horse when he had ridden far enough for the strength of his faithful animal. A good horseman cares as much for the comfort of his steed as for his own ease.

To add to the discomfort of the evening, there was some chance of meeting highwaymen; but Major Stanley felt no uneasiness on that score, as, just before leaving his friend's house, he had examined his holster-pistols, and freshly primed them. A brush with a highwayman would enhance the romance of a night journey.

So he jogged along; but mile after mile was passed, and no twinkling light in the distance gave notice of the appearance of the wished-for inn.

The major's horse gave unmistakable evidence of

distress—stumbling once or twice, and recovering himself with difficulty.

At last a dim light suddenly appeared at the turn of the road.

The horse pricked up his ears, and trotted forward with spirit, soon halting beside a one-story cottage. The major was disappointed, but he rode up to the door and rapped loudly with the butt of his riding-whip. The summons brought a sleepy cotter to the door.

"My good friend," said the major, "can you tell me how far it is to the next inn?"

"Eh! it be about seven mile, zur," was the answer, in the broad Yorkshire dialect of the district.

"Seven miles!" exclaimed the major, in a tone of deep disappointment, "and my horse is already blown! My good fellow, can't you put my horse somewhere, and give me a bed? I will pay you liberally for your trouble."

"Eh! goodness zakes!" said the rustic, "I be nought but a ditcher! There be noa place to put the nag in, and there be only one room and one bed in the cot."

"What shall I do?" cried the major, at his wife's end.

"I'll tell 'ee, zur," said the rustic, scratching his head violently, as if to extract his ideas by the roots; "there be a voine large house on the road, about a melle further on. It's noa an inn, but the colonel zeeks company vor the vun o' the thing—'cause he loikes to see company about 'un. You must 'a heard ov him—Colonel Rogers—a' used to be a soger once."

"Say no more," cried the major. "I have heard of this hospitable gentleman; and his having been in the army gives me a sure claim to his attention. Here's a crown for your information, my good friend. Come, Marlborough!"

Touching his steed with the spur, the major rode off, feeling an exhilaration of spirits that soon communicated itself to the horse. A sharp trot of a few minutes brought him to a large mansion, which stood unfenced, like a huge earvasensery, by the roadside. He made for the front door, and without dismounting, plied a large brass knocker till a servant in livery made his appearance.

"Is your master up?" asked the major.

"I am the occupant of this house," said a venerable gentleman, making his appearance at the hall door.

"I am a benighted traveller, sir," said the major, touching his hat, "and come to claim your well-known hospitality. Can you give me a bed for the night? I am afraid my four-footed companion is hardly able to carry me to the next inn."

"I cannot promise you a bed, sir," said the host, "for I have but one spare bed in the house."

"And that?" said the major.

"Happens to be in a room that does not enjoy a very pleasing reputation. In short, sir, one room of my house is haunted; and that is the only one, unfortunately, that I can place at your disposal to-night."

"My dear sir," said the major, springing from his horse, and tossing the bridle to the servant, "you enchant me beyond expression! A haunted chamber! The very thing—and I who have never seen a ghost! What luck!"

The host shook his head gravely. "I never knew a man," he said, "to pass a night in that chamber without regretting it."

Major Stanley laughed, as he took his pistols from the holsters.

"With these friends of mine," he said, "I fear neither man nor demon."

Colonel Rogers showed his guest into a comfortable apartment, where a sea-coal fire was burning cheerfully in a grate, and refreshments most welcome to a weary traveller, stood upon a table.

"Mine host" was an old campaigner, and had seen much service, and he was full of interesting anecdotes of the adventures he had met with. But while Major Stanley was apparently listening attentively to the narrative of his hospitable entertainer, throwing in the appropriate ejaculations of surprise and pleasure at the proper intervals, his whole attention was in reality absorbed by a charming girl of twenty, the daughter of the colonel, who graced the table with her presence. Never, he thought, had he seen so beautiful, so modest, and so lady-like a creature; and she, in turn, seemed very favourably impressed with the manly beauty and frank manners of their military guest.

At length she retired. The colonel, who was a three-bottle man, and had found a listener after his own heart, was somewhat inclined to prolong the session into the small hours of the morning, but finding that his guest was much fatigued, and even beginning to nod in the midst of his choicest story, he felt compelled to ask him if he would not like to retire. Major Stanley replied promptly in the affirmative, and the old gentleman, taking up a silver candlestick, ceremoniously marshalled his guest to a large old-fashioned room, the walls of which being papered with green,

gave it the appellation of the "green chamber." A comfortable bed invited to repose; a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was cosy and quiet. The major looked round him with a smile of satisfaction.

"I am deeply indebted to you, colonel," said he, "for affording me such comfortable quarters. I shall sleep like a top."

"I am afraid not," answered the colonel, shaking his head gravely. "I never knew a guest of mine to pass a quiet night in the Green Chamber."

"I shall prove an exception," said the major, smiling. "But I must make one remark," he added, seriously. "It is ill-sporting with the feelings of a soldier; and should any of your servants attempt to play tricks upon me, they will have occasion to repent it."

And he laid his heavy pistols on the lightstand by his bedside.

"My servants, Major Stanley," said the old gentleman, with an air of offended dignity, "are too well drilled to dare attempt any tricks upon my guests. Good-night, major."

"Good-night, colonel."

The door closed. Major Stanley locked it. Having done so, he took a survey of the apartment. Besides the door opening into the entry, there was another leading to some outer room. There was no lock upon this second door, but a heavy table placed across completely barricaded it.

"I am safe," thought the major, "unless there is a storming party of ghosts to attack me in my fastness. I think I can sleep well."

He threw himself into an arm-chair before the fire, and watching the glowing embers, amused himself with building castles in the air, and musing on the attractions of the fair Julia, his host's daughter. He was far enough from thinking of spectral visitants, when a very slight noise struck his ear.

Glancing in the direction of the inner door, he thought he saw the heavy table glide backwards from its place. Quick as thought, he caught up a pistol and challenged the intruder. There was no reply, but the door continued to open and the table to slide back.

At last, there glided into the room a tall, graceful figure, robed in white.

At the first glance, the blood curdled in the major's veins; at the second, he recognized the daughter of his host. Her eyes were wide open, and she advanced with an assured step, but it was very evident she was asleep.

Here was the mystery of the Green Chamber solved at once!

The young girl walked to the fireplace, and seated herself in the arm-chair from which the major had just risen.

His first impulse was to vacate the room, and go directly and alarm the colonel. But, in the first place, he knew not what apartment his host occupied, and, in the second, curiosity prompted him to watch the denouement of this singular scene.

Julia raised her left hand, and gazing on a beautiful ring that adorned one of her white and taper fingers, pressed it repeatedly to her lips. She then sank into an attitude of repose, her arms drooping listlessly by her sides.

The major approached her, and stole the ring from her finger. His action disturbed but did not awaken her.

She seemed to miss the ring, however, and after groping unsuccessfully for it, rose, and glided through the doorway as silently as she had entered.

She had no sooner retired, than the major replaced the table, and drawing a heavy clothes-press against it, effectually guarded himself against a second intrusion.

This done, he threw himself upon the bed, and slept soundly till a late hour in the morning.

When he awoke he sprang out of bed, and ran to the window. Every trace of the storm had passed away, and an unclouded sun was shining on the radiant landscape.

After performing the duties of his toilet, he was summoned to breakfast, where he met the colonel and his daughter.

"Well, major, and how did you pass the night?" asked the colonel, anxiously.

"Famously," replied Stanley. "I slept like a top, as I told you I should."

"Then, thank Heaven, the spell is broken at last," said the colonel, "and the White Phantom has ceased to haunt the Green Chamber."

"By no means," said the major, smiling. "The White Phantom paid me a visit last night, and left me a token of the honour."

"A token!" exclaimed the father and daughter, in a breath.

"Yes, my friends, and here it is."

And the major handed the ring to the old gentleman.

"What's the colonel. Julia utter. The young man's room her actions might be a what I have. The man readily yields a few days. Their man, and, and inscribed w. Rogers, near life.

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"What's the meaning of this, Julia?" exclaimed the colonel. "The ring I gave you last week!"

Julia uttered a faint cry, and turned deadly pale.

"The mystery is easily explained," said the major. "The young lady is a sleep-walker. She came into my room before I had retired, utterly unconscious of her actions. I took the ring from her hand, that I might be able to convince you and her of the reality of what I had witnessed."

The major's business was not pressing, and he readily yielded to the colonel's urgent request to pass a few days with him.

Their mutual liking increased upon better acquaintance, and in a few weeks the White Phantom's ring, inscribed with the names of Rupert Stanley and Julia Rogers, served as the sacred symbol of their union for life.

F. A. F.

## SCIENCE.

**COPPER PAINT.**—A new pigment has recently been introduced at Paris by M. L. Oudry, of the Auteuil Electro-Metallurgic Works. He first obtains an absolutely pure copper by throwing down the metal by a galvanic process. He then reduces the precipitate to an impalpable powder by stamping. This powder is then combined with a particular preparation of benzene, and used in the same way as ordinary paint. Bronzed effects are produced upon it by means of dressing with acidified solutions and pure copper powder. The articles painted with the new material have all the appearance of electro-bronze, whilst its cost is less than one-sixth. It will last from eight to ten years. M. Oudry also proposes to substitute benzene oil for linseed and other oils, over which it is alleged to possess great advantages.

### INTERESTING PHOTO-CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Professor Roscoe exhibited the light emitted by burning a portion of a fine specimen of pure magnesium wire 1 mm. in diameter and 10 ft. long, which had been manufactured by Mr. Sonstadt. Professor Busen and the speaker had examined the photo-chemical action of the sun compared with that of a terrestrial source of light, and for the purpose of this comparison they chose the light evolved by the combustion of magnesium wire.

They showed that a burning surface of magnesium wire which, seen from a point at the sea's level, has an apparent magnitude equal to that of the sun, effects on that point the same chemical action as the sun would do when shining from a cloudless sky at a height of 9 deg. 53 min. above the horizon. On comparing the chemical with the visible brightness of these two sources of light, it was found that the brightness of the sun's disc, as measured by the eye when the sun's zenith-distance was 67 deg. 22 min. is 5247 times as great as that of the burning magnesium wire, whilst at the same zenith-distance the chemical brightness of the sun is only 366 times as great. Hence the value of this light as a source of the chemically active rays for photographic purposes becomes at once apparent. The extract from the memoir referred to is as follows:

"The steady and equable light evolved by magnesium wire burning in the air, and the immense chemical action thus produced, render this source of light valuable as a simple means of obtaining a given amount of illumination expressed in terms of our measurement of light. . . . The combustion of magnesium constitutes so definite and simple a source of light for the purpose of photo-chemical measurement, that the wide distribution of this metal becomes desirable."

"The application of this metal as a source of light, may even become of technical importance. A burning magnesium wire of the thickness of 0.297 millimetres evolves, according to a measurement we have made, as much light as 74 stearine candles, of which five go to the pound. If this light lasted one minute, 0.987 metres of wire, weighing 0.1204 grm. would be burnt. In order to produce a light equal to 74 candles burning for ten hours, whereby about 20 lbs. of stearine is consumed, 72.2 grms. of magnesium would be required."

"The magnesium wire can be easily prepared by forcing out the metal from a heated steel press having a fine opening at the bottom; this wire might be rolled up in coils on a spindle, which could be made to revolve by clockwork, and thus the end of the wire guided by passing through a groove or between rollers, could be continually pushed forward into a gas or spirit-lamp flame, in which it would burn."

Professor Roscoe stated that great credit was due to Mr. Sonstadt for the able manner in which he had brought the difficult subject of the metallurgy of magnesium into the present satisfactory position, and expressed his opinion that, even for photographic purposes, the application of the metal will prove most important.

Mr. Brothers, Mr. Parry, and other photographers present, corroborated Dr. Roscoe's opinion respecting the value of such a source of light for photography. Since the meeting, Mr. Brothers made an experiment upon the magnesium light, which he reports as follows:

"The result of an experiment I have just tried is that in 50 seconds with the magnesium light I have obtained a good negative copy of an engraving, the copy being made in a darkened room. Another copy was made in the usual way in daylight, and in 50 seconds the result was about equal to the negative taken by the artificial light. The sun was shining, but there was a good deal of fog in the atmosphere."

### ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS IN LONDON.

THE atmospheric system of propulsion has gone through strange vicissitudes. At one time its adoption, on the London and Croydon, and Kingston and Dalkey lines, proved so successful that the locomotive was threatened with banishment and neglect. Things soon changed. Messrs. Clegg and Samudra's invention would not stand the commercial test. The pipes were taken up, and the locomotive has taken the place of the travelling piston. So matters rested for years. Then came the Pneumatic Despatch; and could the shade of Vallance visit this earth, the pale ghost would see the ideas entertained half-a-century ago being carried out by another generation.

Yet another proposition appears before the world. Instead of confining the system embodied in the Pneumatic Despatch to the carriage of mails, why not extend it to the conveyance of passengers as well?

We are credibly informed that a proposition for an improved atmospheric system without air-pumps or steam-engines, will soon be brought before the public, whereby subterranean travelling or crossing railways on a level will also be avoided by iron girder viaducts, similar to that which crosses the Thames at Hungerford, and the river and valley of the Sarine, near Fribourg, in Switzerland, which is of still greater length, with a height of 250 ft. above the level of the water, and a distance between the piers which support it of 160 ft. There would be no such interruption to traffic by trains on one of these viaducts, or difficulties in crossing from one side of a street to the other, as would be unavoidable in railways on a level.

Should such advantages be accomplished, all we can say is that it will tend considerably to allay the fears of the inhabitants of this metropolis, which have been so much excited by the numerous metropolitan railway bills now before Parliament.

### COMPOSITION OF THE ATMOSPHERE—VALLEY OF DEATH.

THE atmosphere that we breathe, in its ordinary healthy condition is composed of the following constituents:—Oxygen, 20.61 per cent.; nitrogen, 77.95 per cent.; carbonic acid, .04 per cent.; watery vapour, 1.40 per cent. Now, the oxygen is the important ingredient which supports life, the nitrogen being only a diluter of the oxygen; the carbonic acid gas is in scarcely appreciable quantity, and that is produced by the process of respiration and combustion on the surface of the earth, by which immense quantities are continually being formed; nevertheless, the proportionate quantity scarcely varies, for this very gas, which is exceedingly destructive to animal life, is, as all know, the principal food upon which the vegetable world lives, absorbing the carbonic acid from the air, and decomposing it, retaining its carbon and giving off the oxygen, which is just what animals require. The destructive agency of this gas—viz.: carbonic acid—on animal life is well exemplified in certain places where large quantities are evolved from the earth, the most striking instance being the celebrated valley of Java, which, if any animal enters, he never leaves. The following is an interesting account of this valley, given by an eye-witness:

"We took with us two dogs and some fowls to try experiments in this poisonous hollow. On arriving at the foot of the mountain we dismounted and scrambled up the side, about a quarter of a mile, holding on by the branches of trees. When within a few yards of the valley we experienced a strong, nauseous, suffocating smell, but on coming close to its edge this disagreeable odour left us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference, oval, and the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet; the bottom quite flat; no vegetation; strewn with some very large (apparently) river stones, and the whole covered with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. We could not perceive any vapour or any opening in the ground, which last appeared to us to be of a hard sandy substance. It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley, but at the spot where we were this was difficult, at least for me, as one false step would have brought us to eternity, seeing no assistance could be given. We lighted our cigars, and, with the assistance of a bamboo, we went

down within eighteen feet of the bottom. Here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but an offensive nauseous smell annoyed us. We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo, eighteen feet long, and sent him in. We had our watches in our hands, and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back, did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe for eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose, and walked into where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in ten minutes fell on his face, and never afterwards moved his limbs; he continued to breathe seven minutes. We now tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before touching the ground. During these experiments, we experienced a heavy shower of rain; but we were so interested by the awful sight before us that we did not care for getting wet. On the opposite side, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head. From being exposed to the weather, the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but an attempt to get it would have been madness."

### THE SHAKESPEARE BRIDGE

We indulge a hope that the proposition which we have to make for a Shakespeare memorial will at least possess the merits of originality and of practicality. We beg to suggest that the new bridge, which is destined to supplant the old and rickety structure at Blackfriars, be called the *Shakespeare Bridge*.

It is scarcely necessary to say that good reasons may be adduced in favour of the scheme. The principal of them lies in the fact, that the bridge will serve to connect two localities with which Shakespeare himself was most familiar—Blackfriars and Bankside. It was in the theatre that occupied the site now known as Playhouse-yard, and which is within a stone's throw of the City end of the old Blackfriars Bridge, that many of Shakespeare's plays were first performed, and where Burbage, the celebrated tragedian of the time, with Shakespeare himself, played with much success.

The Globe theatre, subsequently built, in consequence of the triumphs achieved at the Blackfriars temple of the drama, stood, as everybody knows, in Bankside, and within a gunshot of the Surrey end of the same bridge. In this establishment, again, were the plays of the great dramatist performed, and upon its boards did he himself, as is well authenticated, strut and fret his hour, to the edification of his audience.

It is certain that had Blackfriars Bridge existed in Shakespeare's days, Shakespeare himself—probably in company with Burbage and Ben Jonson—would have frequently been a passenger over it, instead of encountering, as he often did, the perils of "Paul's Ferry."

Blackfriars and Bankside are therefore identified with Shakespeare, and it would, we think, be a glorious and a graceful thing to name the bridge which is destined to unite those classic grounds, after the great bard who made them classic.

Another reason for so christening the intended structure is, that its birth will date from this, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birthday. The temporary erection for sustaining the traffic during the removal of the materials of the ancient bridge is nearly completed, and we know with what rapidity the demolition and reconstruction of buildings are effected in these times. In the hands of a Cubitt, there is no doubt that speed and solidity of workmanship will be found closely allied, and at any rate the commencement of the new bridge will date from 1864.

The City will do itself great honour, as we are disposed to think, by at least entertaining our project, and we do not think for a moment that the Legislature would offer any impediment as to its adoption. Details might be worked out afterwards. As, for example, a Shakespearian character might readily be given to the work in the style of its ornamentation. On the pediments at either end of the bridge groups of figures in bronze or marble might be placed, illustrative of the great creations of the Shakespearian mind, and which would give scope to our artists' skill.

In many other respects, advantage might be taken of circumstances, and room found for the conversion of the bridge into a true Shakespearian memorial. It is only necessary to say, further, that the cost of the realization of our plan would not be greater than will be that of the bridge as at present designed.

The public would thus obtain a magnificent monument to the greatest writer our country has seen—a monument which would be at once beautiful, utilitarian, costless, and, from its site, appropriate to the fullest extent.—*Building News.*

**TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—In a few weeks, the first line of electric telegraph on Signor Ponelli's printing system will be opened between Manchester and Liverpool. Some interesting trials of the ap-

paratus have recently been made. On a narrow table, a small model of a tramway ran from end to end, a bridge six inches high spanning the middle. A long solid wagon, travelling on four brass wheels, moved up and down the rails, having on its upper surface two rectilinear openings, each extending half the length of the carriage, and each coming under a comb-like series of five needles. A simplified alphabet of type, which requires no "justifying," is placed in the opening at the end of the wagon nearest the point whence it travels. The projecting type is divided in such a manner as that the points of one set of needles shall fall over the inequalities, and be lifted in the passage of the wagon. A strip of paper, in the same way, comes under the second comb, which obeys the motion of the first, and prints the message in a legible brown character, which is due, in fact, to manganese. Three hundred words in a minute are thus despatched. The promoters only propose to introduce the machine on lines where five wires already exist. The invention may be remembered by visitors to the International Exhibition; but it has undergone several improvements since it was there displayed and tested.

### FACETIÆ.

**GOOD EYESIGHT.**—The lion and the horse disputed one day as to whose eyesight was the best. The lion saw, on a dark night, a white hair in milk; the horse saw a black hair in pitch. So the horse won.

**BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.**—*Captain of Volunteers* (who is also director of a life insurance company): "Here! hi! stop, confound you! Don't kill him! He had his life insured in our company before the war broke out!"

**SHAMEFUL ATROCITY.**—The other day, a little girl, whose music-master was supposed to be giving her a lesson, was heard to utter the most doleful cries. On her mamma entering the room suddenly, the professor was found attempting to hammer a tune into the child's head. The mother's feelings may be imagined.

### THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a whole neighbourhood get into a quarrel about nothing; it shows there are independent spirits in the world.

I like to hear the character of my friend slandered; it gives me an opportunity to defend him.

I like to be praised to my face; it makes me think I am no fool.

I like to hear religious denominations slander each other; it is conclusive evidence that their cause is good, and that they are taking the best possible means to advance it.

I like to be surrounded by a lot of idlers when I am in a hurry; it teaches me to be patient.

I like to have some one ask me the news, and before I have time to speak, answer himself; it shows he knows more than I do.

I like to see people ride for pleasure, go fishing or hunting on Sunday; "the better the day the better the deed."

I like to see young ladies walk late at night; it shows they are not afraid.

I like to have a man take a book or newspaper out of my hands without asking; it shows he knows good manners.

I like to have a man prying into my business; it shows he has an inquiring mind.

I like to see a man in company engross the whole conversation; it shows he thinks himself a smart fellow.

I like to see ladies place themselves at a window or door to make witty remarks upon people as they pass; it shows they want to say something they can't think of.

I like to see a young gentleman have an exalted opinion of himself; he is sure there is one that thinks well of him.

I like to hear young ladies slander each other; it is a sign that their characters stand fair.

I like to see one praise himself; it saves other people the trouble of doing it for him.

I like to see a man take pains to discommode the public for the purpose of extorting money for some benevolent object; it shows he means to make the people generous *et cetera*.

There are a great number of pleasant things too numerous to be mentioned. At present let the above suffice.

**FOOD FOR THE MIND.**—Collective wisdom is to be better catered for this season. Our readers will remember that some of the best attended and most warmly-argued debates last year were about the dining-rooms of the House. In future, our Justinians will be able to digest their dinners as well as our laws. Perhaps the result will be that, by avoiding dyspepsia and its attendant evils, fewer members will have to eat their own words. There will be less disposition

to quarrel, for bad food often confuses to bad feeds. The stomach influences the brain, and the Latins well knew how much a man's provisions had to do with his well-being when they spoke of his *Etas*. We therefore congratulate the country generally on the fact that, however empty the heads may be, the stomachs of the M.P.'s need not share the inanity.—*Fun.*

### THE ALABAMA.

*A New Song to an Old Air—Ethusa.*

Come all you jolly sailors, bold,  
Who don't with Yankee boasting hold,  
Just listen while my tale is told

About the Alabama—

She is a ship, as staunch as steel,  
As ever turned a paddle-wheel,

Her men are few,

But stout and true,

And when a Federal ship they spy  
To make a prize of her, they try,  
On board the Alabama!

This many a year she has been out,  
In safety she has sailed about,  
And a great deal of damage done, no doubt,  
Has the saucy Alabama.

The Vanderbilt and Kearsage, too,  
With other vessels, not a few,

Have been on her track,

But have proved so slack

That we cannot help thinking their boasting stuff—  
For they've none of them, yet, got near enough  
To get hold of the Alabama.

The Yankees, they begin to dance,  
At finding they've not got a chance  
Of putting a check on the bold advance  
Of the little Alabama:

So now they are turning round on us  
And making a very pretty fuss—

"You British," say they,

"Must damages pay!"

"No, not quite, I fancy that can't be,  
For she's really got nothing to do with we,  
That same saucy Alabama."

So let them learn that we will not stand  
Their airs and their graces, high and grand—  
Instead of insulting our English land  
Let them catch the Alabama!

And, when they've driven her ashore,  
We shall think of them, perhaps a little more;

But till that's the case

We laugh in the face

Of the nation that talks of its gallant flag,  
And its splendid ships—yet, with all its brag,  
Can't get hold of the Alabama!

### Comic News.

**AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.**—A German statistical writer remarks that the invention of the sewing machine has enabled one woman to sew as much as a hundred could sew by hand a century ago, but, he continues, one woman now demands as much clothing as a hundred did a century ago—so that the situation is not so much changed after all.

### AN EXPLOSIVE JOKE.

The steamer *S.*, of Liverpool, commanded by Captain S., exploded several years ago, with terrible effect, and burnt to the water's edge. Captain S. was blown into the air, alighting near a floating cotton-bale, upon which he floated uninjured, but much blackened and muddled. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item:

"I say, is the *S.* blown up?"

"Yes."

"Was Captain S. killed?"

"No, I am Captain S."

"The thunder you are! How high were you blown?"

"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down here."

The editor started on a run for his office; the paper was about going to press, and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, wrote as follows:

"The steamer *S.* has burst her boiler, as we learn from Captain S., who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he came down. We suppose he was up about nine months."

**REMARKABLE.**—A tribe of dwarfs has been found in Africa, whose ears reach to the ground, and are so wide, that when they lie down, one ear serves as a mattress, the other as a covering! So says Petheric, in his new work on "Central Africa," giving, as his authority, "an old negro who has been a great traveller."

**ODD BOOTS.**—An instance of distinction without a difference, was offered by a man, who, having legs of

different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed, but, as he tried the smallest boot on his largest leg, he exclaimed petulantly, "Confound the fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and instead of that, he has made one smaller than the other."

**TOO SHARP.**—A widow, occupying a large house in a fashionable quarter of London, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the happy husband of a penniless adventuress.

### NOT TO BE BLUFFED.

"Well," said a Yankee, proudly, to a travelling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that!"

"Like that!" quoth the latter; "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern twa miles frae whaur I was born."

"Indeed!" says Jonathan; "and pray, what kind of concern may it be?"

"Why, mon," replied the other, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg."

**RHETORICAL.**—The preacher was thought master of his art who told his congregation that they were "the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

### THE DEACON AND THE WASPS.

A worthy deacon was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The "Divine Word" was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was in his field mowing with his hired man, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps," was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon; "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion," and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step, when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Ah!" shouted the other, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing-field.

### ALMOST.

A Jew was observed noticing very intently a prodigious ham.

"What are you doing to that ham, Master Jacob?"

"I was saying to it, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"

**CONFUSING.**—A lady occupying room letter B at one of the hotels wrote on the slate the following:—"Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says, 'Let us be,' don't let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B, who is to be on hand at half-past seven." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographist, did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B" or "let her be."

### MOTHER'S HOOD.

A little three-year-old child ran away from home, and came over to a neighbour's about eight o'clock in the evening, while her mother had gone for a pail of water. Rather surprised at seeing her out at so late an hour, we asked her:

"Are you not afraid to come so far from home in the night?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the confiding little thing, "I've got on mother's hood!"

**A "ZUMMERZET" STATEMENT.**—At an inquest held recently, in Wells, a loquacious female, whilst giving her evidence, spoke of a youth slightly deformed, whom she called "Charley," and said seriously that he went backwards and forwards for beer so often that his figure had become bent in the shape of a jug. The old song tells us that "Fat Toby," a noted tippler, "died the size of a Dorsetshire butt," but this is the first time we have heard of the human figure assuming the likeness of a jug.

**THE COUNT AND THE HORSEDEALER.**—The Emperor Napoleon buys most of his horses in England—many of them in Manchester. Late Mr. Baron Fleury was in the latter city, purchasing for the Imperial stud. An animal was brought out fit for a king. "Fine breezy stepper, count," says Mr. Dealer. "Look well in the Bois. An imperial horse all over, I should say." Count mounts, rides, likes, and then asks the price. "Seven hundred to you, count," is

the startling reply. "Seven hundred!" exclaims M. Fleury, with the fear of M. Fould before his eyes; "it is awful!" "We think nothing of the figure here," says dealer. "Now, here comes Mr. Pods—Pods and Potter—one of our sporting men. Morning, Mr. Pods. Just throw your leg over that 'os—one of your sort." "Monsieur Pods," says Count Fleury, when he tells the story, "did throw his leg over him. 'How much?' says he. '£700,' says Mr. Dealer. 'Send him home,' replied Pods; and I lost the horse for his Majesty."

On! on!—Italy's motto should be "*Spero*," not "*Dogger*"—oh!—*Fun*.

CRINOLINE is said to be going out. If it "goes out" much more we shall have to have the streets widened.—*Comic News*.

WHY IS A CHEMIST BETTER THAN A COOK?—Because a cook can be only Savoury, but a chemist can be "Savoury" and "Moore" (more).—*Fun*.

MR. GRIGGS is of opinion that the French are an artificial people. "By gad, sir," he says, "even their fields are shams!" This is a fact.—*Fun*.

We are happy to learn that the members of the Midland Circuit accept, with becoming meekness, the changes recently effected on their circuit. This consummation we hardly expected, judging from the sentiments which they appear at one time to have entertained, as shown by the following:

"GROWL FROM THE MIDLAND CIRCUIT."

The Midland Circuit to be rent asunder!  
Such the decree—but how divide the plunder?  
My Lord the Chancellor, of wisdom vaunted,  
Not knowing what to do, says, "York, you're wanted!"  
Then let's have York, if such may be their pleasure,  
Without deducting from our circuit's measure;  
But if resolved on taking *unum locum*,  
We hope they'll be reduced to *picking Oakham*.  
—*Fun*.

AN AWKWARD RETORT.—*Volunteer Officer*: "Mr. Jones, you should not come on parade like that. Your uniform is falling to pieces." *Jones (nettled)*: "It ain't my fault; you made it."—*Comic News*.

RAILWAY LITERATURE.—In consequence of the vast increase of travelling accommodation by rail to all parts of the kingdom, a portable edition of *Bradshaw's Guide* for the ensuing year will be published monthly, in three volumes at a time.—*Punch*.

TO-MORROW is, in legal phraseology, a *dies non*, for we are not being continually told that To-morrow never comes? By-the-bye, the name of the Coming Man must be To-morrow, which fully accounts for that tardy gentleman never making his appearance. Perhaps, unused, as he must be, to the ways of this world, he has incautiously taken his ticket on the Great Eastern Railway?—*Punch*.

#### PARODIES FOR PROGRESSIONISTS.

No. 2.—"Some Love to Roam."

SOME love to roam and to change their home,  
In a suburb new to be;  
But there's nothing, I'm sure, so great a bore,  
As moving of goods to me.  
I'd never a bit give notice to quit,  
If my landlord wouldn't I won't;  
For it's better below to bear ills we know,  
Than fly to others we don't.

Some love to roam, etc.

When a railway scheme, from a pleasant dream,  
Awakens the London throng,  
We have most of us got from some chosen spot,  
To get to a distance long.  
Oh! it's hard to pack up one's things, and track  
Our steps to some far-off shrine;  
'Cause through the road of our old abode,  
Runs the new Inner Central Line.

Oh! some love to roam, etc.

—*Fun*.

RELIEVING GUARD.—The military guard, so long posted before the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other public institutions, is now abolished, and the soldiers are superseded by the police. This may certainly be included among the most remarkable changes that have taken place in the present sentry.—*Fun*.

"SHOWING HIS TUSC.—"Prince Ferdinand of Tuscany has published a protest against the sale of the princely demesnes in his former kingdom, and tells the buyers that he shall not recognize their rights. Nobody expected he would. He never recognized the wrongs of his subjects, and therefore could not be expected to regard their rights. However, the lands find purchasers at good prices, so Ferdinand is sold as well as the property.—*Fun*.

"WHEN WE HAVE SHEFFIELD OF THIS MORTAL COIL!"—Crinoline is generally supposed to be on the decrease; if so, how are we to account for the statement that one firm alone in Sheffield requires a

hundred tons of metal a week for the manufacture of hoops? We suspect the ladies are spreading the rumour without contracting their skirts, and while lulling us into a false security are *steel-ing* a march upon us. Of course we should stand no chance against such a fleet of ironides.—*Fun*.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

NEW REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.—M. Rayer's method of employing this new remedy is as follows:—He dips a roll of lint, about the length of the middle finger, in a mixture of four parts of strong water of ammonia and one of water, pressing out the superfluous liquid, and immediately applies it for a few seconds to the *velum palati*, as if about to cauterize the part. The patient is immediately seized with a feeling of suffocation; a fit of coughing ensues, with much expectation, and this is soon followed by a great feeling of comfort and facility of respiration. Should any return of the fit occur on the day following, the ammonia is again applied. The degree of tolerance of this remedy by patients varies very much. It is, therefore, always well to use it weak at first, which is easily done by removing the piece of lint, dipped in the solution, three or four times rapidly through the air, and then smelling it, when the strength is readily ascertained. In M. Rayer's experience, extending to over a hundred cases, a single application rarely failed to afford relief, and in many instances prevented a return of the attack for three or four months. This mode of treatment is alone applicable to simple or idiopathic asthma, that form which is so often dependent on emphysema, and is attended with catarrh; it has, nevertheless, afforded relief in some cases of symptomatic asthma.

#### THE POET.

My home is away on the mountain top.  
Where the clouds with their snow-wreaths resting,  
stop;

Down its rocky side, on a jutting crag,  
Where the winds in their downward marches lag;  
At its base in the valley far below,  
Where brooklets, tiny brooklets, flow.

I follow their course as they wider grow,  
Rapid and onward still they flow,  
As they glide along 'twixt banks of green,  
As fair as the eye has ever seen.

O'er the verdant plain I wander free,  
Repose for awhile 'neath a linden tree;  
Pressing still on with glee I pass  
Through fields of high rich meadow grass;  
Cull flowers of varied colour and hue,  
From the lily white to the violet blue,  
From their petals fair sip Fancy's gem,  
And fling to the world bright thoughts of them;  
Gaze on the wind-waved golden grain,  
And rejoice to know 'tis the farmer's gain.

On the wings of light I soar aloft;  
Where the summer clouds are floating soft;  
On their billowy couch repose my head,  
By spirits of air my chariot led;  
Follow the comet's fiery track,  
Far away in space, and then come back  
To witness a storm sweep over the earth:  
The lowering clouds that gave it birth,  
The golden light of the other side,  
Where the sun is shining far and wide.

Out on the ocean's briny foam,  
Where sea-nymphs freely, wildly roam;  
Down in its depths, far, far below,  
Where the coral beds and lichens grow;  
Into the caves where the mermaid sleeps,  
Where the tall rank seaweed mourning weeps  
O'er the bones of sailors bold and brave,  
Who have found a tomb in an ocean cave:  
Wherever the mind can think or see,  
If you notice close, you'll there find me. A. T.

#### GEMS.

LITTLE Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes, I know," said the child; "it is the whisper of a laugh."

WEALTH, and rank, and beauty may form a brilliant setting to the diamond, but they only expose more nakedly the false glare of paste.

HOWEVER easily blooming every man may open towards the sky, he is yet drawn down by a root into the dark fast earth.

WHEN an un instructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes, it is exceedingly apt to be deceived. When, however, it forms its judgment, as it usually does, on the intuitions of its great and warm heart,

the conclusions thus attained are often so profound and so unerring, as to possess the character of truths supernaturally revealed.

LOVE and friendship are the two last roses of life; but too many bees and thorns lurk in them; they draw our blood and give us poison.

You had better learn wisdom and prudence by the mishaps of your neighbours, than wait to learn them from your own.

THERE is nothing more important than whether you send forth your child as the seed-corn of a harvest or the powder-train of a mine, to destroy itself and everything with it.

#### STATISTICS.

GIN IN BELGIUM.—The *Pricseur* of Antwerp states that the quantity of gin drunk in Belgium in 1830—namely, 18,000,000 litres (the litre is little less than a quart), had increased, in 1860, to 38,500,000 litres, or about eight per inhabitant. The price of the gin, when retailed, being about 11. 60c. the litre, the amount spent in this liquor was 60,000,000f. For the distillation of the gin drunk annually in Belgium, more than 300,000 hectolitres (825,000 bushels) of grain are required.

STANDING ARMIES IN EUROPE.—The following interesting statistics have been recently given as to the strength and cost of the standing armies of Europe:—Russia's standing army is 1,000,000 men, costing annually 26,000,000 sterling, or 42 per cent. of the national budget; France has 573,000 men, costing 34,000,000, or 53 per cent; Austria, 467,000 men, cost 16,000,000, or 57 per cent; Turkey, 424,000 men; Italy, 314,000 men, costing 16,000,000; England, 300,000 men, costing 33,000,000, or 39 per cent; Prussia, 214,000 men, costing 7,500,000, or 30 per cent; Sweden, 67,000 men, costing 40 per cent; Denmark, 50,000, costing 37 per cent. The whole standing army in Europe is 3,815,847 men, costing annually 170,000,000 sterling.

BEER.—Our exports of beer and ales appear to have largely expanded during the last few years. Thus in 1863 they reached an aggregate of 499,518 barrels, against 464,827 barrels in 1862, 378,461 barrels in 1861, 534,827 barrels in 1860, 614,136 barrels in 1859, 533,828 barrels in 1858, 435,334 barrels in 1857, 410,392 barrels in 1856, 384,414 barrels in 1855, 398,941 barrels in 1854, 416,422 barrels in 1853, 244,115 barrels in 1852, 190,077 barrels in 1851, 182,480 barrels in 1850, 135,692 barrels in 1849, and 136,724 barrels in 1848. Of the 499,518 barrels exported last year, British India, which has a strong attachment for bitter ale, took 160,853 barrels; Australia, 166,548 barrels; and the West Indies and British Guiana, 22,065 barrels, the remainder being absorbed by the United States and other countries. It may excite some surprise when it is stated that the value of all this malt liquor was estimated at 1,776,763f. in 1863, 1,595,654f. in 1862, 1,411,205f. in 1861, 1,868,144f. in 1860, 2,116,373f. in 1859, 1,851,755f. in 1858, 1,592,267f. in 1857, 1,455,043f. in 1856, 1,398,885f. in 1855, 1,314,810f. in 1854, 1,291,857f. in 1853, 754,627f. in 1852, 577,142f. in 1851, 558,794f. in 1850, 418,325f. in 1849, and 410,472f. in 1848.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

HANSON CABS have been introduced into the Island of Trinidad, in the West Indies.

THE THAMES TUNNEL has been sold to the East London Railway Company for £173,600.

LONGEVITY IN BEDMINSTER.—The Rev. D. A. Doudney, incumbent of St. Luke's, Bedminster, recently gave a tea to 300 persons in his parish, of whom sixty-seven were between 70 and 101 years.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS IN FRANCE.—It is stated that eighty-three religious papers are issued in Paris—viz., sixty-two Romanists, eighteen Protestant, and three Jewish.

THE "STONEWALL" JACKSON STATUE.—The fund for a statue to "Stonewall Jackson" has reached 7,000 dolrs., most of it coming from the soldiers who served under him.

PLENTY OF NAMES.—At her baptism the Infanta, to whom the Queen of Spain has recently given birth, received the names of Maria-Eulalia-Francisca-Margarita, &c., the whole number of names being, according to the Madrid journals, above eighty.

PLEASANT.—Mrs. Taylor, the widow of the man who was hung at Liverpool, some time since, for murdering the agent of his landlord and his own children, at Manchester, has found another husband, in the person of a farm labourer, at Wincanton. A great rabble assembled at the wedding, and the bride was hissed and hooted in coming out of church.

## CONTENTS.

MRS. LARKE'S BOARD- ING SCHOOL...	577	WOMAN AND HER MASTER	595
SELF-MADE...	581	BLOCKADE RUNNER	598
THE PROUD POOR...	584	GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY	600
FANNY BYEVES	584	A YOUNG GIRL FROM	601
MARRIAGE DE CONVE- NANCE...	587	THE COUNTRY	601
THE CRISTAL CAYE	588	THE TREASURES OF ME- MORY	603
VOLCANIC ISLANDS...	589	PHANTOM	604
IN A DILEMMA...	590	SCIENCE	605
BLINKERS OR WINKERS	591	FACEY	606
SHAKESPEARIAN NOTES...	591	HOUSEHOLD TREASURES	607
THE CATASTROPHE AT	591	GEMS	607
SANTIAGO	591	STATISTICS	607
THE SECRET CHAMBER...	593	MISCELLANEOUS	607

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

McQUE.—We refer you to the answer to "F. F. F." in the present number.

O. H.—The lines are declined with thanks. The handwriting is not bad, but shows want of practice.

RUS TEMPLE.—A man is by law liable for the maintenance of his wife; there is no remedy for you, except divorce.

HARRY EDWARDS.—At the present moment we cannot recollect; we will, however, inform you, probably, in our next.

E. R. J.—We do not quite understand your inquiry. If you are more explicit, we may be able to obtain for you the desired information.

ANNE WILSON.—Volume II. of THE LONDON READER commenced with No. 27; probably No. 53 will commence Vol. III. Each volume contains six monthly parts.

EMILY H. G.—You will find in the present number an answer to another correspondent on the same subject. See reply to "D. P."

SMUDGE.—In our last number we gave the title and price of a book which will probably meet your requirements. See the answer to "Candied Peel."

JOHN M.—You are at liberty to employ your time and ability in any way you please for your own profit, after your regular hours of business.

ROSALIE MARY.—Your best course, perhaps, would be to advertise, specifying the kind of situation in Paris which you wish to obtain. There are, however, agencies in London, with whom you might communicate, though the expense would be greater. (Handwriting very fair.)

H. C. P.—In the stanza to "Contentment," we regret to say that the performance is not equal to the intention. Your present favour is, therefore, declined with thanks.

W. E.—We may take your suggestion into consideration. As regards your question, when you call for a glass of ale, you must take the quantity supplied in the glass to be equivalent to half-a-pint. When you call for half-a-pint you have a right to be supplied with that measure. The terms are, however, nearly synonymous, and there is little difference, if any, in the quantity.

A. R. C.—There are dozens of medical practitioners of the same surname, and we cannot, therefore, tell you whether the person in question is a qualified practitioner or not. It is out of our province to give advice in your case.

F. R.—Your stock of miscellaneous goods for exportation to Queensland seems to comprise a very judicious selection; though we imagine it would be improved by the addition of articles of wearing apparel. Almost every description of clothing would be useful and remunerative. Should we in a week or two obtain any specific information on the subject, we will communicate it.

WILLIAM E.—Our rule is never to insert acrostics, which, however meritorious they may be, can have only a private and personal interest. Yours is good; but, in accordance with our rule, is declined with thanks.

DAVID P.—For the eruptions of the skin or pimples on your face, make a powder of the following:—Flowers of sulphur, half-a-drachm; carbonate of soda, a scruple; tartarized antimony, one-eighth of a grain; one powder to be taken night and morning. You may also make a lotion of the following:—Milk of bitter almonds, seven ounces; bicarbonate of mercury, four grains; spirits of rosemary, one ounce; bathe the eruptions with this lotion three times a day.

F. F. F.—The note on the curative effects of arsenic mixed in and smoked with tobacco, rests on the authority of a scientific contemporary. We express no opinion on the matter; the fact is well authenticated, however, that arsenic does possess the powers in this instance attributed to it. Not only the Chinese, but the peasants of Styria and Silesia use it in very much the same way, and with the same results. A chemist would probably tell you what proportion of arsenic might with safety be mixed with a pound of tobacco.

CONSOLA.—The National Debt is an "old man of the sea" that John Bull will never, we greatly fear, be able to shake off his shoulders. There have been a thousand-and-one schemes proposed for its extinction; and there is something colourable, we admit, in the plan you propose for its redemption; but we could not open our columns to a discussion of such a subject; it would, obviously, be wholly out of place.

R. L.—Tradition attributes the invention of the lyre to the accident of finding on the banks of the Nile a tortoise, whose flesh was entirely decomposed, but whose tendons, having been dried and stretched by the sun's rays, were capable, on being struck, of yielding musical sounds. Hermes, the finder of this tortoise, having made an instrument in imitation of it, is supposed thus to have been the inventor of the lyre.

G. R.—To promote the growth of hair, the following will make a very good pomade:—Beef marrow, soaked in several waters, melted and strained, half-a-pound; tincture of cantharides (made by soaking for a week one drachm of powdered cantharides in one ounce of proof spirit), one ounce; oil of bergamot, twelve drops. Erasmus Wilson's lotion, which is made as follows, is also good.—Eau de Cologne,

two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; rosemary or oil of lavender, ten drops. Use once or twice a day; if the scalp becomes tender, discontinue for a time, or apply at longer intervals.

G. S.—The Landau is now out of fashion. It is a peculiar kind of carriage which opens and closes at the top, and took its name from Landau, in Germany, where it was originally made.

PASCAL BRUNO.—He never won the final favours of fortune who fled before her first frowns; and although you do not think so at present, there are doubtless still "many rainbows in your sky."

All, when life is new,  
Commence with feelings warm and prospects high;  
But Time strips our illusions of their hue,  
And one by one in turn, some grand mistake  
Casts off its bright skin yearly, like the snake.

ANGELINA, who is tall, fair, and considered very pretty, would be pleased to correspond with a gentlemanly young man, with a view to marriage in about a year. "Angelina" has no fortune, but is quite resolved to make a good, affectionate, and loving wife.

ALICE S.—The theatrical profession in the present day stands in better repute than perhaps it has ever before enjoyed. Still, the stage is a dangerous career for a young girl to select; its pitfalls are numerous, its failures many, and its triumphs few. If, however, you think you have really a genius for the profession, your first step should be to communicate with a theatrical agent.

OH, YES! I ALWAYS DREAM OF HER.  
Oh, yes! I always dream of her,  
But never breathe her name;  
Her spirit always dwells with me,  
By night, by day, the same!  
The cheerful smile no more is mine,  
I sorrow and regret;  
I strive in vain to banish love,  
But still I can't forget.

My friends they try to rally me,  
And chase my grief away;  
I smile in sadness while they laugh,  
But heed not what they say.  
They must not know how deep I love,  
Nor win my secret yet;  
And when I smile when they are gay,  
'Tis not that I forget.

My lips can never tell how deep  
Her love lies in my heart!  
And yet, perchance, she'll shed no tear  
When I from her depart!  
But if, in climes away from her,  
The sun of life shall set,  
Her name will quiver on my lips  
When I the world forget.

NORIE.—We cannot see that your grief is reasonable. If he has given ear to idle reports, and discarded you from his affections, he never really loved you; for true love can no more be destroyed by the breath of the slanderer than flowers can be marred by the genial rains of heaven.

T. H. W.—To be always intending to begin a new life, or "turn over a new leaf," and never set about it, is very like putting off eating and drinking, and sleeping, till you are starved, and incapable of any effort at all. Remember—

That what we would do  
We should do when we would; for this *should* changes,  
And has abatements and delays as many  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,  
That hurts by easing.

GEORGE H.—If you had had a little more knowledge of life, you might have saved yourself the mortification of the rebuff; you would have known that a proud man never shows his pride so much as when he is particularly civil.

ADEL.—When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it; and you know that love, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Wait a little longer; better patience than repentance.

A. T. J.—What "can you do that you may be beloved?" The only answer we can give you is that given long ago by Ovid—Be amiable.

MONT. is impatient to assume the responsibilities of matrimony. He is nineteen, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, fair complexion, but says nothing more as regards looks; is in a lucrative situation, and has expectations in the future. *cartes-de-visite* exchanged.

GRACE G. very much wishes to marry and be settled for life; she is dark, good-tempered, and thoroughly domesticated, and in every way calculated to make a home truly happy.

ALIX, in a very dainty  *billet* , says that she wishes to be wed. She is just twenty years of age, dark complexioned; has a small and pretty mouth, large hazel eyes, with black-arched eyebrows; dark brown hair; is in height about 5 ft. 2 in., and has received a good education. "Alice" would prefer a gentleman of dark complexion. (Handwriting about the average.)

MAUDE is seventeen, 5 ft. in height, and considered a pretty figure; has fair complexion, hazel eyes, slight colour, and dimpled chin; has no fortune, but is perfectly domesticated, and is quite ready to make a respectable young bachelor a good wife. (Colour of hair, light brown.)

RED ROSE BUD is nineteen years of age, tall, dark, and very good-looking, and, therefore, is a candidate for marriage. "Red Rose Bud" would not object to one year's courtship.

P. M. H., who is eighteen, very dark,  *petite* , of genteel and fashionable appearance, would like to hold a correspondence with a tall, dark gentleman of about thirty. She is of an amiable and quiet disposition, and qualified to make a good wife, being well skilled in domestic duties. Would prefer a preliminary exchange of  *cartes-de-visite* .

E. R.—The master-singers were a class of poets who flourished in Germany during the fifteenth and part of the sixteenth century. They were confined to a few imperial towns, and their chief seat was the city of Nuremberg. They were generally of burgher extraction, and formed regular corporations, into which proficients were admitted by the ordinary course of apprenticeship. Their poetry was

subjected to a peculiar and pedantic code of laws, both in the composition and the versification, and a board of judges assembled to hear the poems recited and mark the faults which might be committed in either particular. He who had the fewest faults received the prize.

THEOPHILUS Y.—To judge by the event is a most egregious error, yet is a very common thing. In every instance, and not only in that of the Danish commander-in-chief, courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, it is stigmatized as timidity. When Nelson fought his battle in the Sound, it was the result alone that decided whether he was to be decorated or degraded.

LILY and NELLY, who are consins, wish to correspond with two gentlemen friends. "Lily" is eighteen years of age, a blonde, has light, wavy hair, blue eyes, nice colour, and would prefer a tall, fair gentleman, who is a good position. "Nelly" is nineteen, a brunette, has black, wavy hair, hazel eyes, and a ruddy colour; she would like a gentleman with a good income. Both are about the medium height; and they would be happy to exchange  *cartes-de-visite* .

SAMUEL D., who is thirty years of age, good-looking, and fond of home, with a comfortable business in a town in Worcestershire, and a few hundred pounds invested, being also entitled to a share in some property under the will of a deceased relative, would be glad to meet with a domesticated, good-looking young lady of middle height, from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age (one who has an income or property), to join him in the joys of matrimony.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"J. W. R." is very much pleased with "Minnie Grey's" description of herself, her wants and her qualifications; thinks he should suit her exactly, and would be very glad to correspond. (Handwriting very good).—"Maydower" would be happy to correspond with "Heartsease."—"Maydower" is twenty-three years of age, has fair complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes; height 5 ft., good-looking, very domesticated and affectionate, and desires to exchange  *cartes-de-visite* .—"Blanche" would like to correspond with "Albertus." Is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, rather stout, with a good complexion, dark hair and dark eyes, of an agreeable disposition, and is very domesticated; age nineteen—"Alice" and "Maude" would like to correspond with "John" and "Albertus." "Alice" is dark with chestnut hair and hazel eyes, accomplished and domesticated. "Maude" is also dark, with dark hair and eyes, accomplished and domesticated. Both have little money, but very loving hearts—"Ella T." desires to correspond with "Walter Manfred." She is seventeen years of age, has dark brown hair and eyes, is thoroughly domesticated, fully accomplished, very fond of music, and would be happy to exchange  *cartes-de-visite* .—"Lizzie" will be glad to hear further from "Heartsease," and states that she is well connected, and considered good-looking; is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. in height, very fond of reading and music, and well versed in housekeeping and the art of making home happy—"Alice" liking the description of "George Evans" gives of himself, thinks she could honour and love him. She possesses no money, but has an amiable disposition and loving heart to offer; is  *petite*  in figure, has blue eyes,  *nez retroussé* , brown hair, naturally wavy, small mouth, full forehead, small ears, hands, and very small feet; is a good musician and singer, thoroughly domesticated, and feels confident she would make a good wife—"Lonely Maude" would like to correspond with "Wilfred Wallace."—"Maude's" age is twenty—she has dark hair and eyes and regular features—"Alice Lena" (of Leeds) will be glad to correspond with "George Egerton" (of Crews).—"A. L." is tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and is told she will do very well for a wife, being competent to dress a good plain dinner, and otherwise well skilled in domestic matters—"Maude" thinks she would suit "Heartsease." She is twenty-three years of age, tall, dark, and handsome, has a very loving disposition, is very industrious, and has very good prospects. She would like to exchange  *cartes-de-visite* .—"Ada Mary" is delighted with the description "W. G." gives of himself. "A. M." is eighteen years of age, of fair complexion, has violet blue eyes, brown hair, a happy, loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, and flatters herself she would make a good helpmate. She has no fortune, but is of a highly respectable family—"Harry N." wishes to become acquainted with "Lily of the Valley." Is eighteen years of age, dark complexion, good disposition, and has very good prospects—"Claudia" and "Mabel" would like to correspond with "John" and "Albertus."—"Claudia" is tall, dark, and considered handsome. "Mabel" is tall, fair, and a beautiful figure. They wish to exchange  *cartes-de-visite* .—"Ethel" has a small fortune—"Charlie" in response to "Ethel," says that he possesses good abilities, and all the other specified requirements, with an income of four hundred a year, and will be happy to correspond—"Vernon E. M." is an aspirant for the favour of "Moss Rose Bud." Age twenty, medium height, and of light complexion; is a fair pianist and singer—"Fairfield" is another young lady who appreciates the platonic desire of "Orpheus," and would be happy to open a sentimental correspondence with him; not merely, however, for the gratification of exchanging friendly ideas and confidences, but also, as she with frank naïveté states, for the purpose of improving her composition and handwriting—"M. G." desires to make the acquaintance of "W. F. G." She is of amiable disposition, fond of home, and of a respectable family; is rather tall, dark, and considered good-looking. Age about twenty-three—"Lotty G." would be glad to correspond with "W. F. G." Is twenty-seven, dark, tall, good-tempered, domesticated, and respectably connected.

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